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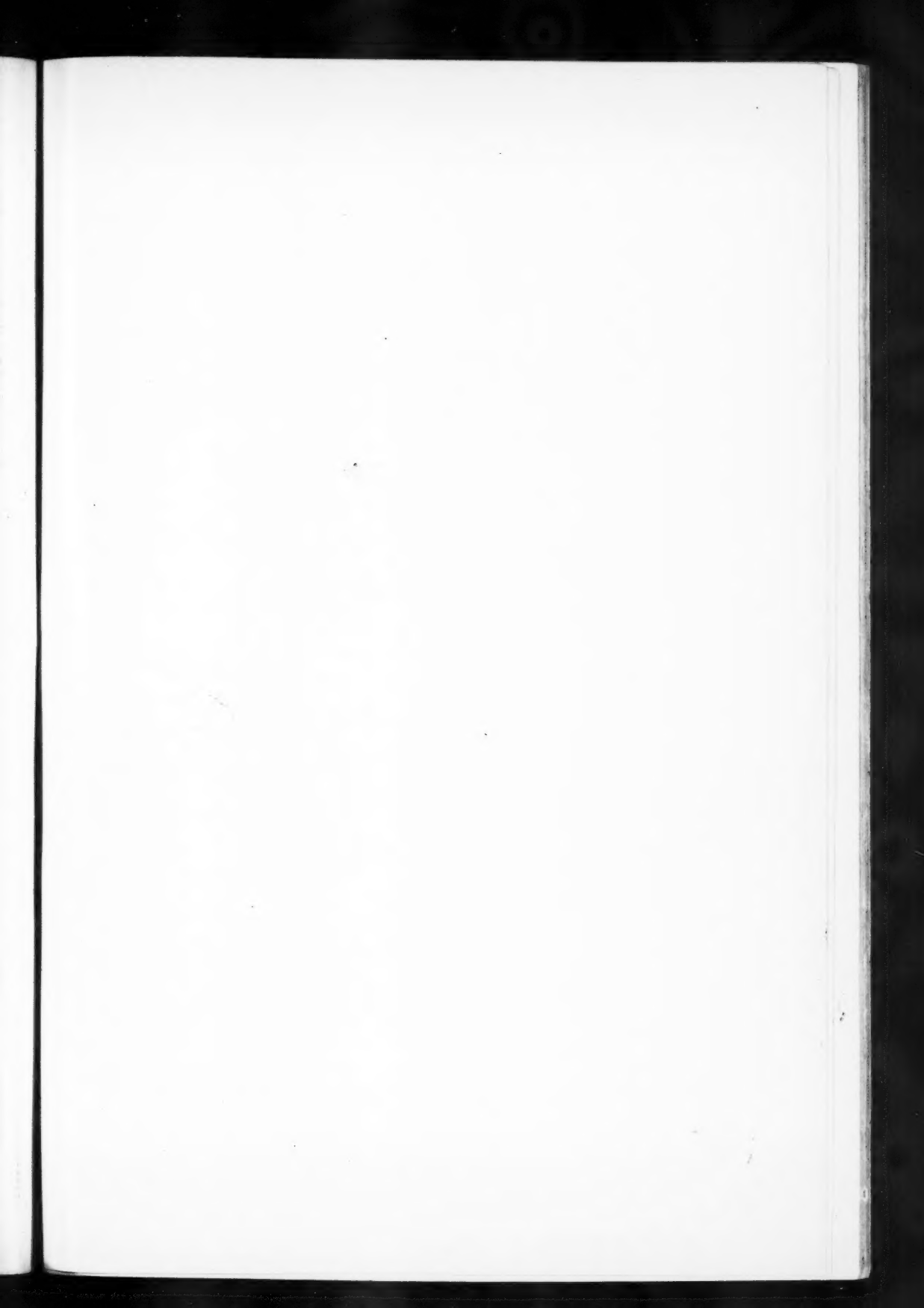
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Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

THE DUET

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII

OCTOBER, 1904

No. 6

"IN THE PERIL OF THE SEA"

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL



WHEN, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1893, I attempted to describe "The Most Picturesque Place in the World" (Le Puy, in the south of France), I knew that to almost everybody it would seem as mythical as Camelot or the Isle of Avalon; but it is another matter with Mont St. Michel, which, of all picturesque places, is, as Mr. Henry James once said of Venice, the easiest to visit without going there. It has been painted and drawn and photographed and written about again and again—the most exploited place in the world, one might almost call it.

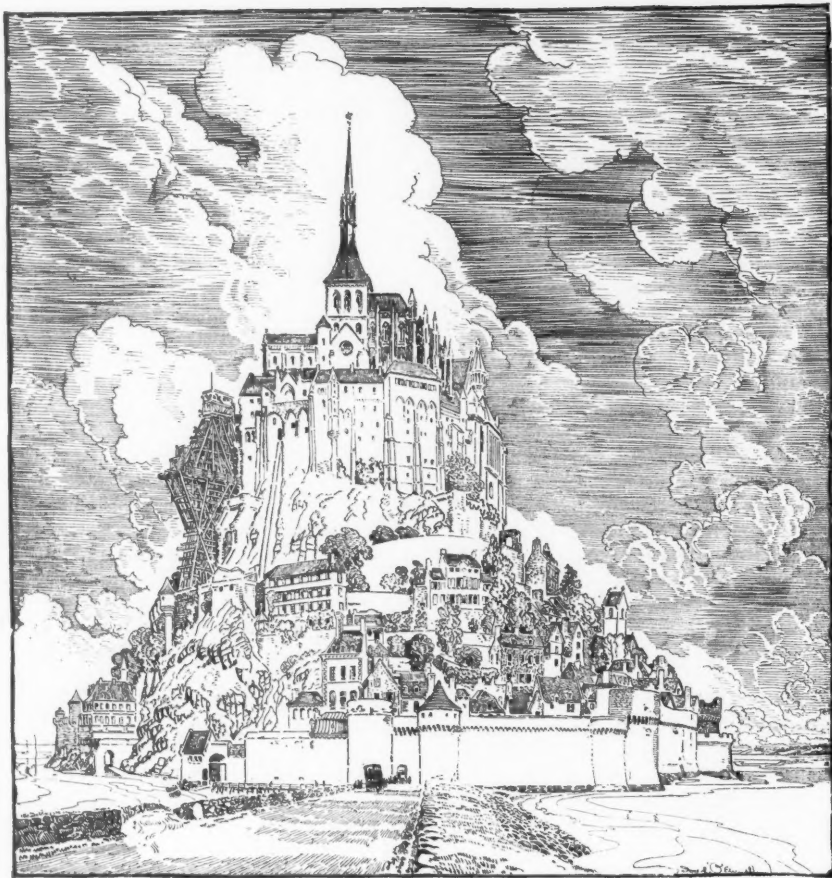
And yet, when one sees it for the first time it is as unreal as a little Dürer hill-town. It is unexpected, preposterously, fantastically, magnificently medieval.

On the first glimpse, when it is only a bewildering shadow on the horizon, one's impression is of a stupendous inconsistency, of an impossible meeting of irreconcilable extremes. Viewed from the point where the road leaves the orchards and

pastures for a wide causeway across the sands, the vision becomes a solid fact: a lonely rock, walled, battlemented, towered, springing up from the sea, and in its picturesque medievalism more perfect, more complete than anything Dürer ever saw or imagined.

My stay in Mont St. Michel extended long beyond the usual day's outing, but I never got over my first impression. From my balcony, and from the pretty arbor in the garden where I ate my first breakfast, I looked down upon a wonderful collection of old houses, all turrets and tumbled roofs, and then out upon an endless stretch of sands, crossed and recrossed by innumerable streams running in long, flowing lines and beautiful curves, the color changing with the flight of the clouds and the journeying of the sun across the heavens.

I could sit there for hours, watching the light wander over the gray level, or waiting for the tide to come in and widen the Couesnon—the river that separates Normandy from Brittany—into an enormous bay, and never was there a moment of monotony.



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

MONT ST. MICHEL, FROM THE CAUSEWAY ACROSS THE SANDS

Of the abbey, higher on the hill behind me, nothing was to be seen, except in the late afternoon, when it threw a gigantic shadow across the sands.

Mont St. Michel is isolated, detached; it stands alone; it is complete in itself. And it is comparatively small, with its whole life and architecture centering about the abbey. There is room for nothing else but the handful of houses clinging to the southern slope.

From the first gate up the one village street a ten-minutes' walk brings you to the abbey; you need be no longer on the way if you follow the walls; while in half an hour or so of plodding through wet sand and scrambling over rocks you can make the entire round of the mount.

If I left my high perch to wander up and down the endless steps or along the narrow paths on the hillside between abbey and village, it was to come at every turn upon some new arrangement, some fresh outlook, more picturesque than the last. And on stairs, or foot-paths, or street, or walls, or sands, I could seldom forget the isolated position of Mont St. Michel, which is at once its charm and its distinction.

II

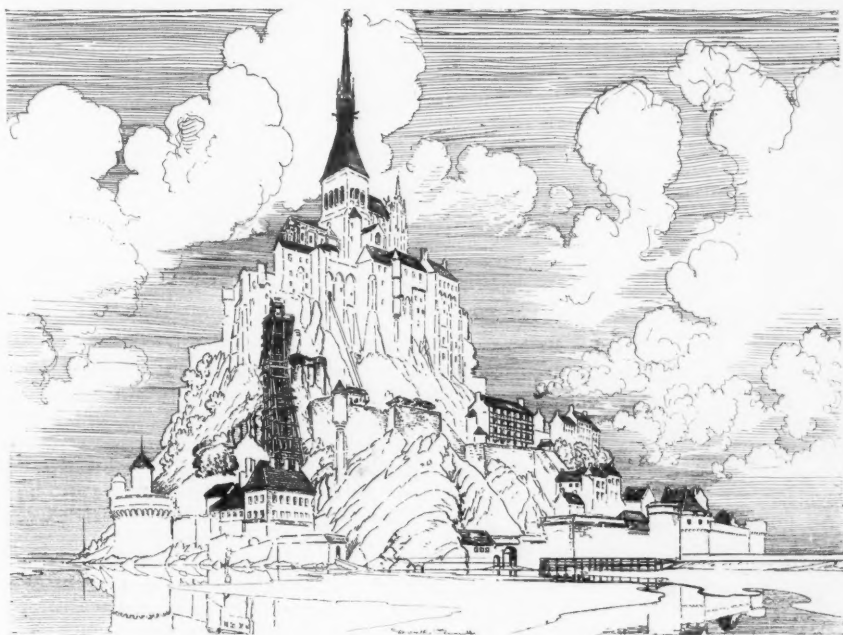
MONT ST. MICHEL has the romantic air. It suggests Dumas and Scott. Its history is a romance, but it was curious to learn that the first monks did not settle there because of a position I thought too ob-

viously, even ostentatiously made for monks. When they came, Mont St. Michel was not an island "in the peril of the sea," but rose in the midst of a great forest, with a Roman road leading through it to the hill where the Romans had long before worshiped Jupiter, and the Druids had long before that set up their mystic stones. It was after the Christian hermits had been there a couple of hundred years, and Aubert, Bishop of Avranches,—the white city you see with its towers glistening in afternoon sunlight, on the hills across the sands,—was busy building the shrine to St. Michael, that one day (it was early in the eighth century) there was a terrific trembling of the earth, and out at sea the tide rose, as never before in the memory of man. It swept in over woodland and village, and when it swept out again there was no forest; Mont St. Michel and Tombelaine near by were the only dry spots of land in a vast bay; the hills of the Cotentin were far to the east, those of Brittany as far to the west. Northward was the open sea, never before seen by the monks from

their hilltop. Southward the sands stretched toward Poutorsou.

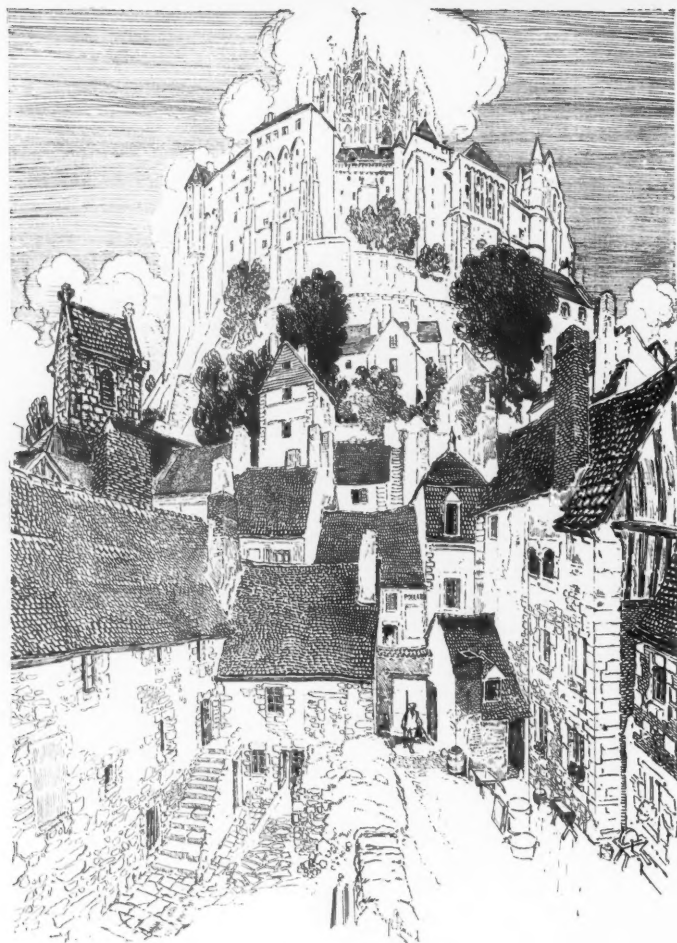
Had there been no earthquake and rising of the waters, the story of Mont St. Michel would be very like that of any other medieval abbey in France: the story of saintly monks and miracles, of shrines and pilgrimages of piety expressed in noble architecture, of love of art and learning, of increasing wealth and power and abuse of it, of reform and revived ardor and fresh relapse, and finally the revolution. Only Mont St. Michel answered too well as a prison to be destroyed. And when jailers and prisoners had got done with it, enough was left to be turned into a national monument in 1870.

But if the monks were like all other monks, their abbey was by no means like all other abbeys, either in its architecture or as a fortress. When the other abbeys increased in importance, and the monks in number, new courts and cloisters were added, more ground covered. But at Mont St. Michel, after burrowing down into the heart of the rock, there was nothing to do



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MONT ST. MICHEL



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE ABBEY FROM WITHIN THE WALLS

but to build upward and ever upward, to pile story upon story, until the abbey, springing higher and higher heavenward, became everywhere visible to the people on the mainland.

If you walk to it now by the climbing village street, or, better still, by the walls, where you mount flight after flight of steep stairs, you come at last to that grimmest of all grim abbey gates, Le Châtelet de la Fontaine, with its high, frowning wall and cannon-shaped turrets; and there you look up a long vista of stairs, and you mount into the Salle des Gardes, and there you look up another long vista of stairs, and you

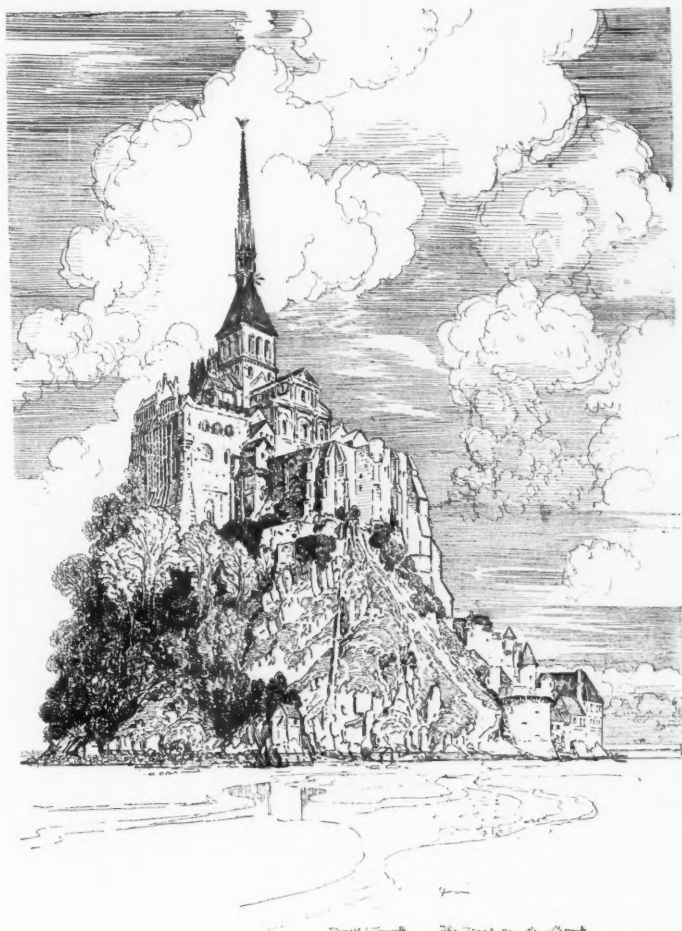
mount and mount, under bridges thrown from building to building, high above your head, and you mount to airy platforms, where—if the wind does not absorb you in your effort to keep on your hat—you see the houses of the village like little specks on the hillside beneath. And then you go down again to floor below floor, down into the Crypte de l'Aquilon, which suggests terrible tragedies.

I kept thinking of cloisters in England, with the square of green in the middle, and the old yew-trees, and the friendly rooks cawing overhead, and of those others in Italy, sunlit, fragrant with roses, full of

orange- and lemon-trees, when I dived down into the underground, dimly lighted *promenoir*, where the monks of Mont St. Michel first took their daily walk, and even when I mounted to the later thirteenth-century cloister that seems to hang in mid-air, and overlooks miles and miles of lonely sands and sea, the wind always—to my knowledge—blowing a hurricane from the cold north, with the sea-gulls flying before it.

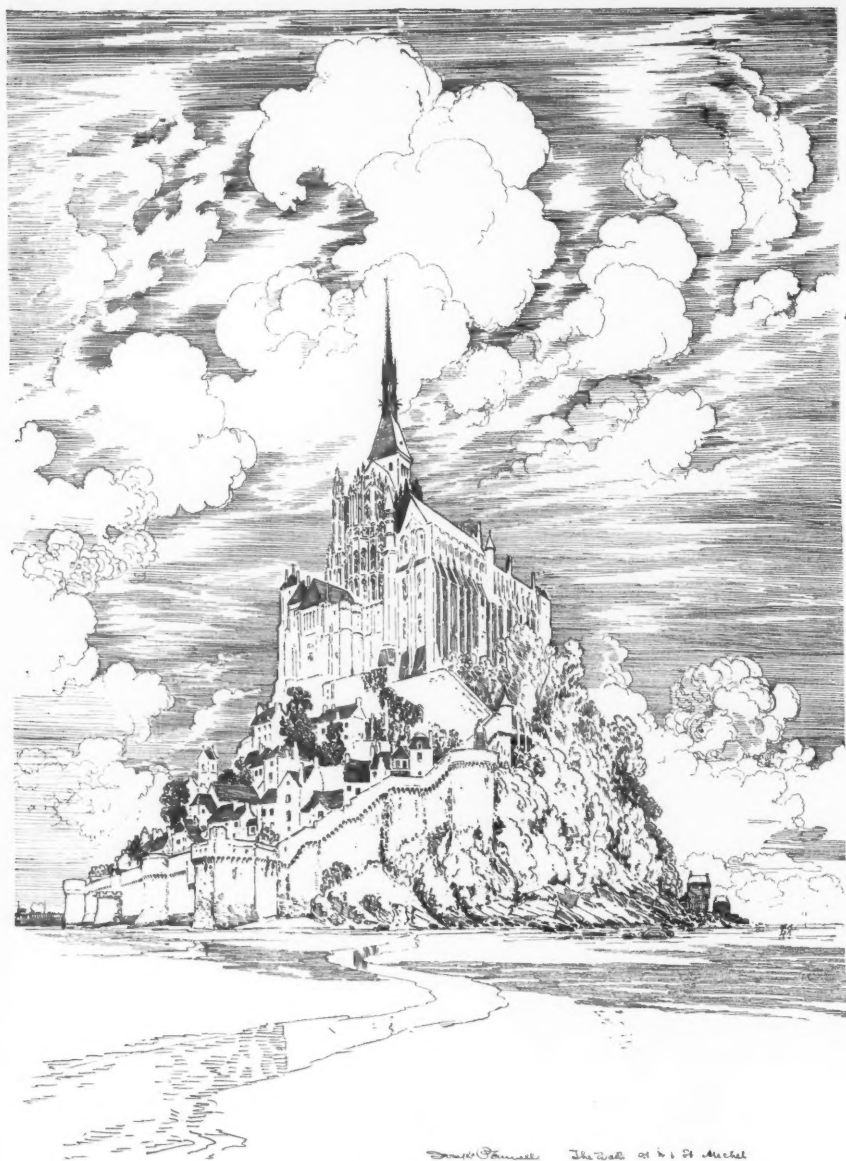
You cannot look at the sands from the abbey without remembering the difficulties of the builders, and yet they made it the

stateliest and most perfect example of ecclesiastical architecture in France—for all the fires that have defaced it, and the insignificant west front of the last century, and the modern restorer's scaffolding inside, his trolleys and cranes outside, and the brand-new belfry and *flèche*, topped by Frémiet's absurd little St. Michael, so tiny, so out of scale, that from below it is more like a golden insect than a glorious winged archangel as beautiful as the morning. Once inside the châtelet, as you fall in with other tourists behind a guide, it degenerates into a national monument, an



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE WOOD ON THE SIDE OF MONT ST. MICHEL



Drawn by Joseph Pennell *The Walls of St. Michel*

THE WALLS OF MONT ST. MICHEL FROM THE SIDE OF THE WOOD

authorized "sight," a specimen duly labeled and catalogued. The restorer has already accomplished much, and is preparing to accomplish still more. The upper hall in La Merveille is spick-and-span, and soon the lovely Salle des Chevaliers, where Louis

XI's Knights of St. Michael met, which the Marquise de Créqui describes brilliant with their banners and coats of arms, gleaming with their shields and swords, will be as neat and clean. But below, on the sands, you see nothing of this; you see only how

the little wood, all that is left of the Forest of Scissy, and the village climb to the abbey.

And there is something else best seen from the sands—the wall that runs round the little village, from the succession of gates I entered on that brilliant September morning, to the northeast side of the hill, where, with an abrupt turning, it ascends to the abbey. I should have to know a great deal more about the doings of Bretons and Normans, Angevins and English, to tell the history of that wall, which played a leading part in preserving the abbey for the modern pilgrim. During the long hundred years when English and French were fighting virtually for the possession of France,—when in Normandy castles were tumbling like houses of cards, Mont St. Michel never once fell before the enemy. Not that the enemy did not want it and try hard enough for it. Year after year there were days when the monks, looking down to the sands,—now empty save for a chance fisherman or tourist, now silent save for the screech of the sea-gulls,—saw the gleam of armor and the rich color of many banners, heard the trumpet call and the harsh war-cry. But many as were the sallies of the English from Tombelaine, they could not conquer the mount.

III

WELL, for thirteen centuries the monks prayed, great buildings rose upon their hill, miracles were performed, prisoners tortured, battles fought, the walls stood firm, solely that Mont St. Michel might provide a pleasant playground for tourists! fifty thousand in a year, according to the generous calculations of the authorities. A few, a very few, are pious pilgrims to the shrine of St. Michael; to the rest the visit is a picnic pure and simple. And it is the French, who travel less perhaps than any other people even in their own land, who have appropriated Mont St. Michel. Americans and English do visit it, but they are the exception. The crowd is essentially a French crowd.

The first arrivals came with my morning coffee, if it were low tide, in a train of carts across the sands from Genets: mostly peasants these, in blouses and extraordinary caps, and priests who disappeared into the smaller inns. After that the diligences from Poutoursou followed at stated intervals and

in between a ceaseless stream of bicycles, motor-cars, carriages, carts. And the minute one was seen, a black speck in the distance, the hotel touts, men and women, rushed down the road to fight for the unfortunate passengers.

Most of them stayed only the day. There was just time for the famous omelet, the visit to the abbey, the walk back by the walls, and to shoot off their kodaks at anything and everything they saw.

I remember the pathetic disappointment of the Englishwoman whose husband did like a good band after dinner, and of the American who, as he sat in the café staring dismally into the kitchen, declared Atlantic City to be lively enough for him. There was really nothing to do. A tramp over the wet sands, barefoot for comfort, with a guide for adventure, as if you believed in the quicksands that no one ever stumbled into, could fill up the afternoon, and the correct *apéritif*, the last hour before dinner, when Mont St. Michel, like every other French town and village, reeked with absinthe. But, after dinner, coffee and even a *petit verre* could not be prolonged indefinitely, and the one excitement was to fetch a Chinese lantern, "Poulard Aîné" in big blue letters on the white paper shade, and go out to walk with it. There were no street-lamps, and every one who went anywhere carried a lantern. The effect was charming as the lights wound through the narrow hilly street between the shadowy figures at every door, or, as you saw them from the *digue*, like huge fireflies fluttering along the walls and up the hillside, or, from the window of the Maison Vente, flickering here and there on the stairs and higher terraces, while, in the deep blue of the summer sky, the harvest moon hung over the clustered chimneys.

I found endless occupation in looking at the place. It was never the same two days or two hours in succession. There were days when, in the sunshine, sands and sea were hot and blinding as the south; days when the storm broke, and sands and sea were swallowed in gray mists. There were hours when the tide came in, the winding streams meeting in raging whirlpools or overflowing into one great sheet of water; hours when the tide went out, leaving the sands wet and shining; and, at the end, there came the equinoctial tide, when, scarcely had you noted a white quivering

line far to the north than, with a roaring and rushing, Mont St. Michel was completely surrounded by water (except for that modern causeway), as you see it in old prints where the ships sail up close to the walls. There were flaming sunsets, beautiful starlit nights, and wonderful nights of moonlight, when it was more impossibly fantastic than ever. Its most memorable effect it amiably reserved for the last evening of all, when the moon was high in the heavens, and the abbey rose upon its rock, white and ghostly against the luminous white clouds that piled themselves up in great masses on a sky as blue and splendid as in a romantic landscape. Then Mont St. Michel was as dreamlike as Milton's "great vision of the guarded mount" on the Cornish coast.

In another generation the rock, like the hill at Dol, may spring tamely from fields where sheep are browsing, and a building as new as the newest hotel on the new boulevards of Paris may crown its heights.

Before long a railway will bring visitors almost to the door where Madame Poulard makes her famous omelet and smiles her famous smile; and, why not next, as some one has suggested, a funicular road up to the abbey. The church is to be rebuilt, La Merveille to be restored, that is to exchange the tone and color of time for a clean wall neatly ruled by lines of mortar. If I mention this fact, it is not to grumble. I do not see the need of breaking one's heart over the misfortunes of posterity. The picturesqueness is as yet only threatened. Were it to remain as it is now, there would not be much reason to complain. But I want to remind those who have not been there that before they are twenty years older there may be no Mont St. Michel to see.

And it would be a pity not to see it. We are continually regretting the past, and yet here is perhaps the most picturesque bit of it safely brought down into the present for our special benefit.



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MONT FROM THE ROAD ACROSS THE SANDS



INOCULATING THE GROUND

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE

BY GILBERT H. GROSVENOR



"**D**ID you vaccinate your land this year?" was the startling question I heard one farmer ask another the other day. "Well, I guess," he replied. "You remember that corner field which I gave up as hopeless last year? Well, when I heard about the yeast cakes the government was giving free with the promise that they'd make clover or alfalfa grow where we farmers could n't raise anything but weeds, and thin weeds at that, I thought I'd send for several of the cakes. When the cakes came, I vaccinated the field according to instructions, planting it in alfalfa. I tell you, I've had three whopping crops, and I've got off that formerly worthless field five times more than I've been getting off my best land, and I've got some pretty good land, too."

We have grown accustomed to the idea of being vaccinated. Some of our most dread diseases have been vanquished or checked by inoculation,—smallpox, diphtheria, rabies, and, we hope, the plague,—but to cure sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance by inoculation is something so strange and revolutionary that we should not believe the statement were it not for convincing and irrefutable facts.

Before explaining the discovery and manner of this extraordinary process of agricultural science, it might be well to review a few well-known facts in the life of plants.

One of the most important elements of the food of a plant is nitrogen, which it absorbs from the soil mainly through its roots; successive crops of grain soon drain the soil of its plant-food, and in process of time make the richest land poor and worthless.

A good farmer partly balances the drain on his soil by using plentiful quantities of manure and fertilizer, and thus puts back much of the nitrogen which his crops remove.

We send to Chile, thousands of miles away, for help, and at much expense import from her thousands of tons of costly nitrate, though we have all about us—in the air we breathe—exhaustless stores of fertilizer. Free nitrogen forms seven tenths of the atmosphere. If we could tap and use this sea of nitrogen, we could fertilize the whole earth and keep it rich; but it has been of no use to us hitherto because we have had no means of capturing it and of putting it into the ground. Its simplicity has baffled us. Like the plenty that tormented Tantalus, it has ever eluded our grasp.

We are taking the nitrogen from the soil so much faster than we can put it back that some persons have predicted a "nitrogen famine" at no distant day, and have luridly described the horrors that will fall upon us when the soil becomes so poverty-stricken that our crops of wheat and grain and rice will fail to feed the nations. While this view is of course partly imaginative, and exaggerates the nearness of the danger, the fact remains that many areas in England and Europe and the eastern United States, formerly fertile, are now unproductive because the nitrogen in the soil has been exhausted.

But now man has captured a tiny germ invisible to the naked eye, which can take from the boundless store of nitrogen he has coveted, and put it into the earth for him.

Ever since the time of Pliny, farmers have noticed that after a crop of peas, alfalfa, or any of the leguminous plants, a heavier

yield of wheat can be obtained; thus has arisen the old profitable rule of rotation of crops.

But the reason certain plants enrich the ground while others exhaust it remained a mystery until an inquiring German discovered some years ago that peas, beans, etc., obtained their nitrogen food not from the nitrates in the soil, but from the free supply in the air. He also discovered that these plants absorbed

much more nitrogen than they could use and left the surplus in the soil. That is, beans, peas, alfalfa, clover, put back into the mother earth what corn and wheat and grains remove. The manner in which they do this is unique and another instance of the marvelous and mysterious laws by which the balance of nature is maintained.

If one digs up a healthy bean or clover plant and examines the roots, he will see a number of rounded bulbs, called nodules or tubercles, on the roots. At first sight he might imagine that the plant had a lot of sores over it, that it was diseased, or had been bitten by worms or insects. All legumes have these nodules or tubercles, varying in size from a pinhead to clusters as large as a good-sized potato. Scientists noticed that plants with good-sized nodules flourished, while plants without nodules or with very small ones looked starved and withered, and they concluded that the nodules must have something to do with the vigor of the plants. On dissecting a bulb and examining it under a microscope, it was found to be packed with bacteria (see Fig. 1 and Fig. 2). Further examination showed that it, and all nodules, consisted of millions of bacteria and that these bacteria were incessantly absorbing free nitrogen from the air and converting it into forms suitable for the plant's digestion.

For want of a better term, we will call the germs nitrogen-fixing bacteria.

Careful examination of the earth showed



FIG. 1. BRANCHED ROOT-NODULE ORGANISMS FROM CLOVER, MAGNIFIED TWO THOUSAND TIMES

that all soil where legumes grow contain these nitrogen-fixing bacteria in greater or less quantities; that these organisms settle on the plants and form the colonies or tubercles on the roots. If the soil contains none of these organisms to settle on the roots, the legumes will not grow at all. Each tubercle acts as a feeder to the plant. The more numerous and larger the tubercles, the more prosperous is the plant. One

might thus define a tubercle as a little factory where millions of tireless, infinitesimal workers are separating the nitrogen in the air and converting it into plant-food. A celebrated German, Professor Nobbe of Tharandt, realized that if he could put into barren ground some of these organisms, or if he could artificially present the seeds with power to develop tubercles of themselves, he could make legumes grow in the most hopeless soil.

After much labor he isolated the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. He succeeded in breeding and colonizing the germs, and then proceeded to put them on the market. He advertised them widely as able to make legumes grow in the poorest soil. Naturally the announcement made a great sensation, and farmers from all quarters of the globe wrote him for sample bacteria. He sold different preparations for different crops, putting them up in bottles and calling them *Nitragin*. But the bacteria did not work the miracles promised. Seeds inoculated with them failed to develop tubercles. A few persons, to be sure, obtained wonderful results, but the vast majority of cases were complete failures. The bacteria burned themselves out and disappeared without producing a single nodule on the plants. They lacked permanence. The *Nitragin* was withdrawn from the market.

These two men had done a great service to mankind: one had solved the problem

of why certain plants enriched instead of drained the soil—he had isolated the microscopic agents, the myriads of organisms which carry back to mother earth what others had stolen; the other had shown that man could breed as many of these little helpers as he desired, but he had not been able to give them permanence, so that men could get service from them.

At this point the inventive genius of an American, Dr. George T. Moore, came to the rescue, and saved the discovery by giving it just the practical value it had lacked. Dr. Moore is in charge of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology of the Department of Agriculture, and a widely known practical botanist. He had been watching Dr. Nobbe's experiments and had come to the conclusion that Dr. Nobbe did not cultivate his nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the right way. The German's method of rearing his germ colonies resembled that of a rich father who gives his son everything he asks for without making the boy work for anything. As a result, when the youth is thrown on his own resources, he proves unable to earn his own living, and collapses. Similarly, Dr. Nobbe, instead of developing the natural inclination and ability of his bacteria to hunt out nitrogen for themselves, dulled and destroyed this

ability by giving them large quantities of nitrogen food, in what we might call pre-digested form; he so satiated them with nitrogen that they lost their ability to hunt for it themselves, and, when turned out of the laboratory, were helpless. They soon consumed the store of nitrogen which they had received, but could not by themselves get any more. Their nitrogen-fixing ability was gone, and they perished.

Dr. Moore decided not to dull the appetite of the nitrogen-fixing bacteria by giving them all the nitrogen they wanted; he thought he would whet their appetite, he would strengthen their nitrogen-fixing power, by exercise, by giving them in their food just enough nitrogen to make them want more and to make them strive to get more by their own efforts. By following this principle of feeding he developed a permanent type of bacteria in his laboratory, possessing five or ten times more power to fix free nitrogen than the original germs had possessed. The bacteria had gained strength, vigor, and self-reliance, and, when turned out of the laboratory, prospered like all healthy bacteria. Legumes inoculated with the bacteria developed great tubercles and grew to great size even in the poorest soil (see Fig. 3).

The nitrogen-fixing power of the bacteria

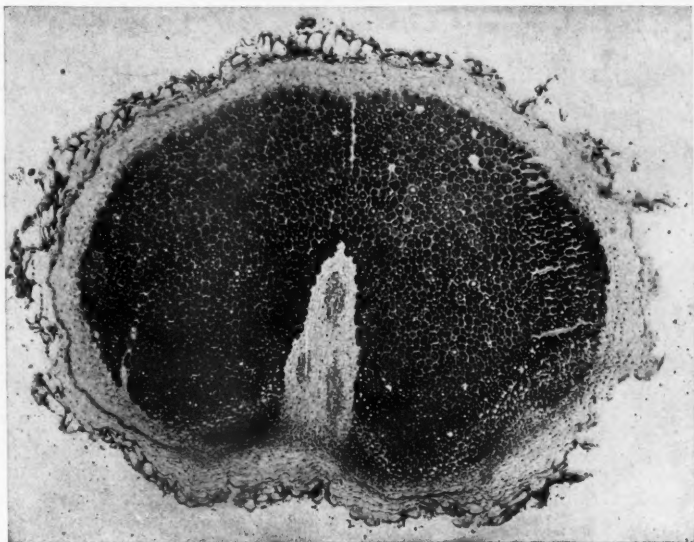


FIG. 2. CROSS-SECTION OF A ROOT-NODULE OF LUPIN, MAGNIFIED FORTY-SIX TIMES

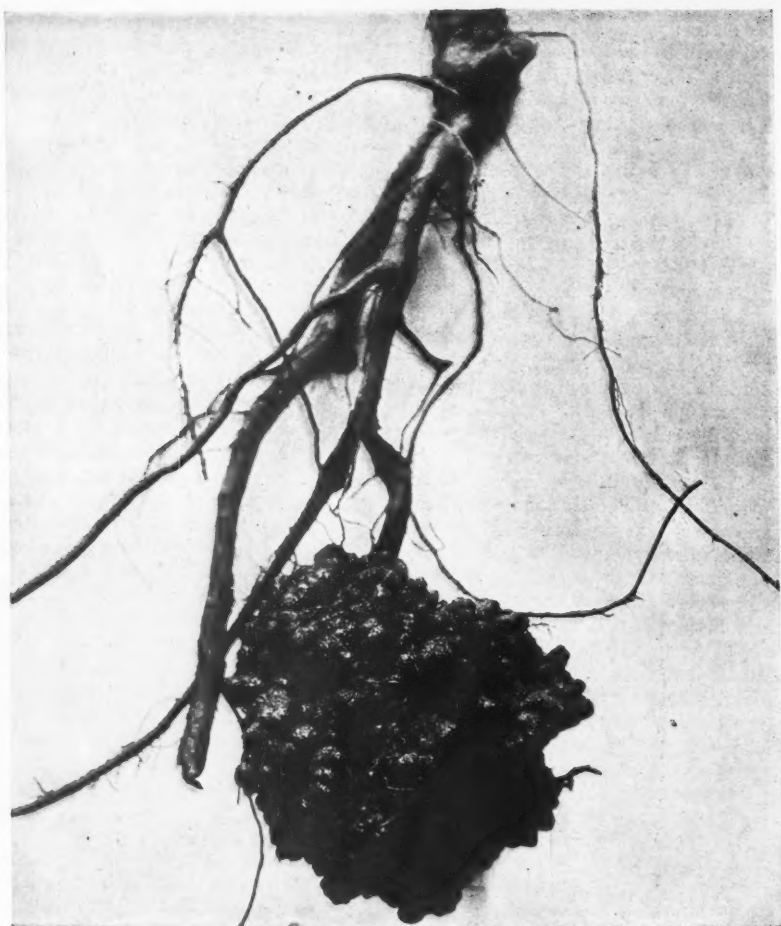


FIG. 3. NODULE OF THE VELVET BEAN, NATURAL SIZE,
PRODUCED BY INOCULATING THE SEED

developed by Dr. Moore is so extraordinary that seeds soaked in the solution will sprout and produce luxurious plants in quartz sand which has been previously ignited to a red heat in order to drive out all nitrates. On page 935 (see Fig. 4) the tubercle-producing ability of the Nobbe and Moore cultures are compared.

Having secured a type of bacteria the nitrogen-fixing power of which was permanent, the next step was to obtain a simple means of distributing them to persons who desired to inoculate their land. Experiments showed that bacteria when grown upon nitrogen-free media will retain their high activity for a long time if carefully

dried out and revived in a liquid medium. Dr. Moore also discovered that by using some absorbent, like cotton, a small piece of which will soak up millions of the organisms, and then by allowing these cultures to become dry, the bacteria can be sent to any part of the world and yet arrive in perfect condition.

Naturally Dr. Moore patented his discovery, but then he did a very unusual thing—he deeded the patent to the Department of Agriculture in trust for the American people. To be sure, his discovery had been made in the government laboratories, but the government, neither morally nor legally, could claim any share in the

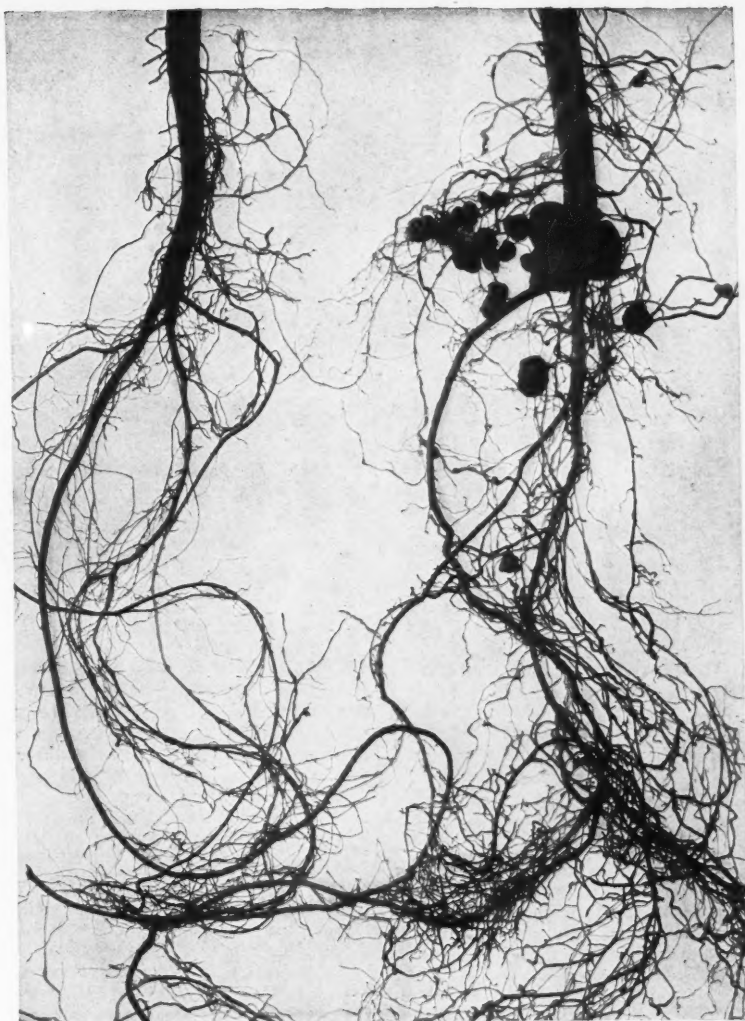


FIG. 4. TWO EXAMPLES OF SOY-BEAN FROM THE FIELD

At the left is shown a plant grown on ground inoculated according to Dr. Nobbe's method; on the right, a plant grown on ground inoculated by Dr. Moore's method

discovery. It was indisputably his. Dr. Moore gave the patent to the people in order that all might have the free use of it. Doubtless he could have made a generous fortune if he had formed a company and exploited the patent, as the German company made a good profit from their unreliable Nitragin, which they sold at a dollar a bottle. A simple method of distributing the germs that bring fertility having thus been found, the announcement

was made that the Department of Agriculture was prepared to send applicants free of charge enough inoculating material for several acres.

A portion of inoculating material as it is mailed to the farmer by the government consists of three different packages. Package No. 2 contains the cotton with its millions of dried germs. Packages 1 and 3 are the media or food by means of which the farmer can multiply the germs. The

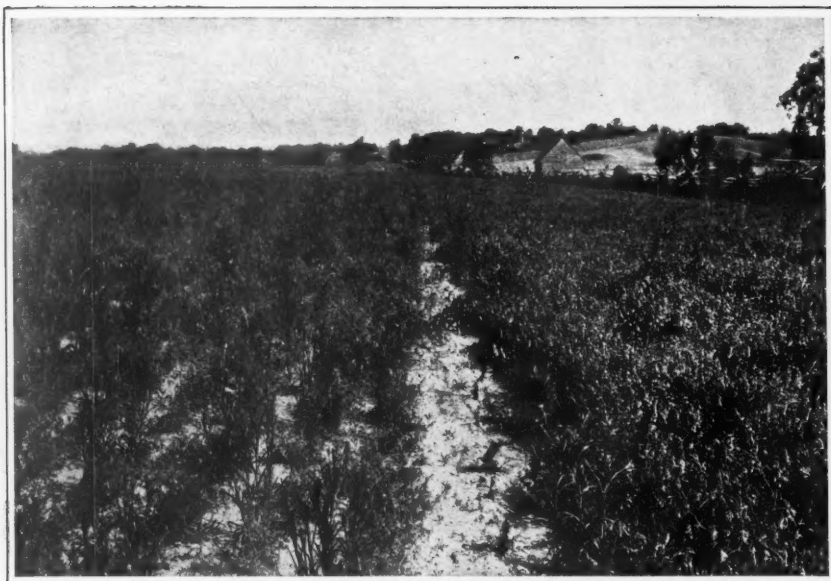


FIG. 5. AN EXPERIMENT WITH VETCH ON BARREN GROUND

At the left the soil was not treated; on the right it was inoculated with the nitrogen-fixing bacteria

department incloses explicit instructions how to use the bacteria, as follows:

DIRECTIONS FOR USING INOCULATING MATERIAL

(METHOD patented in order to guarantee the privilege of use by the public. Letters Patent No. 755,519 granted March 22, 1904.)

Put one gallon of clean water (preferably rain-water) in a clean tub or bucket and add No. 1 of the inclosed package of salts (containing granulated sugar, potassium phosphate, and magnesium sulphate). Stir occasionally until all is dissolved.

Carefully open package No. 2 (containing bacteria) and drop the inclosed cotton into the solution. Cover the tub with a paper to protect from dust, and set aside in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Do not heat the solution or you will kill the bacteria—it should never be warmer than blood-heat.

After twenty-four hours add the contents of package No. 3 (containing ammonium phosphate). Within twenty hours more the solution will have a cloudy appearance and is ready for use.

To Inoculate Seed:

Take just enough of the solution to thoroughly moisten the seed. Stir thoroughly so that all the seeds are touched by the solution. Spread out the seeds in a shady place until

they are perfectly dry, and plant at the usual time just as you would untreated seed. The dry cultures as sent from the laboratory will keep for several months. Do not prepare the liquid culture more than two or three days previous to the time when the seeds are to be treated, as the solution once made up must usually be used at the end of forty-eight hours.

To Inoculate Soil:

Take enough dry earth so that the solution will merely moisten it. Mix thoroughly, so that all the particles of soil are moistened. Thoroughly mix this earth with four or five times as much, say half a wagon-load. Spread this inoculated soil thinly and evenly over the field exactly as if spreading fertilizer. This should be done just before plowing, or else the inoculated soil should be harrowed in immediately.

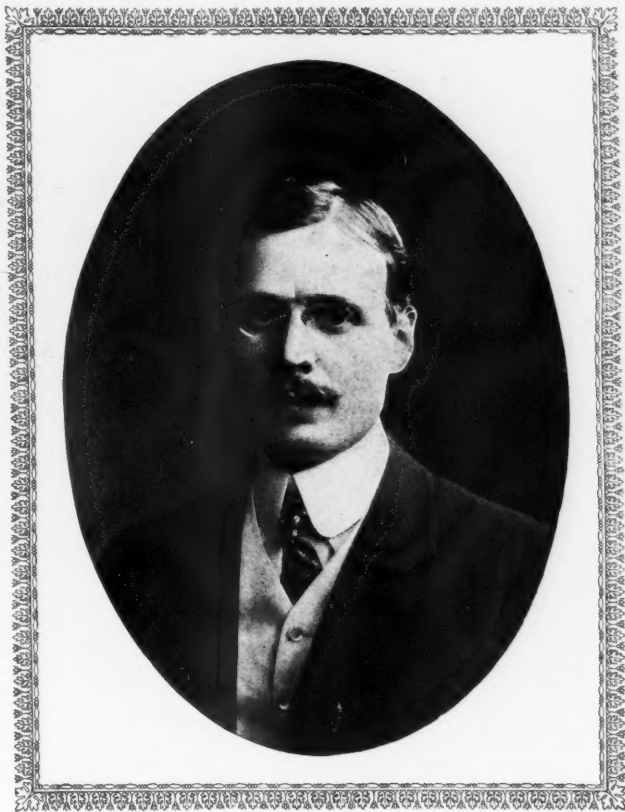
Either of the above methods may be used, as may be most convenient.

Enough germs are sent in each little package to inoculate seeds for from one to four acres. The package can be carried in your pocket, and yet does more work than several cart-loads of fertilizer. It costs the government less than four cents a cake, or less than a cent an acre, and saves the farmer thirty or forty dollars, which he would have to spend for an equal amount

of fertilizer. Different cultures are sent for different crops.

The results have been surprising. If Malthus were living, he would have to revise his calculation of the time when the world will be so crammed with people that

cisely the same conditions, yielded crops as follows: uninoculated patch, 581 pounds; inoculated patch, 4501 pounds—an increase of more than eight times. Crimson clover under similar conditions yielded: uninoculated, 372 pounds; inoculated 6292



From a photograph by C. M. Gilbert

DR. GEORGE T. MOORE

In charge of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology, United States Department of Agriculture

it cannot feed them. The picture (Fig. 5) shows side by side two plots, one of which has been planted with inoculated and the other with uninoculated seeds. The growth on the first is rich and luxuriant, while the second is thin and scrawny.

Even more startling than this picture is a comparison of the actual figures of yield of two crops grown on exactly the same land, but one of inoculated and the other of uninoculated seeds. Two patches of hairy vetch, grown side by side under pre-

pounds—an increase of nearly twenty times. (See Fig. 6.)

It does not require a trained scientist to apply the cultures. The results obtained by any intelligent farmer are as wonderful as these. For instance, the illustration on page 839 (Fig. 7) is a picture of two clusters sent to the department by a farmer of Maryland who used the inoculating material supplied him by the government. The little bunch on the left was grown on rich soil from untreated seeds, while the hearty-

looking bunch on the right was grown from inoculated seeds on a sandy upland soil where nothing previously had been successful.

The first are average plants from a four-acre field and the latter average plants from a seven-acre field.

This Maryland farmer had formerly been

farm, his income, fivefold; a generous living is now before him.

And what did it cost the government to help him so generously? Eight cents! The farmer had used two cakes to inoculate the seeds for seven acres, each cake costing the government four cents to manufacture.

But there are even other wonders that



FIG. 6. AVERAGE VETCH PLANTS, INOCULATED AND UNINOCULATED, FROM THE FIELD SHOWN IN FIG. 5

able to cultivate only one third of his land; he had been obliged to abandon two thirds because of the hopelessness of getting anything from it. Now, at no expense to himself and at trivial amount of labor, he had reclaimed the worthless two thirds and made it more productive than the other third. He had increased the yield of his

these little nitrogen-fixing bacteria work. It has already been explained how legumes enrich the soil by bringing back nitrogen to it. The same bacteria that increase the harvest of beans or clover or alfalfa tenfold enable the plants to leave many times more nitrogen in the soil than they would have done if uninoculated; in other words, they

make the soil many times more fertile, so that the crop of cotton or wheat or corn or potatoes planted next year is many times larger. Thus the rotating crop the year following inoculation derives an equal benefit from the inoculation. For instance, a crop of crimson clover, not inoculated, added to one acre of land 4.3 pounds of nitrogen; a crop of crimson clover, inoculated, added to one acre of precisely similar land 143.7 pounds of nitrogen, an increase of $33\frac{1}{2}$ times; a crop of inoculated hairy vetch added to one acre 15 times more nitrogen than a crop of uninoculated hairy vetch.

Cotton planted after an inoculated crop of red clover gave an increased yield of 40 per cent. Potatoes, after an inoculated crop, yielded an increase of 50 per cent. The wheat crop increased by 46 per cent., the oats 300 per cent., and the rye 400 per cent. The table below shows the effect of inoculated legumes on various crops.

The germs can be used in any climate. It must be clearly understood, however, that only leguminous plants—beans, clover, alfalfa, peas, lupin, vetch, etc.—are directly benefited by the nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Where the soil is rich in nitrates, the crop is not appreciably increased by the use of the inoculating bacteria; but where the soil is poor, the harvest is increased many times.

There is not a section of the United States which will not profit by Dr. Moore's discovery. Nearly every State has its worn-out farming-land, bringing despair to the economist who laments our careless handling of the fields and who wonders how the country will support the hundreds of millions soon to be ours. The bacteria means

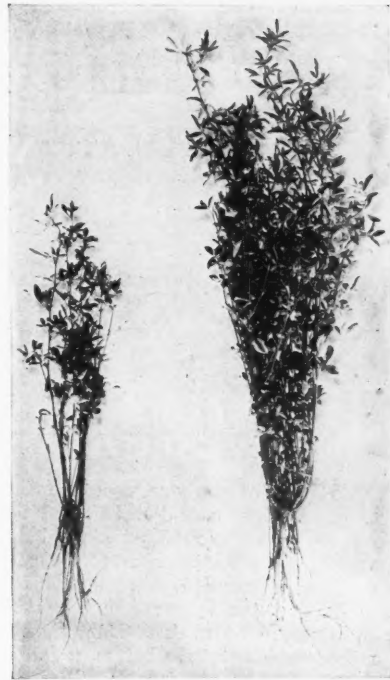


FIG. 7. THE EXPERIMENT OF A MARYLAND FARMER

On the left, alfalfa from rich soil with untreated seed; on the right, from sandy upland, with inoculated seed

intensive cultivation with a vengeance, and should give him hope. It is impossible as yet to calculate by how much they will enhance the yield of our crops and of the world's crops, but the results already achieved prove that in time the gain will be enormous.

	ORIGINAL YIELD PER ACRE	YIELD PER ACRE AFTER INOCULATED CROP	GAIN IN WEIGHT	GAIN IN VALUE	PER CENT. OF GAIN
Cotton	932. pounds	After red clover, 1304 pounds	372. pounds	\$44.64	40 per cent.
Potatoes . . .	67.8 bushels	After crimson clover, 102.2 bushels	34.4 bushels	15.	50 "
Oats	8.4 "	After velvet beans, 33.6 bushels	25.2 "	9.	300 "
Rye	4.5 "	After peas, 23.5 bushels	19. "	9.85	400 "
Wheat	18.6 "	After mellilotus, 26.9 bushels	8.3 "	6.50	46 "

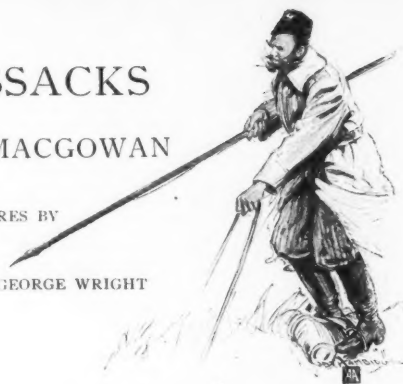


THE COSSACKS

BY DAVID B. MACGOWAN

WITH PICTURES BY

JAY HAMBIDGE AND GEORGE WRIGHT



"From Archangel to Astrakhan, we 're sixty million strong."

SO, or nearly so, wrote the Russian poet Pushkin, and the words found permanent lodgment in the hearts of the people, and give them unbounded confidence. Not less profound is their faith in the Cossacks. This is the normal condition which prevails before and after the periodic national crises. Under stress the Russians are apt to despond, and at times certain elements of the people appear neither to hope for nor to desire the success of the nation's efforts. When confidence does return, however, Pushkin and the Cossacks come again into honor.

Last winter, when, among those of the Russians who were not hoping for war and the defeat of their own country, I inquired the grounds for their contemptuous underestimate of the Japanese, I scarcely ever got for reply more than the citation of Russia's one hundred and thirty millions of population, her possession of one seventh of the dry land of the earth, and the Cossacks. The discussion usually closed with the assertion: "One Cossack can whip ten of those little yellow monkeys."

This faith is based partly on the impression which the Cossacks made upon western Europe as long ago as the Seven Years' War, and which was heightened by their disorganization of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Napoleon himself pronounced them perfect masters of partizan warfare, furious in attack and impossible to reach, and said that he did not remember having

made a prisoner of a single one of them. Finally, he had the Cossacks in mind when he warned Europe that, unless checked by such a powerful unit as he had sought to construct, Russia would enslave the world. That Napoleon's prediction has not been forgotten may be inferred from the recent assertion in various quarters that the real "yellow peril" is the possibility of the organization of the Mongolian races by Russia, and that a Slavic Jenghiz Khan may direct a new Golden Horde against the West.

SERVICES OF THE COSSACKS IN ASIA

IN any contest in the Orient Russia has special grounds for counting upon her Cossacks. In the great eviction process of Europe against Asia they have had a leading part. They grew up in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries on the steppes that had been wasted by the Tatars, and until the close of the eighteenth century they waged relentless war with Tatar and Turk, when not allied with Tatar or Turk against Poland or Russia. The occupation of the Volga about 1550, and the submission of the khanate of Astrakhan, were followed in 1582-83 by the conquest of West Siberia by Yermak, a government Cossack. It is worth noting, in passing, that the Czar Ivan the Terrible, after having consented to the expedition, changed his mind and tried to recall it. His order did not reach Yermak until he had overrun the Tatar khanate of Sibir. The Czar accepted the gift of a new

kingdom, graciously receiving Yermak's emissary, a former outlaw named Ivan Koltso, and heaping honors upon Yermak, who had possibly been a robber chieftain himself before he entered the service of the Czar. Cossack explorers, fur-hunters, and colonists pushed on uninterruptedly through Siberia, founding in rapid succession Omsk, Tomsk, and Irkutsk, passing north of Lake Baikal, crossing the Stanovoi Mountains to the Amur, and, about 1650, coming into collision with the Manchurians. Finally, it was with the aid of Cossacks that Muraviev Amursky, once more in violation of orders, reannexed the Amur, which had been restored to China in 1689, and carried the frontier to the Ousouri. In our own day, in 1900, it was mainly Cossacks that overran Manchuria.

THEIR SO-CALLED "ARMIES"

FOLLOWING the custom in European Russia, the Cossacks in Asia

have been endowed with inalienable lands on the defensive frontier. Of the eleven existing Cossack "armies" (under which term are meant both Cossack populations and their territories), five are located in Greater Russia. These are the (West) Siberian, the Semiryetchensk (Seven Rivers), the Trans-Baikal, the Amur, and the Ousouri armies. All of the remainder, except the Don, are in contact with non-Russian peoples and tribes whose conquest is of comparatively recent date and who still require policing. The Cossacks of the Don, by far the most numerous, have been allowed to retain their ancient home, which they wrested from the Turks and Tatars. Their territory is a compact province, and embraces twenty-eight per cent. of the one hundred and fifty

million acres allotted to all the Cossacks. Adjoining them to the south are the Cossacks of the Terek and the Kuban, commonly called Cossacks of the Line, because the former military line against the fierce mountaineers of the Caucasus was put in their keeping. They kept it in the true Cossack way, borrowing the customs, dress, weapons, and methods of fighting of their enemies, taking from them, partly

by force, partly by consent, the wives which have made theirs the handsomest of Cossack races, raiding and plundering and being raided and plundered, until the final conquest of the Caucasus in the middle of the last century. Neither did the pacification of the mountaineers end their service, for the mountaineers have by no means lost their penchant for robbery. The Terek and Kuban Cossacks, with their fleet and slender Kabardine horses, easily rank among the most warlike of



From a photograph

GENERAL RENNENKAMPF, OF THE COSSACK ARMY

the subjects of the White Czar.

The little army of Astrakhan occupies a number of small enclaves along the Lower Volga. Far more important are the Cossacks of the Ural, whose territory forms a broad band on the west bank of the Ural River up to its junction with the Ilek, where the Orenburg army begins. On account of their superior horses and their own substantial qualities, the Uralese enjoy high favor. They are distinguished from most other Cossacks by their swarthy, bearded faces, square-set figures, fierce war-songs, and a certain earnestness born of their non-conformist faith; for about eighty-five per cent. are schismatic old-believers, who have clung for more than three centuries to differences originating in a dis-



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

COSSACKS FIGHTING IN HOLLOW-SQUARE FORMATION

sension about the proper way to cross one's self and like matters of form.

The Orenburg Cossacks live on both banks of the Upper Ural as far as Cheliabinsk, on the Siberian Railway. They almost touch frontiers with the Siberian army, whose lands lie south of and parallel to the railway until they reach it and the Irtysh River at Omsk. They follow this river on both sides down to the lake known

The eleven armies number between three and three and a half millions, including women and children, but non-Cossack settlers swell the inhabitants of their lands to five and a half or six millions.

ADMIXTURE OF ORIENTAL BLOOD

THE Cossacks may perhaps be best described as a war caste living in semi-tribal



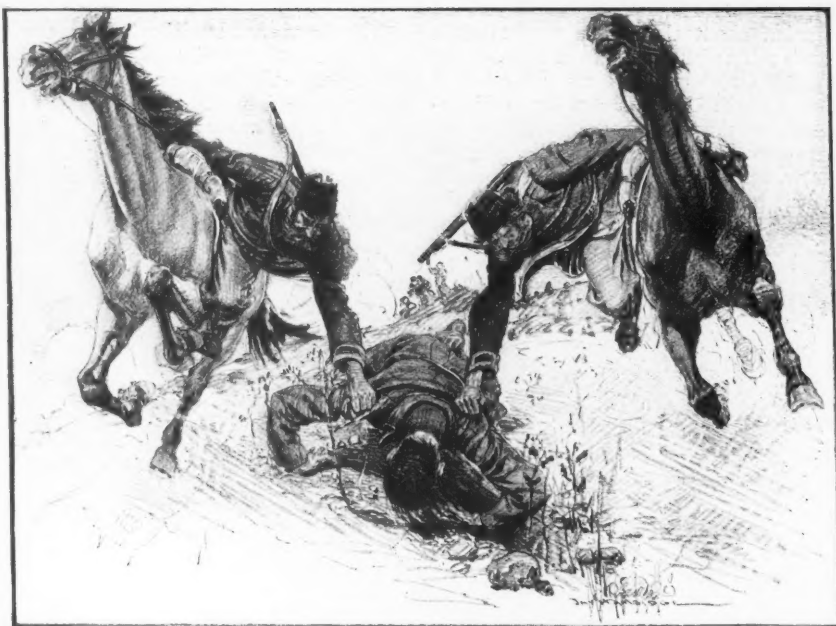
Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

A COSSACK FIRING ON HIS PURSUERS

as the Nor Zaisan, near the frontier of Sungaria, and a number of settlements have been formed on the Biisk "line" between the Irtysh and the Ob.

The Semiryetchensk army takes up the frontier line at Nor Zaisan, and occupies enclaves between this point, Lake Balkash, and the lake called Issyk-kul, thus controlling the approaches to Chinese Turkestan and the Pamirs. The three East Siberian armies begin at the Koso-gol, southwest of Irkutsk, and follow the Mongolian frontier in a broad belt, joining the Pacific river system at the Chilka and pursuing the north bank of the Amur and the east bank of the Ousouri, besides occupying a series of enclaves along the railway from Lake Baikal to Stretensk.

organization. They are, however, in no sense a tribe or tribes, but are mainly of Russian origin with an intermixture of Mongolian, Tatar, and Circassian blood by marriage or adoption. The once famous Little Russian or Zaporogian Cossacks of the Ukraine are now represented largely in the Kuban army, with which their remnant was incorporated late in the eighteenth century. In all other armies Great Russian blood predominates. Among the non-Russian elements are Buddhistic Kalmucks and Buriats, Tunguses, Tatars, Bashkirs, and Kirghiz. The pagan element is twelve per cent. of the Ural army, fifteen of the Trans-Baikal, eight of the Orenburg, and seven of the Semiryetchensk. The old-believers not only predominate in the Ural



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

PICKING UP A WOUNDED COMRADE

army, but form twenty per cent. of the Kuban and ten of the Don. These facts dispose of the halo often thrown around the Cossacks as the special defenders of the orthodox confession.

THE COSSACK HORSES

THE Cossack was a fisherman before he was a Cossack, and he remains a fisherman to this day. Besides fishing, hunting, cattle-raising, and cattle-lifting, robbery, piracy, and war were formerly considered the only occupations worthy of him. Celibate life prevailed extensively among all the Cossacks. The Dons regarded agriculture as the mortal enemy of their freedom, prohibiting the use of the plow on pain of death. Conditions have since changed radically, and the Dons differ little in their mode of life from other Russian peasants. The Cossacks, however, do not enjoy a reputation for industry, and many of them, notably the Dons, have shared in the general impoverishment of the rural population. This has diminished their military efficiency, as they are required to supply themselves with horses, uniforms, and entire equipment and armament excepting

firearms. The most serious feature is the neglect of horse-raising. The Uralsese form an exception. Their fisheries are the source of substantial prosperity, and they not only raise enough horses for themselves, but supply the regular cavalry and artillery with some of their best animals. The government's ability to mobilize 190,000 Cossacks in war-time, or from 250,000 to 300,000 in case of extreme necessity, is dependent on their possession of an adequate number of serviceable horses. The military authorities of Russia, however, admit that none of the armies except the Uralsese meets this requirement. In fact, none has much more than enough horses to mount their quota of the 60,000 Cossacks serving in time of peace.

The steppe horse has also degenerated, though he still retains several invaluable qualities. He is ludicrously small compared with his brawny rider, and has a short, thick neck and head and a sloping back. He is, however, docile, intelligent, a good long-distance goer, is supremely indifferent to weather and climate, having never known the luxury of a warm stable, and forages for himself even under the snow. He relishes and thrives on provender that

a goat would scorn, and is as ignorant of oats as a Russian peasant is of porter-house. The military critics object to him on account of his small size, which deprives his course of momentum and renders him unsuited for charging in mass formation, and on account of his supposed unmilitary appearance.

Both objections can perhaps be waived as far as the present war is concerned, since the conditions there do not favor the employment of cavalry in this manner. In fact, some of the most competent military authorities believe that cavalry will never again be sent into a mass attack except in parades and manoeuvres, where spectacular effects are more popular than they are on the battlefield.

So far, however, Russia has had no reason to complain of her Cossacks. They have executed the tasks intrusted to them both in Korea and in Manchuria with daring and gallantry. They appear, in fact, to have proved superior to the Japanese cavalry wherever they have met. However, this has not had a decisive effect upon the course of events.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION AND REQUIREMENTS

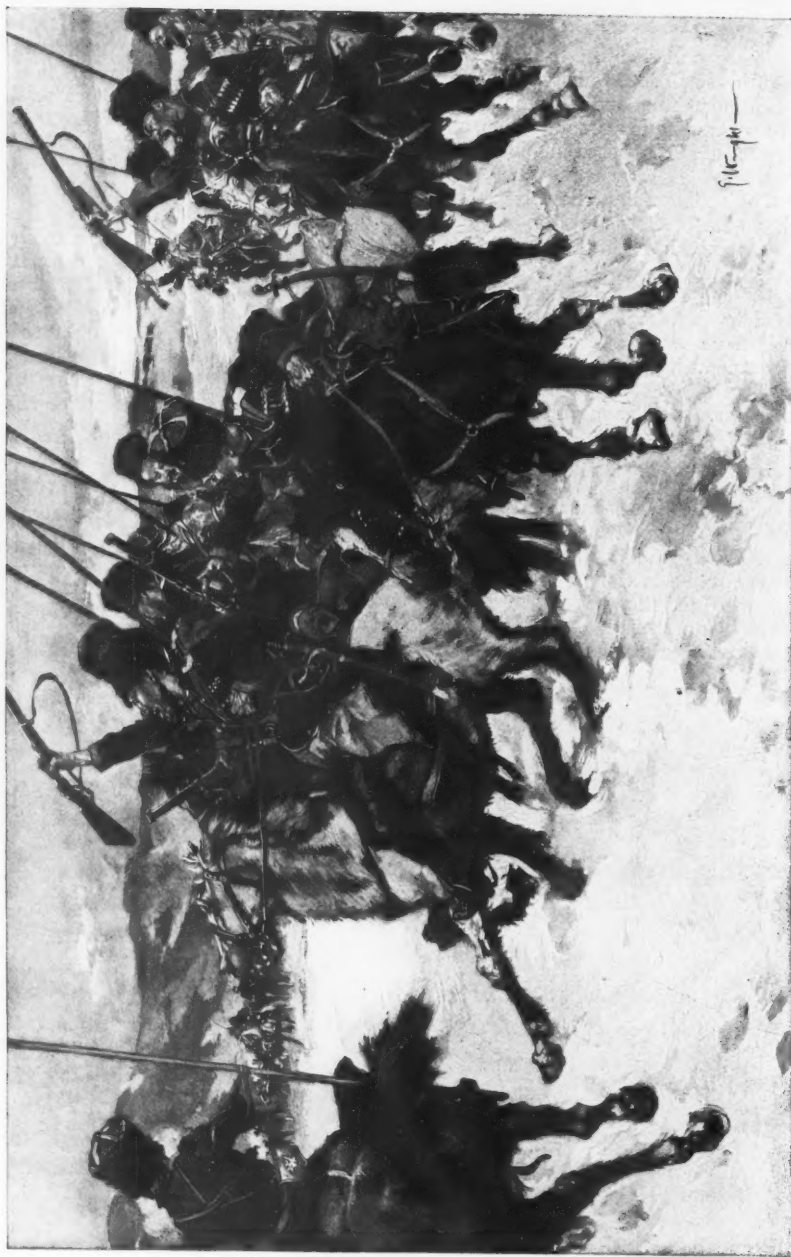
THE administration of Cossack affairs, both civil and military, is centralized in a special branch of the war department. Since 1827 the office of grand hetman has been held by the heir apparent. It was conferred about two years ago on the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich, brother of the Czar. The position is, however, largely nominal. Some of the armies are under specially appointed hetmans, while in other cases the office of hetman is held by the general governor of the military district in which the army is situated. Under these general hetmans are district hetmans, to whom are intrusted the higher police authority and the military education of the young Cossacks. In their local civil and economic affairs the Cossacks enjoy a certain measure of autonomy still. Their *stanitchny sbor* and *khoutorskoe oupravlenie* correspond in a general way to the cantonal and communal assemblies of the peasantry.

The introduction, under Alexander I, of general military service has lessened the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

COSSACKS SWIMMING THEIR HORSES ACROSS A RIVER



Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

COSSACKS ATTACKING A SUPPLY-TRAIN

differences between the Cossacks, as a war caste, with general service from the beginning, and the remainder of the Czar's subjects. These differences are, however, still sufficiently marked, since two per cent. of young Cossacks of military age serve with the colors, compared with thirty-one per cent. of other young men of the same age, and nearly five per cent. of the entire male Cossack population is in service in time of peace, compared with one and six tenths per cent. in the case of non-Cossacks. These figures and the comparatively small drain that these irregulars make upon the war-chest would adequately explain why the government continues to encourage the adoption of the Cossack calling, even if they were not as well adapted for frontier service as they have proved themselves to be.

The Cossack never passes beyond the control of the military authorities. From infancy he practises horsemanship, and his games are mimicry of war. Folk-songs reciting the exploits of recent or far-distant heroes are the woof of his education. In passing, I may say that the Cossacks enjoy better educational facilities and comprise fewer illiterates than most of the peasants. At the age of nineteen the Cossack youth begins to receive theoretical instruction about the duties of a soldier and to be drilled in gymnastic and infantry exercises in his native village. In the autumn of the second year he is required to appear at an encampment. After six weeks' work there, he receives his assignment, possibly to a post thousands of miles away, and is marched off in late autumn or winter, in order that he may reach his command before the spring exercises and manœuvres begin. Before him now lie four or five years of uninterrupted service with the colors and twelve or thirteen in the reserves, during which he must spend a month or six weeks every year in camp. Finally, he can be called out in case of need as long as he lives.

The most marked peculiarity of the Cossack service is that their cavalry regiments, infantry battalions, and batteries of artillery are divided into three "turns," of which two are always dismissed on furlough, forming the reserve. The three turns are called collectively a chain. The obligation to appear fully equipped continues through the second turn. The third-turn man is no longer required to appear

mounted, but must have all other necessities, including saddle and bridle.

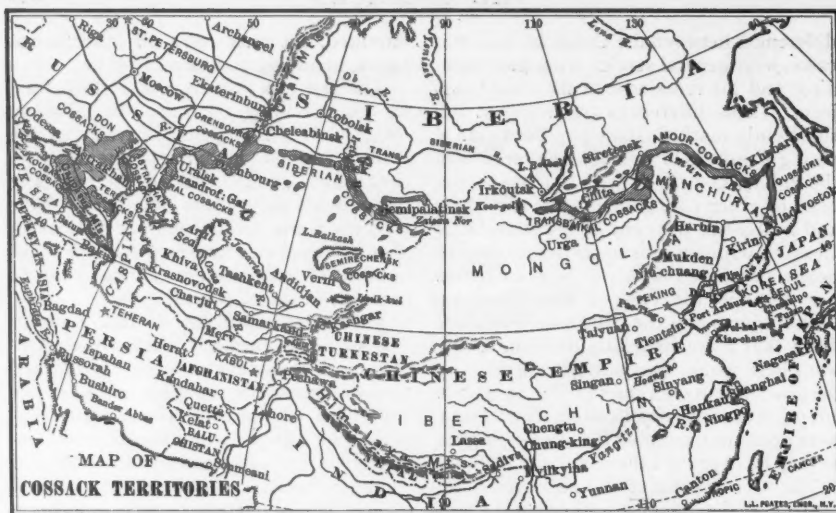
The first-turn organizations, which form the peace footing, comprise 8 battalions of infantry, $51\frac{1}{4}$ regiments of cavalry, or 306 sotnias (troops), including some independent sotnias, and 20 mounted batteries. The three-turn organizations combined, and the theoretical war footing, embrace 21 battalions, 147 cavalry regiments of 854 sotnias, besides 44 independent sotnias, and 38 batteries of six guns each.

Their weak point is the officers' corps. The Cossacks formerly elected their own officers. The system was perfectly adapted to their democratic republics and to simple conditions of warfare. The Cossack nobility, which grew up in the eighteenth century, now furnishes most of the officers. They are required to attain the same nominal standard of military knowledge as other Russian officers, but their intermediate schools are not highly esteemed. Although they enjoy the same emoluments as all officers of the same grades, their economic position is inferior. This is due to the three-turn arrangement, which compels them to take long furloughs, often immediately upon leaving the military academies.

When on furlough, which may last four or five years, the officer receives only a small portion of his regular pay, fifteen dollars and a half a month in the case of captains, and no allowance for horse feed. As he must appear in camp mounted every year, he is compelled to buy and sell his horse annually. He has his land allotment, but usually knows absolutely nothing about agriculture, having spent his boyhood in school. Remunerative employment of other kinds is difficult to find, the usual makeshift being a position as village school-teacher or village clerk with a salary of from thirty to eighty dollars a year. Another result to the officer is lessened opportunity for promotion to high commands. In fact, the higher commands in Cossack armies are nearly all held by outsiders. The Asiatic armies are deficient in suitable material for officers, and a considerable number of non-Cossack cadets are assigned to them. They are exempt from compulsory furloughs.

ARMAMENT, ENDURANCE, AND TACTICS

EVERY Cossack carries a curved dagger. This weapon, his special pride, is often



richly ornamented and is carried in a sheath of embroidered silk or silver filigree. Cavalrymen and artillerymen carry a saber slung over the right shoulder and a carbine dangling across their backs. Lances are borne by the Don, Ural, Orenburg, Siberian, and Trans-Baikal Cossacks. Infantrymen alone have bayonets. Spurs are not worn, being replaced by the ill-famed *nagaika*, which not only serves as a riding-whip, but has proved a serviceable weapon, at least in domestic disturbances. The absence of spurs and bayonets facilitates operations when dismounted. It should be noted, too, that their entire equipment is adapted to noiseless marching. A sotnia of Cossacks is said to make less clatter than a single dragoon.

The traditional fighting qualities of the Cossacks are, besides good riding, resolution combined with caution and cunning, incredible endurance, indifference to weather and climate, and uncomplaining acceptance of any sort of fare. To accept his soldier's lot not only without a murmur but with joy has, in fact, always been the Cossack way. The Zaporogians, the source of most Cossack traditions and inspirations, used to make entire campaigns with no provisions except a little flour, which they ate raw mixed with cold water; but if the campaign yielded the hoped-for booty, they would feast, drink, and gamble, extend boundless hospitality, and indulge their taste for gay and luxurious apparel. At

first they journeyed mainly by water, descending the Dnieper from Kiev to their island settlements, and, when they grew stronger, gaining the command of the river-mouth and making piratical raids against the Turkish cities of the Black Sea, even threatening Constantinople repeatedly. The Dons imitated this example, and both groups kept their respective suzerains, Poland and Russia, in hot water with the Sultan. Turkey fortified the river-mouths and sought to keep them at a respectful distance from the coast of the Black Sea. They then began to give more attention to their land tactics. At first they fought, mainly afoot, intrenching themselves when in danger behind their provision-wagons, which they formed in a hollow square, a practice which remains in vogue to the present time, their horses being taught to lie down or stand quietly in a circle to form a breastwork for them. They have a peculiar method of tying their horses head to head, with the reins of one passed through the girth of the other, which prevents their stampeding when their riders are fighting dismounted.

HORSEMANSHIP

As orderly, scout, escort, and frontier guard, the Cossack has an excellent opportunity to develop and make use of daring horsemanship, and the government does everything in its power to encourage

good riding. A boy who has learned to cling to his horse with one foot while picking up a coin from the ground, to stand on his galloping steed, perhaps on his head or with a companion standing on his shoulder, or to stand or leap hurdles while firing forward or backward from his carbine, or who, with another rider, can pick up and carry off a wounded companion without dismounting, is sure of a post either in the Czar's escort or in a regiment of the guards, in which case he receives his equipment from the state. The Terek and Kuban men are usually most proficient in such exercises, and it is from them that the four sotnias of his Majesty's escort are recruited. Their annual *jigitovka* (or horsemanship exhibition) at Peterhof is an important social event. The effect is enhanced by the brilliancy of their parade uniforms, with scarlet or dark blue caftans tightly belted with Oriental girdles. The guards wear a short caftan varying in color, the Czar's regiment wearing red, the grand hetman's light blue, and the Uralsee carmine. Facings and cordings of contrasting colors and peaked astrakhan caps, often with colored velvet crowns, complete a charming picture. It is one of the sights of the world to see the Cossacks of the escort and of the guard in this medley of colors charging full tilt toward the Emperor in one of the annual parades at or near St. Petersburg.

SPECIAL MANŒUVERS

GREAT attention has been given in the last twenty years to the proper drilling of the Cossacks. Deprived of the independence that had been their inspiration, and left for the most part to themselves, the Cossacks of the steppes were becoming more and more like ordinary peasants. The reserves who were slowly and painfully mobilized for the Crimean, Russo-Turkish, and Polish wars were really a rather sorry-looking set for the most part, and their share in these struggles was subordinate. The government decided to attach a Cossack regiment to every division of cavalry, along with three regiments of dragoons. The instructions required them to be drilled in the same manner as the dragoons; that is, to be prepared for mass evolutions of cavalry. It was found, however, that their horses were ill adapted to such service, and that

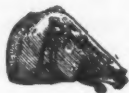
the riders themselves were slow to acquire the requisite orderliness and precision of movement. The cry began to go up that the new regulations were ruining the Cossacks. The composition of the mixed divisions was not altered, but the commanders preferred to give the Cossacks work better suited to their traditions, and, in addition, separate divisions of Cossack cavalry have been formed. In recent years the efforts of the authorities have been to improve their natural tactics, in which the individual units act more independently and are less trammelled with regulations than the dragoons. Great attention has been given to the so-called *lava*, or swarming attack. In this manœuvre an under officer and a small detail remain behind with the colors of the sotnia, or regiment. Two other under officers advance diagonally on each side to mark off the width of the line to be formed. Two alternating lines are usually formed, with the riders about twelve feet apart laterally. After trotting into formation, they advance with fierce shouts at a sharp trot or gallop. The signal for retreat or for a desired change of direction is given by the "lighthouse," as the detail with the colors is picturesquely called. The lava is regarded as particularly useful in flank and rear. It is also effective as a means of disorganizing the enemy and thus preparing the way for an attack by the regular cavalry or by infantry. A portion of the attacking force is often massed in the rear, and if the lines of the enemy are pierced at any point, these reserves are thrown into the breach. Another purpose the lava sometimes serves is to lead off the enemy's attack in some desired direction or to mislead him in regard to movements planned or in operation against him. The favorite weapon in the lava is the lance, which is, indeed, generally preferred to the saber or carbine.

The natural familiarity of most Cossacks with the water has been utilized latterly in the great manœuvres. Foreign military attachés have been much impressed by the ease and dexterity with which Cossack forces have been thrown across large rivers by means of boats improvised from tarred sail- or tent-cloth fastened to lances as ribs. Lances, with adjustable blades attached, also serve as oars. Such boats are capable of carrying considerably more than two

tons without danger of capsizing. Field artillery is transferred dismounted, each gun and its appurtenances requiring three boats. The men strip and swim their horses across, thus reaching the farther bank with all their belongings dry. Crossings have been made in less than two hours from the time of the arrival on one bank to the departure from the other.

The marksmanship of the Cossacks is good, often excellent. They excel in the art of taking cover and render efficient service as mounted infantry. It is, however, in outpost service and partizan warfare that they have developed genuine virtuosity. Their readiness to move at a moment's notice, ability to appear without warning, to vanish utterly, and to reappear in an entirely different quarter, enable them to annoy an enemy in a hundred ways, to

hang upon his rear and flanks, cut off detachments or stragglers, or render his communications unsafe by unexpected attacks upon his ammunition or provision-trains. Some critics think that their alleged moral untrustworthiness and a disposition often imputed to them to exaggerate dangers detract from the value of their reconnaissances. It is likely that there is a grain of truth in this, and also that, when confronted with a well-organized enemy, their columns do not possess sufficient penetrative power to be able to secure the best information. This perhaps explains why the Japanese, whose advances are so deliberately planned, and who, moreover, occupy outposts with strong detachments of infantry, have been so successful in veiling from the Russians their designs, and in many cases their actual movements.



AT THE DESERT'S MARGE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I CAN still recall, though the lapse is long
 Since that spectral hour of even-song,
 How the sun from the desert sky-line made
 The pyramids cast a wedge of shade
 Toward the tawny river, and how the moon,
 Over the minarets peering soon,
 Flung the segment of shadow back,
 Long and peaked and purple-black,
 While the Sphinx, inscrutable, brooded by,
 And the gaunt bats gathered momentarily,
 Swooping and circling here and there,
 Like evil dreams, in the haunted air;
 And a great flamingo, winged in flight,
 A giant rose in the gloaming light.

I still can hear from far aloof,
 Drifting out from a wattled roof
 And a blistered clay wall bare and mean,
 The cheerless chant of the fellaheen,—
 A medley of shrilly barbarous bars
 Jangling and jostling up to the stars.

I still can catch, divinely blent,
 The clove and citron and jasmine scent
 From the distant gardens and orchards blown
 Out to the marge of the desert zone;
 And still can feel about me cast
 The clutching spell of the veiled and vast
 And never-fathomèd wide sand sea,—
 Its ancient magic and mystery.

Here might the flower of wonder ope,—
 The mystical lotus-bloom of Hope,—
 Showing a calyx where, opal-wise,
 Glisten the dewdrops of Paradise.
 Here might the dreams that the Prophet knew—
 Marvel and miracle—come true;
 The genii-guarded gates of Doom
 Rise from their infinite depths of gloom;
 Heaven descend, and its portals swing
 Back with ethereal cadencing,
 And a voice of more than mortal breath
 Whisper the secret of life and death.



THE SEA-WOLF

BY JACK LONDON

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The God of his Fathers," etc.

XXXII

IAWOKE, oppressed by a mysterious sensation. There seemed something missing in my environment. But the mystery and oppressiveness vanished after the first few seconds of waking, when I identified the missing something as the wind. I had fallen asleep in that state of nerve tension with which one meets the continuous shock of sound or movement, and I had awakened, still tense, bracing myself to meet the pressure of something which no longer bore upon me.

It was the first night I had spent under cover in several months, and I lay luxuriously for some minutes under my blankets (for once not wet with fog or spray), analyzing, first, the effect produced upon me by the cessation of the wind, and next the joy which was mine from resting on the mattress made by Maud's hands. When I had dressed and opened the door, I heard the waves still lapping on the beach, garrulously attesting the fury of the night. It was a clear day, and the sun was shining. I had slept late, and I stepped outside with sudden energy, bent upon making up lost time, as befitted a dweller on Endeavor Island.

And when outside I stopped short. I believed my eyes without question, and yet I was for the moment stunned by what they disclosed to me. There, on the beach, not fifty feet away, bow on, dismasted, was a black-hulled vessel. Masts and booms, tangled with shrouds, sheets, and rent canvas, were rubbing gently alongside. I could have rubbed my eyes as I looked. There was the home-made galley we had built, the familiar break of the poop, the low yacht-cabin scarcely rising above the rail. It was the *Ghost*!

What freak of fortune had brought it here—here of all spots? What chance of chances? I looked at the bleak, inaccessible wall at my back, and knew the profundity of despair. Escape was hopeless, out of the question. I thought of Maud, asleep there in the hut we had reared; I remembered her "Good night, Humphrey." "My woman, my mate," went ringing through my brain; but now, alas! it was a knell that sounded. Then everything went black before my eyes.

Possibly it was the fraction of a second, but I had no knowledge of how long an interval had lapsed before I was myself again. There lay the *Ghost*, bow on to the beach, her splintered bowsprit projecting

over the sand, her tangled spars rubbing against her side to the lift of the crooning waves. Something must be done—must be done!

It came upon me suddenly as strange that nothing moved aboard. Wearing from the night of struggle and wreck, all hands were yet asleep, I thought. My next thought was that Maud and I might yet escape. If we could take to the boat and make around the point before any one awoke! I would call her and start. My hand was lifted at her door to knock, when I recollected the smallness of the island. We could never hide ourselves upon it. There was nothing for us but the wide, raw ocean. I thought of our snug little huts, our supplies of meat and oil and moss and fire-wood, and I knew that we could never survive the wintry sea and the great storms which were to come.

So I stood, with hesitant knuckle, without her door. It was impossible—impossible. A wild thought of rushing in and killing her as she slept rose in my mind. And then, in a flash, the better solution came to me. All hands were asleep. Why not creep aboard the *Ghost*,—well I knew the way to Wolf Larsen's bunk!—and kill him in his sleep? After that—well, we would see. But with him dead there was time and space in which to prepare to do other things; and, besides, whatever new situation arose, it could not possibly be worse than the present one.

My knife was at my hip. I returned to my hut for the shot-gun, made sure it was loaded, and went down to the *Ghost*. With some difficulty, and at the expense of a wetting to the waist, I climbed aboard. The fore-castle scuttle was open. I paused to listen for the breathing of the men, but there was no breathing. I almost gasped as the thought came to me: What if the *Ghost* is deserted? I listened more closely. There was no sound. I cautiously descended the ladder. The place had the empty and musty feel and smell usual to a dwelling no longer inhabited. Everywhere was a thick litter of discarded and ragged garments, old sea-boots, leaky oilskins—all the worthless fore-castle dunnage of a long voyage.

Abandoned hastily, was my conclusion as I ascended to the deck. Hope was alive again in my breast, and I looked about me with greater coolness. I noted that the

boats were missing. The steerage told the same tale as the fore-castle. The hunters had packed their belongings with similar haste. The *Ghost* was deserted! It was Maud's and mine. I thought of the ship's stores and the lazaret beneath the cabin, and the idea came to me of surprising Maud with something nice for breakfast.

The reaction, from my fear, and the knowledge that the terrible deed I had come to do was no longer necessary, made me boyish and eager. I went up the steerage companionway two steps at a time, with nothing distinct in my mind except joy and the hope that Maud would sleep on until the surprise breakfast was quite ready for her. As I rounded the galley, a new satisfaction was mine at thought of all the splendid cooking utensils inside. I sprang up the break of the poop, and saw—Wolf Larsen! What of my impetus and the stunning surprise, I clattered three or four steps along the deck before I could stop myself. He was standing in the companionway, only his head and shoulders visible, staring straight at me. His arms were resting on the half-open slide. He made no movement whatever—simply stood there, staring at me.

I began to tremble. The old stomach-sickness clutched me. I put one hand on the edge of the house to steady myself. My lips seemed suddenly dry, and I moistened them against the need of speech. Nor did I for an instant take my eyes off him. Neither of us spoke. There was something ominous in his silence, his immobility. All my old fear of him returned and by new fear was increased an hundred-fold. And still we stood, the pair of us, staring at each other.

I was aware of the demand for action, and, my old helplessness strong upon me, I was waiting for him to take the initiative. Then, as the moments went by, it came to me that the situation was analogous to the one in which I had approached the long-maned bull, my intention of clubbing obscured by fear until it became a desire to make him run. So it was at last impressed upon me that I was there, not to have Wolf Larsen take the initiative, but to take it myself.

I cocked both barrels and leveled the shot-gun at him. Had he moved, attempted to drop down the companionway, I know I should have shot him. But he stood mo-

tionless and staring as before. And as I faced him, with leveled gun shaking in my hands, I had time to note the worn and haggard appearance of his face. It was as if some strong anxiety had wasted it. The cheeks were sunken, and there was a wearied, puckered expression on the brow; and it seemed to me that his eyes were strange, not only the expression, but the physical seeming, as though the optic nerves and supporting muscles had suffered strain and slightly twisted the eyeballs.

All this I saw, and, my brain now working rapidly, I thought a thousand thoughts; and yet I could not pull the triggers. I lowered the gun and stepped to the corner of the cabin, primarily to relieve the tension on my nerves and to make a new start, and incidentally to be closer. Again I raised the gun. He was almost at arm's length. There was no hope for him. I was resolved. There was no possible chance of missing him, no matter how poor my marksmanship. And yet I wrestled with myself and could not pull the triggers.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently.

I strove vainly to force my fingers down on the triggers, and vainly I strove to say something.

"Why don't you shoot?" he asked.

I cleared my throat of a huskiness which prevented speech.

"Hump," he said slowly, "you can't do it. You are not exactly afraid: you are impotent. Your conventional morality is stronger than you. You are the slave to the opinions which have credence among the people you have known and have read about. Their code has been drummed into your head from the time you lisped, and in spite of your philosophy, and of what I have taught you, it won't let you kill an unarmed, unresisting man."

"I know it," I said hoarsely.

"And you know that I would kill an unarmed man as readily as I would smoke a cigar," he went on. "You know me for what I am, my worth in the world by your standard. You have called me snake, tiger, shark, monster, and Caliban. And yet, you little rag puppet, you little echoing mechanism, you are unable to kill me as you would a snake or a shark, because I have hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like yours. Bah! I had hoped better things of you, Hump."

He stepped out of the companionway and came up to me.

"Put down that gun. I want to ask you some questions. I have n't had a chance to look around yet. What place is this? How is the *Ghost* lying? How did you get wet? Where 's Maud?—I beg your pardon—Miss Brewster; or should I say 'Mrs. Van Weyden'?"

I had backed away from him, almost weeping at my inability to shoot him, but not fool enough to put down the gun. I hoped desperately that he might commit some hostile act, attempt to strike me or choke me; for in such way only I knew I could be stirred to shoot.

"This is Endeavor Island," I said.

"Never heard of it," he broke in.

"At least, that 's our name for it," I amended.

"'Our'?" he queried. "Who's 'our'?"

"Miss Brewster and myself. And the *Ghost* is lying, as you can see for yourself, bow on to the beach."

"There are seals here," he said. "They woke me up with their barking, or I'd be sleeping yet. I heard them when I drove in last night. They were the first warning that I was on a lee shore. It's a rookery, the kind of a thing I've hunted for years. Thanks to my brother Death, I've lighted on a fortune. It's a mint. What's its bearings?"

"Have n't the least idea," I said. "But you ought to know quite closely. What were your last observations?"

He smiled, but did not answer.

"Well, where are all hands?" I asked him. "How does it come that you are alone?"

I was prepared for him again to set aside my question, and was surprised at the readiness of his reply.

"My brother got me inside forty-eight hours, and through no fault of mine. Boarded me in the night, with only the watch on deck. Hunters went back on me. He gave them a bigger lay. Heard him offering it. Did it right before me. Of course the crew gave me the go-by. That was to be expected. All hands went over the side, and there I was, marooned on my own vessel. It was Death's turn, and it's all in the family, anyway."

"But how did you lose the masts?" I asked.

"Walk over and examine those lan-

yards," he said, pointing to where the mizzen-rigging should have been.

"They have been cut with a knife!" I exclaimed.

"Not quite," he laughed. "It was a neater job. Look again."

I looked. The lanyards had been almost severed, with just enough left to hold the shrouds till some severe strain should be put upon them.

"Cooky did that." He laughed again. "I know, though I did n't spot him at it. Kind of evened up the score a bit."

"Good for Mugridge!" I cried.

"Yes, that's what I thought when everything went over the side. Only I said it on the other side of my mouth."

"But what were you doing while all this was going on?" I asked.

"My best, you may be sure, which was n't much under the circumstances."

I turned to reexamine Thomas Mugridge's work.

"I guess I'll sit down and take the sunshine," I heard Wolf Larsen saying.

There was a hint, just a slight hint, of physical feebleness in his voice, and it was so strange that I looked quickly at him. His hand was sweeping nervously across his face, as though he were brushing away cobwebs. I was puzzled—the whole thing was so unlike the Wolf Larsen I had known.

"How are your headaches?" I asked.

"They still trouble me," was his answer.

"I think I have one coming on now."

He slipped down from his sitting posture till he lay on the deck. Then he rolled over on his side, his head resting on the biceps of the under arm, the forearm shielding his eyes from the sun. I stood regarding him wonderingly.

"Now's your chance, Hump," he said.

"I don't understand," I lied, for I thoroughly understood.

"Oh, nothing," he added softly, as if he were drowsing; "only you've got me where you want me."

"No, I have n't," I retorted; "for I want you a few thousand miles away from here."

He chuckled, and thereafter spoke no more. He did not stir as I passed by him and went down into the cabin. I lifted the trap in the floor, but for some moments gazed dubiously into the darkness of the lazaret beneath. I hesitated to descend. What if his lying down were a ruse?

Pretty indeed to be caught there like a rat! I crept softly up the companionway and peeped at him. He was lying as I had left him. Again I went below; but before I dropped into the lazaret I took the precaution of casting down the door in advance. At least there would be no lid to the trap. But it was all needless. I regained the cabin with a store of jams, sea-biscuits, canned meats, and such things, —all I could carry,—and replaced the trap-door.

A peep at Wolf Larsen showed me that he had not moved. A bright thought struck me. I stole into his state-room and possessed myself of his revolvers. There were no other weapons, though I thoroughly ransacked the three remaining state-rooms. To make sure, I returned and went through the steerage and fore-castle, and in the galley gathered up all the sharp meat- and vegetable-knives. Then I be-thought me of the great yachtsman's knife he always carried, and I came to him and spoke to him, first softly, then loudly. He did not move. I bent over and took it from his pocket. I breathed more freely. He had no arms with which to attack me from a distance, while I, armed, could always forestall him should he attempt to grapple me with his terrible gorilla arms.

Filling a coffee-pot and frying-pan with part of my plunder, and taking some china-ware from the cabin pantry, I left Wolf Larsen lying in the sun and went ashore.

Maud was still asleep. I blew up the embers (we had not yet arranged a winter kitchen), and quite feverishly cooked the breakfast. Toward the end I heard her moving about within the hut, making her simple toilet. Just as all was ready and the coffee poured, the door opened and she came forth.

"It's not fair of you," was her greeting. "You are usurping one of my prerogatives. You know you agreed that the cooking should be mine, and—"

"But just this once," I pleaded.

"If you promise not to do it again," she smiled. "Unless, of course, you have grown tired of my poor efforts."

To my delight, she never once looked toward the beach, and I maintained the banter with such success that all unconsciously she sipped coffee from the china cup, ate fried evaporated potatoes, and spread marmalade on her biscuit. But it

could not last. I saw the surprise that came over her. She had discovered the china plate from which she was eating. She looked over the breakfast, noting detail after detail. Then she looked at me, and her face turned slowly toward the beach.

"Humphrey!" she said.

The old unnamable terror mounted into her eyes.

"Is—he—?" she quavered.

I nodded my head.

XXXIII

WE waited all day for Wolf Larsen to come ashore. It was an intolerable period of anxiety. Each moment one or the other of us cast expectant glances toward the *Ghost*. But he did not come. He did not even appear on deck.

"Perhaps it is his headache," I said. "I left him lying on the poop. He may lie there all night. I think I'll go and see."

Maud looked entreasy at me.

"It is all right," I assured her. "I shall take the revolvers. You know, I collected every weapon on board."

"But there are his arms, his hands, his terrible, terrible hands," she objected. And then she cried, "Oh, Humphrey, I am afraid of him. Don't go! Please don't go!"

She rested her hand appealingly on mine and sent my pulse fluttering. My heart was surely in my eyes for a moment. The dear and lovely woman! And she was so much the woman, clinging and appealing, sunshine and dew to my manhood, rooting it deeper and sending through it the sap of a new strength. I was for putting my arm around her, as when in the midst of the seal-herd, but I considered and refrained.

"I shall not take any risks," I said. "I'll merely peep over the bow and see."

She pressed my hand earnestly and let me go. But the space on deck where I had left him lying was vacant. He had evidently gone below. That night we stood alternate watches, one of us sleeping at a time; for there was no telling what Wolf Larsen might do.

The next day we waited, and the next, and still he made no sign.

"These headaches of his, these attacks—" Maud said, on the afternoon of the fourth day. "Perhaps he is ill, very ill. He may be dead."

"Or dying," was her afterthought, when she had waited some time for me to speak.

"Better so," I answered.

"But think, Humphrey—a fellow-creature in his last lonely hour!"

"Perhaps," I suggested.

"Yes, even perhaps," she acknowledged. "But we do not know. It would be terrible if he were. I could never forgive myself. We must do something."

"Perhaps," I suggested again.

I waited, smiling inwardly at the woman of her which compelled a solicitude for Wolf Larsen, of all creatures. Where was her solicitude for me? I thought—for me whom she had been afraid to have merely peep aboard?

She was too subtle not to follow the trend of my silence. And she was as direct as she was subtle.

"You must go aboard, Humphrey, and find out," she said. "And if you want to laugh at me you have my consent and forgiveness."

I arose obediently and went down the beach.

"Do be careful," she called after me.

I waved my arm from the fore-castle-head and dropped down to the deck. After I walked to the cabin companion, where I contented myself with hailing below. Wolf Larsen answered, and as he started to ascend the stairs I cocked my revolver. I displayed it openly during our conversation, but he took no notice of it. He appeared the same, physically, as when last I saw him, but he was gloomy and silent. In fact, the few words we spoke could hardly be called a conversation. I did not inquire why he had not been ashore, nor did he ask why I had not come aboard. His head was all right again, he said; and so, without further parley, I left him.

Maud received my report with obvious relief, and the sight of smoke which later rose in the galley put her in a more cheerful mood. The next day, and the next, we saw the galley smoke rising, and sometimes we caught glimpses of him on the poop. But that was all. He made no attempt to come ashore. This we knew, for we still maintained our night watches. We were waiting for him to do something,—to show his hand, so to say,—and his inaction puzzled and worried us.

A week of this passed by. We had no other interest than Wolf Larsen, and his

presence weighed us down with an apprehension which prevented us from doing any of the little things we had planned.

But at the end of the week the smoke ceased rising from the galley, and he no longer showed himself on the poop. I could see Maud's solicitude again growing, though she timidly—and even proudly, I think—forbore a repetition of her request. After all, what censure could be put upon her? Besides, I myself was aware of hurt at thought of this man whom I had tried to kill dying alone with his fellow-creatures so near. He was right. The code of my group was stronger than I. The fact that he had hands, feet, and a body shaped somewhat like mine constituted a claim that I could not ignore.

So I did not wait a second time for Maud to send me. I discovered that we stood in need of condensed milk and marmalade, and announced that I was going aboard. I could see that she wavered. She even went so far as to murmur that they were non-essentials and that my trip after them might be inexpedient. And, as she had followed the trend of my silence, she now followed the trend of my speech; and she knew that I was going aboard, not because of condensed milk and marmalade, but because of her and of her anxiety, which she knew she had failed to hide.

I took off my shoes when I gained the fore-castle-head, and went noiselessly aft in my stocking-feet. Nor did I call this time from the top of the companionway. Cautiously descending, I found the cabin deserted. The door to his state-room was closed. At first I thought of knocking; then I remembered my ostensible errand and resolved to carry it out. Carefully avoiding noise, I lifted the trap-door in the floor and set it to one side. The slop-chest, as well as the provisions, was stored in the lazaret, and I took advantage of the opportunity to lay in a stock of under-clothing.

As I emerged from the lazaret I heard sounds in Wolf Larsen's state-room. I crouched and listened. The door-knob rattled. Furtively, instinctively, I slunk back behind the table, and drew and cocked my revolver. The door swung open and he came forth. Never had I seen so profound a despair as that which I saw on his face—the face of Wolf Larsen the fighter, the strong man, the indomitable

one. For all the world like a woman wringing her hands, he raised his clenched fists and groaned. One fist unclosed, and the open palm swept across his eyes as though brushing away cobwebs.

"God! God!" he groaned; and the clenched fists were raised again to the infinite despair with which his throat vibrated.

It was horrible: I was trembling all over, and I could feel the shivers running up and down my spine and the sweat standing out on my forehead. Surely there can be little in this world more awful than the spectacle of a strong man in the moment when he is utterly weak and broken.

But Wolf Larsen regained control of himself by an exertion of his remarkable will. And it was exertion. His whole frame shook with the struggle. He resembled a man on the verge of a fit. His face strove to compose itself, writhing and twisting in the effort till he broke down again. Once more the clenched fists went upward and he groaned. He caught his breath once or twice and sobbed. Then he was successful. I could have thought him the old Wolf Larsen, and yet there was in his movements a vague suggestion of weakness and indecision. He started for the companionway, and stepped forward quite as I had been accustomed to see him do; and yet again, in his very walk, there seemed that suggestion of weakness and indecision.

I was now concerned with fear for myself. The open trap lay directly in his path, and his discovery of it would lead instantly to his discovery of me. I was angry with myself for being caught in so cowardly a position, crouching on the floor. There was yet time. I rose swiftly to my feet, and, I know, quite unconsciously assumed a defiant attitude. He took no notice of me. Nor did he notice the open trap. Before I could grasp the situation, or act, he had walked right into the trap. One foot was descending into the opening, while the other foot was just on the verge of beginning the uplift. But when the descending foot missed the solid flooring and felt vacancy beneath, it was the old Wolf Larsen and the tiger muscles that made the falling body spring across the opening, even as it fell, so that he struck on his chest and stomach, with arms outstretched, on the floor of the opposite side. The next instant he had drawn up his legs and rolled

clear. But he rolled into my marmalade and underclothes and against the trap-door.

The expression on his face was one of complete comprehension. But before I could guess what he had comprehended, he had dropped the trap-door into place, closing the lazaret. Then I understood. He thought he had me inside. Also, he was blind—blind as a bat. I watched him, breathing carefully so that he should not hear me. He stepped quickly to his stateroom. I saw his hand miss the door-knob by an inch, quickly fumble for it, and find it. This was my chance. I tiptoed across the cabin and to the top of the stairs. He came back, dragging a heavy sea-chest, which he deposited on top of the trap. Not content with this, he fetched a second chest and placed it on top of the first. Then he gathered up the marmalade and underclothes and put them on the table. When he started up the companionway, I retreated, silently rolling over on top of the cabin.

He shoved the slide part away back and rested his arms on it, his body still in the companionway. His attitude was of one looking forward the length of the schooner, or staring, rather, for his eyes were fixed and unblinking. I was only five feet away and directly in what should have been his line of vision. It was uncanny. I felt myself a ghost, in my invisibility. I waved my hand back and forth, of course without effect; but when the moving shadow fell across his face I saw at once that he was susceptible to the impression. His face became more expectant and tense as he tried to analyze and identify the impression. He knew that he had responded to something from without, that his sensibility had been touched by a changing something in his environment; but what it was he could not discover. I ceased waving my hand, so that the shadow remained stationary. He slowly moved his head back and forth under it and turned from side to side, now in the sunshine, now in the shade, feeling the shadow, as it were, testing it by sensation.

I, too, was busy, trying to reason out how he was aware of the existence of so intangible a thing as a shadow. If it were his eyeballs only that were affected, or if his optic nerve were not wholly destroyed, the explanation was simple. If otherwise, then the only conclusion I could reach was

that the sensitive skin recognized the difference of temperature between shade and sunshine. Or perhaps—and who could tell?—it was that fabled sixth sense which conveyed to him the loom and feel of an object close at hand.

Giving over his attempt to determine the shadow, he stepped out on deck and started forward, walking with a swiftness and confidence which surprised me. And still there was that hint of the feebleness of the blind in his walk. I knew it now for what it was.

To my amused chagrin, he discovered my shoes on the fore-castle-head and brought them back with him into the galley. I watched him build the fire and set about cooking food for himself; then I stole into the cabin for my marmalade and underclothes, slipped back past the galley, and climbed down to the beach to deliver my barefoot report.

XXXIV

"It's too bad the *Ghost* has lost her masts. Why, we could sail away in her. Don't you think we could, Humphrey?"

I sprang excitedly to my feet.

"I wonder—I wonder," I repeated, pacing up and down.

Maud's eyes were shining with anticipation as they followed me. She had such faith in me! And the thought of it was so much added power. I remembered Michelet's: "To man, woman is as the earth was to her legendary son; he has but to fall down and kiss her breast and he is strong again." For the first time I knew the wonderful truth of his words. Why, I was living them. Maud was all this to me, an unfailing source of strength and courage. I had but to look at her, or think of her, and be strong again.

"It can be done—it can be done," I was thinking and asserting aloud. "What men have done I can do, and if they have never done this before, still I can do it."

"What, for goodness' sake?" Maud demanded. "Do be merciful. What is it you can do?"

"We can do it," I amended. "Why, nothing else than put the masts back into the *Ghost* and sail away."

"Humphrey!" she exclaimed.

And I felt as proud of my conception as if it were already a fact accomplished.

"But how is it possibly to be done?" she asked.

"I don't know," was my answer. "I know only that I am capable of doing anything these days."

I smiled proudly at her—too proudly, for she dropped her eyes and was for the moment silent.

"But there is Captain Larsen," she objected.

"Blind and helpless," I answered promptly, waving him aside as a straw.

"But those terrible hands of his! You know how he leaped across the opening of the lazaret."

"And you know also how I crept about and avoided him," I contended gaily.

"And lost your shoes."

"You 'd hardly expect them to avoid Wolf Larsen without my feet inside of them."

We both laughed, and then went seriously to work constructing the plan whereby we were to step the masts of the *Ghost* and return to the world. I remembered hazily the physics of my school-days, while the last few months had given me practical experience with mechanical purchases. I must say, though, when we walked down to the *Ghost* to inspect more closely the task before us, that the sight of the great masts lying in the water almost disheartened me. Where were we to begin? If there had been one mast standing, something high up to which to fasten blocks and tackles! But there was nothing. It reminded me of the problem of lifting oneself by one's boot-straps. I understood the mechanics of levers; but where was I to get a fulcrum?

There was the mainmast, fifteen inches in diameter at what was now the butt, still sixty-five feet in length, and weighing, I roughly calculated, at least three thousand pounds. And then came the foremast, larger in diameter and weighing surely thirty-five hundred pounds. Where was I to begin? Maud stood silently by my side while I evolved in my mind the contrivance known among sailors as "shears." But, though known to sailors, I invented it there on Endeavor Island. By crossing and lashing the ends of two spars and then elevating them in the air like an inverted V, I could get a point above the deck to which to make fast my hoisting-tackle. To this tackle I could, if necessary, attach a

second tackle. And then there was the windlass!

Maud saw that I had achieved a solution, and her eyes warmed sympathetically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Clear that raffle," I answered, pointing to the tangled wreckage overside.

Ah, the decisiveness, the very sound of the words, was good in my ears. "Clear that raffle!" Imagine so salty a phrase on the lips of the Humphrey Van Weyden of a few months gone!

There must have been a touch of the melodramatic in my pose and voice, for Maud smiled. Her appreciation of the ridiculous was keen, and in all things she unerringly saw and felt, where it existed, the touch of sham, the overshadowing, the overtone. It was this which had given poise and penetration to her own work and made her of worth to the world. The serious critic, with the sense of humor and the power of expression, must inevitably command the world's ear. And so it was that she had commanded. Her sense of humor was really the artist's instinct for proportion.

"I'm sure I've heard it before, somewhere, in books," she murmured gleefully.

I had an instinct for proportion myself, and I collapsed forthwith, descending from the dominant pose of a master of matter to a state of humble confusion which was, to say the least, very miserable.

Her hand leaped out at once to mine.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"No need to be," I gulped. "It does me good. There's too much of the school-boy in me. All of which is neither here nor there. What we've got to do is actually and literally to clear that raffle. If you'll come with me in the boat, we'll get to work and straighten things out."

"When the topmen clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their teeth,"

she quoted at me; and for the rest of the afternoon we made merry over our labor.

Her task was to hold the boat in position while I worked at the tangle. And such a tangle—halyards, sheets, guys, downhauls, shrouds, stays, all washed about and back and forth and through and twined and knotted by the sea. I cut no more than was necessary, and what with passing the long ropes under and around the booms and masts, of unreeving the halyards and sheets, of coiling down in the boat and

uncoiling in order to pass through another knot in the bight, I was soon wet to the skin.

The sails did require some cutting, and the canvas, heavy with water, tried my strength severely; but I succeeded before nightfall in getting it all spread out on the beach to dry. We were both very tired when we knocked off for supper, and we had done good work, too, though to the eye it appeared insignificant.

Next morning, with Maud as able assistant, I went into the hold of the *Ghost* to clear the steps of the mast-butts. We had no more than begun work when the sound of my knocking and hammering brought Wolf Larsen.

"Hello, below!" he cried down the open hatch.

The sound of his voice made Maud quickly draw close to me, as for protection, and she rested one hand on my arm while we parleyed.

"Hello, on deck!" I replied. "Good morning to you."

"What are you doing down there?" he demanded. "Trying to scuttle my ship for me?"

"Quite the opposite; I'm repairing her," was my answer.

"But what in thunder are you repairing?" There was puzzlement in his voice.

"Why, I'm getting everything ready for resteping the masts," I replied easily, as though it were the simplest project imaginable.

"It seems as though you're standing on your own legs at last, Hump," we heard him say; and then for some time he was silent.

"But I say, Hump," he called down, "you can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can," I retorted. "I'm doing it now."

"But this is my vessel, my particular property. What if I forbid you?"

"You forget," I replied. "You are no longer the biggest bit of the ferment. You were once, and able to eat me, as you were pleased to phrase it; but there has been a diminishing, and I am now able to eat you. The yeast has grown stale."

He gave a short, disagreeable laugh. "I see you're working my philosophy back on me for all it is worth. But don't make the mistake of underestimating me. For your own good I warn you."

"Since when have you become an altruist?" I queried. "Confess, now, in warning me for my own good, that you are very inconsistent."

He ignored my sarcasm, saying, "Suppose I clap the hatch on now? You won't fool me as you did in the lazaret."

"Wolf Larsen," I said sternly, for the first time addressing him by this his most familiar name, "I am unable to shoot a helpless, unresisting man. You have proved that to my satisfaction as well as yours. But I warn you now, and not so much for your own good as for mine, that I shall shoot you the moment you attempt a hostile act. I can shoot you now, as I stand here; and if you are so minded, just go ahead and try to clap on the hatch."

"Nevertheless I forbid you; I distinctly forbid your tampering with my ship."

"But, man!" I expostulated. "You advance the fact that it is your ship as though it were a moral right. You have never considered moral rights in your dealings with others. You surely do not dream that I'll consider them in dealing with you?"

I had stepped underneath the open hatchway so that I could see him. The lack of expression on his face, so different from when I had watched him unseen, was enhanced by the unblinking, staring eyes. It was not a pleasant face to look upon.

"And none so poor, not even Hump, to do him reverence," he sneered.

The sneer was wholly in his voice. His face remained expressionless as ever.

"How do you do, Miss Brewster?" he said suddenly, after a pause.

I started. She had made no noise whatever, had not even moved. Could it be that some glimmer of vision remained to him? Or that his vision was coming back?

"How do you do, Captain Larsen?" she answered. "Pray how did you know I was here?"

"Heard you breathing, of course. I say, Hump's improving; don't you think so?"

"I don't know," she answered, smiling at me. "I have never seen him otherwise."

"You should have seen him before, then."

"Wolf Larsen in large doses," I murmured, "before and after taking."

"I want to tell you again, Hump," he said threateningly, "that you'd better leave things alone."

"But don't you care to escape as well as we?" I asked incredulously.

"No," was his answer. "I intend dying here."

"Well, we don't," I concluded defiantly, beginning again my knocking and hammering.

XXXV

NEXT day, the mast-steps clear and everything in readiness, we started to get the two topmasts aboard. The maintopmast was over thirty feet in length, the foretopmast nearly thirty, and it was of these that I intended making the shears. It was puzzling work. Fastening one end of a heavy tackle to the windlass, and with the other end fast to the butt of the foretopmast, I began to heave. Maud held the turn on the windlass and coiled down the slack.

We were astonished at the ease with which the spar was lifted. It was an improved crank windlass, and the purchase it gave was enormous. Of course, what it gave us in power we paid for in distance; as many times as it doubled my strength, that many times was doubled the length of rope I heaved in. The tackle dragged heavily across the rail, increasing its drag as the spar arose more and more out of the water, and the exertion on the windlass grew severe.

But when the butt of the topmast was level with the rail everything came to a standstill.

"I might have known it," I said impatiently. "Now we have to do it all over again."

"Why not fasten the tackle part 'way down the mast?" Maud suggested.

"It's what I should have done at first," I answered, hugely disgusted with myself.

Slipping off a turn, I lowered the mast back into the water and fastened the tackle a third of the way down from the butt. In an hour, what of this and of rests between the heaving, I had hoisted it to the point where I could hoist no more. Eight feet of the butt was above the rail, and I was as far away as ever from getting the spar on board. I sat down and pondered the problem. It did not take long. I sprang jubilantly to my feet.

"Now I have it!" I cried. "I ought to make the tackle fast at the point of balance. And what we learn of this will serve

us with everything else we have to hoist aboard."

Once again I undid all my work by lowering the mast into the water. But I miscalculated the point of balance, so that when I heaved, the top of the mast came up instead of the butt. Maud looked despair, but I laughed and said it would do just as well.

Instructing her how to hold the turn and be ready to slack away at command, I laid hold of the mast with my hands and tried to balance it inboard across the rail. When I thought I had it I cried to her to slack away; but the spar righted, despite my efforts, and dropped back toward the water. Again I heaved it up to its old position, for I had now another idea. I remembered the watch-tackle,—a small double- and single-block affair,—and fetched it.

While I was rigging it between the top of the spar and the opposite rail, Wolf Larsen came on the scene. We exchanged nothing more than good mornings, and though he could not see, he sat on the rail out of the way and followed by the sound all that I did.

Again instructing Maud to slack away at the windlass when I gave the word, I proceeded to heave on the watch-tackle. Slowly the mast swung in until it balanced at right angles across the rail; and then I discovered, to my amazement, that there was no need for Maud to slack away. In fact, the very opposite was necessary. Making the watch-tackle fast, I hove on the windlass and brought in the mast, inch by inch, till its top tilted down to the deck and finally its whole length lay on the deck.

I looked at my watch. It was twelve o'clock. My back was aching sorely, and I felt extremely tired and hungry. And there on the deck was a single stick of timber to show for a whole morning's work. For the first time I thoroughly realized the extent of the task before us. But I was learning, I was learning. The afternoon would show far more accomplished. And it did; for we returned at one o'clock, rested, and strengthened by a hearty dinner.

In less than an hour I had the maintopmast on deck and was constructing the shears. Lashing the two topmasts together, and making allowance for their unequal length, at the point of intersection I attached the double block of the main-

throat-halyards. This, with the single block and the throat-halyards themselves, gave me a hoisting-tackle. To prevent the butts of the masts from slipping on the deck, I nailed down thick cleats. Everything in readiness, I made a line fast to the apex of the shears and carried it directly to the windlass. I was growing to have faith in that windlass, for it gave me power beyond all expectation. As usual, Maud held the turn while I heaved. The shears rose in the air.

Then I discovered I had forgotten guy-ropes. This necessitated my climbing the shears, which I did twice before I finished guying it fore and aft and to each side. Twilight had set in by the time this was accomplished. Wolf Larsen, who had sat about and listened all afternoon and never opened his mouth, had taken himself off to the galley and started his supper. I felt quite stiff across the small of the back, so much so that I straightened up with an effort and with pain. I looked proudly at my work. It was beginning to show. I was wild with desire, like a child with a new toy, to hoist something with my shears.

"I wish it were n't so late," I said. "I'd like to see how it works."

"Don't be a glutton, Humphrey," Maud chided me. "Remember, to-morrow is coming, and you're so tired now that you can hardly stand."

"And you?" I said, with sudden solicitude. "You must be very tired. You have worked hard and nobly. I am proud of you, Maud."

"Not half so proud as I am of you, nor with half the reason," she answered, looking me straight in the eyes for a moment with an expression in her own and a dancing, tremulous light which I had not seen before and which gave me a pang of quick delight, I knew not why, for I did not understand it. Then she dropped her eyes, to lift them again, laughing.

"If our friends could see us now!" she said. "Look at us. Have you ever paused for a moment to consider our appearance?"

"Yes, I have considered yours frequently," I answered, puzzled over what I had seen in her eyes and by her sudden change of subject.

"Mercy!" she cried. "And what do I look like, pray?"

"A scarecrow, I'm afraid," I replied. "Just glance at your dragged skirts, for

instance. Look at those three-cornered tears. And such a waist! It would not require a Sherlock Holmes to deduce that you have been cooking over a camp-fire, to say nothing of trying out seal-blubber. And, to cap it all, that cap! And all that is the woman who wrote 'A Kiss Endured.'"

She made me an elaborate and stately curtsy, and said, "As for you, sir—"

And yet, through the five minutes of banter which followed, there was a serious something underneath the fun which I could not but relate to the strange and fleeting expression I had caught in her eyes. What was it? Could it be that our eyes were speaking beyond the will of our speech? My eyes had spoken, I knew, until I had found the culprits out and silenced them. This had occurred several times. But had she seen the clamor in them and understood? And had her eyes so spoken to me? What else could that expression have meant?—that dancing, tremulous light and a something more which words could not describe. And yet it could not be. It was impossible. Besides, I was not skilled in the speech of eyes. I was only Humphrey Van Weyden, a bookish fellow who loved. And to love, and to wait and win love, that surely was glorious enough for me. And thus I thought, even as we chafed each other, until we arrived ashore and there were other things to think about.

"It's a shame, after working hard all day, that we cannot have an uninterrupted night's sleep," I complained, after supper.

"But there can be no danger now, from a blind man?" she queried.

"I shall never be able to trust him," I averred; "and far less now that he is blind. The liability is that his part-helplessness will make him more malignant than ever. I know what I shall do to-morrow, the first thing—run out a light anchor and kedgie the schooner off the beach. And each night when we come ashore in the boat, Mr. Wolf Larsen will be left, virtually a prisoner, on board. So this will be the last night we have to stand watch, and because of that it will go the easier."

We were awake early, and just finishing breakfast as daylight came.

"Oh, Humphrey!" I heard Maud cry in dismay, and suddenly stop.

I looked at her. She was gazing at the

Ghost. I followed her gaze, but could see nothing unusual. She looked at me, and I looked inquiry back.

"The shears," she said, and her voice trembled.

I had forgotten their existence. I looked again, but could not see them.

"If he has—" I muttered savagely.

She put her hand sympathetically on mine, and said, "You will have to begin over again."

"Oh, believe me, my anger means nothing; I could not hurt a fly," I smiled back bitterly. "And the worst of it is, he knows it. You are right. If he has destroyed the shears, I shall do nothing except begin over again."

"But I'll stand my watch on board hereafter," I blurted out a moment later. "And if he interferes—"

"But I dare not stay ashore, all night, alone," Maud was saying when I came back to myself. "It would be so much nicer if he would be friendly with us and help us. We could all live comfortably aboard."

"We will," I asserted, still savagely, for the destruction of my beloved shears had hit me hard. "That is, you and I will live aboard, friendly or not with Wolf Larsen."

"It's childish," I laughed, later, "for him to do such things, and for me to grow angry over them, for that matter."

But my heart smote me when we climbed aboard and looked at the havoc he had done. The shears were gone altogether. The guys had been slashed right and left. The throat-halyards which I had rigged were cut across through every part—and he knew I could not splice. A thought struck me: I ran to the windlass. It would not work! He had broken it. We looked at each other in consternation. Then I ran to the side. The masts, booms, and gaffs I had cleared were gone. He had found the line which held them and cast it adrift.

Tears were in Maud's eyes, and I do believe they were for me. I could have wept myself. Where now was our project of remasting the *Ghost*? He had done his work well. I sat down on the hatch-combing and rested my chin on my hands in black despair.

"He deserves to die," I cried out; "and—God forgive me—I am not man enough to be his executioner."

But Maud was by my side, passing her hand soothingly through my hair as though I were a child, and saying, "There, there; it will all come right. We are in the right and it must come right."

I remembered Michelet, and leaned my head against her; and truly I became strong again. The blessed woman was an unfailing fount of power to me. What did it matter? Only a setback, a delay. The tide could not have carried the masts far to seaward, and there had been no wind. It meant merely more work to find them and tow them back. And, besides, it was a lesson. I knew what to expect. He might have waited and destroyed our work more effectually when we had more accomplished.

"Here he comes now," she whispered.

I glanced up. He was strolling leisurely along the poop on the port side.

"Take no notice of him," I whispered.

"He's coming to see how we take it. Don't let him know that we know. We can deny him that satisfaction. Take off your shoes—that's right—and carry them in your hand."

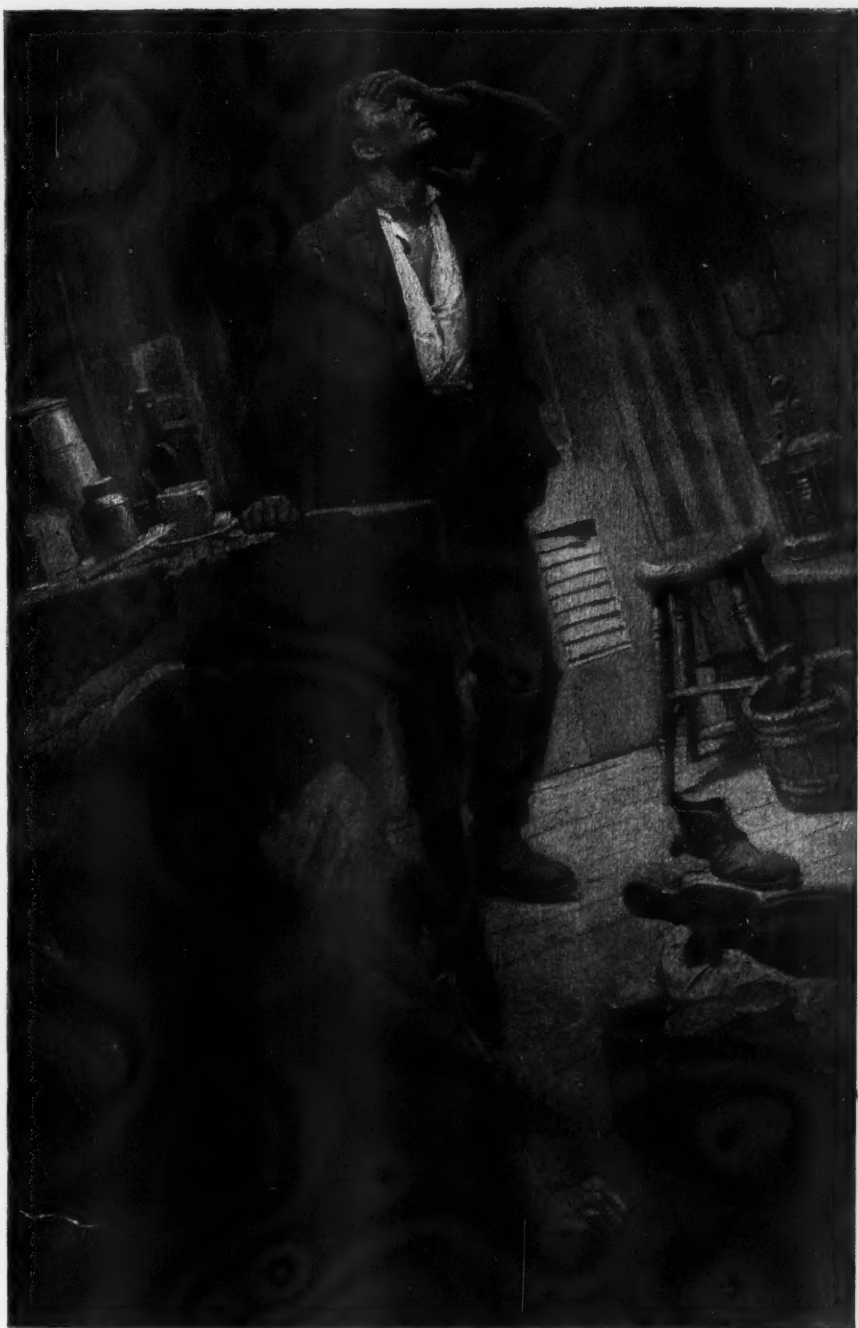
And then we played hide-and-seek with the blind man. As he came up the port side we slipped past on the starboard; and from the poop we watched him turn and start aft on our track.

He must have known, somehow, that we were on board, for he said "Good morning" very confidently, and waited for the greeting to be returned. Then he strolled aft, and we slipped forward.

"Oh, I know you're aboard," he called out, and I could see him listen intently after he had spoken.

It reminded me of the great hoot-owl, listening, after its booming cry, for the stir of its frightened prey. But we did not stir, and we moved only when he moved. And so we dodged about the deck, hand in hand, like a couple of children chased by a wicked ogre, till Wolf Larsen, evidently in disgust, left the deck for the cabin. There was glee in our eyes, and suppressed titters in our mouths; as we put on our shoes and clambered over the side into the boat. And as I looked into Maud's clear brown eyes I forgot the evil he had done, and I knew only that I loved her and that because of her the strength was mine to win our way back to the world.

(To be continued)



Drawn by W. J. Aylward. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE OPEN PALM SWEPT ACROSS HIS EYES"





GOD OF THE OPEN AIR

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

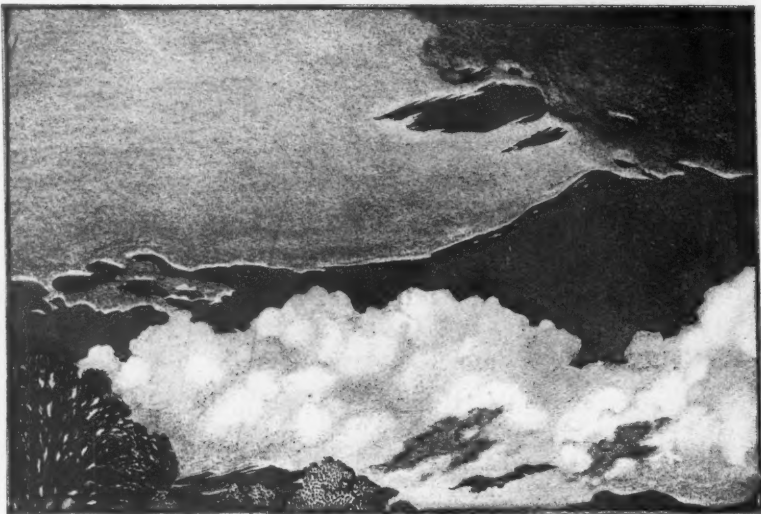
DRAWINGS BY HENRY McCARTER

I

THOU who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshipers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

II

SEeking for thee, the heart of man
Lonely and longing ran,
In that first, solitary hour,
When the mysterious power
To know and love the wonder of the morn
Was breathed within him, and his soul was born:



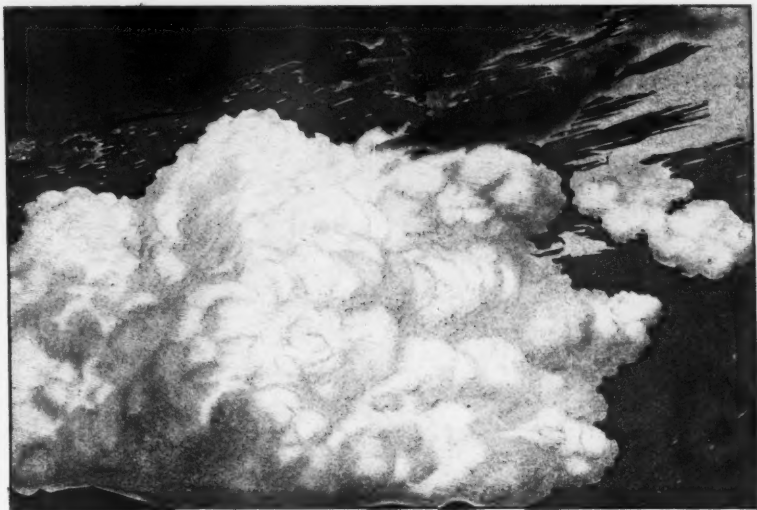
And thou didst meet thy child,
 Not in some hidden shrine,
 But in the freedom of the garden wild,
 And take his hand in thine,—
 There all day long in Paradise he walked,
 And in the cool of evening with thee talked.

III

LOST, long ago, that garden bright and pure,
 Lost, that calm day too perfect to endure,
 And lost, the childlike love that worshiped and was sure!
 For men have dulled their eyes with sin,
 And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
 And built their temple walls to shut thee in,
 And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.
 But not for thee the closing of the door,
 O Spirit unconfined!
 Thy ways are free
 As is the wandering wind,
 And thou hast wooed thy children, to restore
 Their fellowship with thee,
 In peace of soul and simpleness of mind.

IV

JOYFUL the heart that, when the flood rolled by,
 Leaped up to see the rainbow in the sky;
 And glad the pilgrim, in the lonely night,
 For whom the hills of Haran, tier on tier,



Built up a stairway to the height
Where stars like angel eyes were shining clear.
From mountain-peaks, in many a land and age,
Disciples of the Persian seer
Have hailed the rising sun and worshiped thee;
And wayworn followers of the Indian sage
Have found the peace of God beneath a spreading tree.
But one, but one,—ah, child most dear,
And perfect image of the Love Unseen,—
Walked every day in pastures green,
And all his life the quiet waters by,
Reading their beauty with a tranquil eye.
To him the desert was a place prepared
For weary hearts to rest;
The hillside was a temple blest;
The grassy vale a banquet-room,
Where he could feed and comfort many a guest.
With him the lily shared
The vital joy that breathes itself in bloom;
And every bird that sang beside the nest
Told of the love that broods o'er every living thing.
He watched the shepherd bring
His flock at sundown to the welcome fold,
The fisherman at daybreak fling
His net across the waters gray and cold,
And all day long the patient reaper swing
His curving sickle through the harvest-gold.
So through the world the foot-path way he trod,
Drawing the air of heaven in every breath;
And in the evening sacrifice of death



Beneath the open sky he gave his soul to God.
 Him will I trust, and for my Master take;
 Him will I follow; and for his dear sake,
 God of the open air,
 To thee I make my prayer.

v

FROM the prison of anxious thought that greed has builded,
 From the fetters that envy has wrought and pride has gilded,
 From the noise of the crowded ways and the fierce confusion,
 From the folly that wastes its days in a world of illusion,
 (Ah, but the life is lost that frets and languishes there!)
 I would escape and be free in the joy of the open air.

By the breadth of the blue that shines in silence o'er me,
 By the length of the mountain-lines that stretch before me,
 By the height of the cloud that sails, with rest in motion,
 Over the plains and the vales to the measureless ocean,
 (Oh, how the sight of the things that are great enlarges the eyes!)
 Lead me out of the narrow life, to the peace of the hills and the skies.

While the tremulous leafy haze on the woodland is spreading,
 And the bloom on the meadow betrays where May has been treading;
 While the birds on the branches above, and the brooks flowing under,
 Are singing together of love in a world full of wonder,
 (Lo, in the marvel of Springtime, dreams are changed into truth!)
 Quicken my heart and restore the beautiful hopes of youth.



By the faith that the flowers show when they bloom unbidden,
 By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is hidden,
 By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep foundation,
 By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long migration,
 (Wonderful secret of peace that abides in Nature's breast!)
 Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and rest.

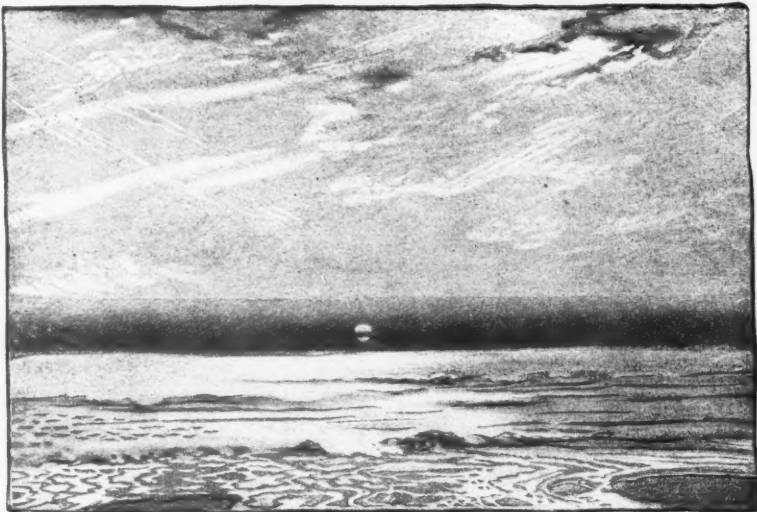
For the comforting warmth of the sun that my body embraces,
 For the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places,
 For the balm of the breezes that brush my face with their fingers,
 For the vesper-hymn of the thrush when the twilight lingers,
 For the long breath, the deep breath, the breath of a heart without care,—
 I will give thanks and adore thee, God of the open air!

VI



THESE are the gifts I ask
 Of thee, Spirit serene:
 Strength for the daily task,
 Courage to face the road,
 Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
 And, for the hours of rest that come between,
 An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain
 Would have thee take away:
 Malice, and cold disdain,
 Hot anger, sullen hate,
 Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great,
 And discontent that casts a shadow gray.



On all the brightness of the common day.
These are the things I prize
And hold of dearest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of woods and comfort of the grass,
Music of birds, murmur of little rills,
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass,
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth,—
And best of all, along the way, friendship and mirth.
So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and dear:
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land,—
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.



NEW MATERIAL CONCERNING THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM CLARK, FROM THE FAMILY RECORDS

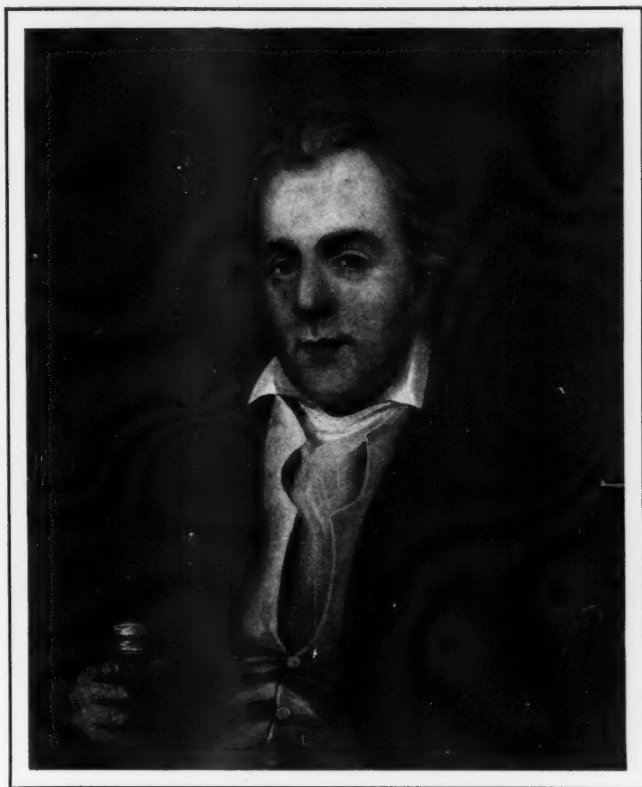
THE subjoined letters, which have recently come to light in the papers of General William Clark, derive a special interest at this time from the prominence which is given to the great pioneer expedition of a hundred years ago. A special day, September 23d, has been set aside at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in honor of the two explorers, and a more elaborate celebration of their achievement is to be made in the Lewis and Clark Exposition of 1905 at Portland, Oregon. The first of these letters is a succinct résumé of the expedition addressed by Clark to his brother, General George Rogers Clark, of Revolutionary fame. The second derives special interest from the fact that it is addressed to the French interpreter Charbono, the husband of Sacajawea, the young Shoshone whose service to the expedition as guide is to be recognized by a statue to be erected by the women of Oregon. The letter also throws an interesting light upon the attractive personal character of Clark. The second portrait has a special interest as being from the brush of George Catlin, whose great historical work in description of the American Indians is well known. These letters are the property of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis, granddaughter of General William Clark, and of her daughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis, of New York, and are here published, by arrangement with these ladies, from the copies retained by the writer.—EDITOR.

I. WILLIAM CLARK TO GEORGE
ROGERS CLARK

St. Louis September 24 1806

DEAR BROTHER, We arrived at this place on the 23 inst. from the Pacific Ocean where we remained during the last winter near the entrance of the Columbia river. this station we left on the 27th of March last and should have reached St. Louis early in August had we not been detained by the snow which barred our passage across the Rocky mountains until the 24th of June. in returning through those mountains we divided ourselves into several parties, digressing from the rout by which we went out in order the more effectually to explore the country and discover the most practicable rout which dose exist across the continent by way of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, in this we were completely successful and have therefore no hesitation in declaring that such as nature has permitted it we have discovered the best rout which dose exist across the Continent of North America in that direction. such is that by way of the Missouri to the foot of the rapids below the great

falls of that River a distance of 2575 miles thence by land passing the Rocky Mountains to a navigable part of the Kooeskee 340. and with the Koooskooskee 73 miles Lewis's river 154 miles and the Columbia 413 miles to the Pacific Ocean making the total distance from the confluence of the Missouri and Mississippi to the discharge of the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean 3555 miles. the navigation of the Missouri may be deemed good ; it's difficulties arise from its falling banks, timber embeded in the mud of it's channel, it's sandbars and steady rapidity of it's current all which may be overcome with a great degree of certainty by using the necessary precautions. the passage by land of 340 Miles from the Missouri to the Koooskooskee is the most formidable part of the tract proposed across the continent. of this distance 200 miles is along a good road, and 140 over tremendous mountains which for 60 miles are covered with eternal snows. a passage over these mountains is however practicable from the latter part of June to the last of September and the cheap rate at which horses are to be obtained from the indians of the Rocky mountains and



From the oil-painting (artist unknown) in the possession of his great-granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis

GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK AS A YOUNG MAN

west of them reduce the expences of transportation over this portage to a mere trifle. the navigation of the Kooskooskee Lewis's R and the Columbia is safe and good from the first of April to the middle of August by making 3 portages on the latter river. the first of which in decending is 1200 paces at the falls of the Columbia, 261 miles up that river, the second of 2 miles at the long narrows 6 miles below the falls and a third also of 2 ms. at the great rapids 65 miles still lower down. the tide flows up the Columbia 183 miles and within 7 miles of the great rapids. large sloops may with safety ascend as high as tide-water and vessels of 300 tons burthen may reach the entrance of the Multnomah R. a large Southern branch of the Columbia which taking it's rise on the confines of Mexico with the Callarado and Apostles rivers discharges itself into the Columbia 125 miles from it's mouth.— I consider this tract across the continent of imense ad-

vantage to the fur trade, as all the furs collected in $\frac{9}{10}$ ths of the most valuable fur country in America may be conveyed to the mouth of the Columbia and shiped from thence to the East Indies by the 1st of August in each year. and will of course reach Canton earlyer than the furs which are annually exported from Montreal arrive in great Britain.—

In our outward bound voyage we ascended to the foot of the rapids below the great falls of the Missouri, where we arrived on the 14th of June 1805. not having met with any of the natives of the Rocky mountains we were of course ignorant of the passes by land which existed through that country to the Columbia River, and had we even known the rout we were destitute of horses which would have been indispensibly necessary to enable us to transport the requisite quantity of ammunition and other stores to ensure the success of the remaining part of our voyage down

the Columbia; we therefore determined to navigate the Missouri as far as it was practicable or untill we met with some of the natives from whom we could obtain horses and information of the country. accordingly we undertook a most laborious portage at the falls of the Missouri of 18 miles

and Gallitin's rivers. the confluence of these rivers is 2848 miles from the mouth of the Missouri by the meanders of that river. we arrived at the 3 forks of the Missouri 27th of July. not having yet been so fortunate as to meet with the natives although I had previously made several excursions for



From the oil-painting, by George Catlin, in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis
GENERAL WILLIAM CLARK, GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI TERRITORY, 1813-20
 General Clark laid out the town of Paducah, Kentucky, in 1828, and in 1830 effected the important treaty of Prairie du Chien. This portrait shows him at about the age of sixty-two

which we effected with our canoes and baggage by the 3rd of July. from hence ascending the Missouri we entered the Rocky mountains at the distance of 7 miles above the upper part of the portage and penetrated as far as the three forks of that river a distance of 181 miles further; here the Missouri divides itself into three nearly equal branches at the same point. the two largest branches are so nearly of the same dignity that we did not conceive that either of them could with propriety retain the Name of the Missouri and therefore called these three streams Jefferson's Madisons

that purpose; we were compelled still to continue our rout by water. the most Northwardly of the three forks, that to which we had given the name of Jefferson's river was deemed the most proper for our purposes and we accordingly ascended it 249 miles to the upper forks and it's extreme navigable point, making the total distance to which we had navigated the waters of the Missouri 3096 miles of which 429 lay within the Rocky Mountains. on the morning of the 17th of August 1805 I arrived at the forks of Jefferson's river where I met Capt. Lewis who had pre-

viously penetrated with a party of three men to the waters of the Columbia discovered a band of the Shoshones and had found means to induce thirty five of them Chiefs and warriors to accompany him to that place. from these people we learned that the river on which they resided was not navigable and that a passage through the Mountains in that direction was impracticable; being unwilling to confide in this unfavourable account of the natives it was concerted between Capt. Lewis and myself that I should go forward immediately with a small party and explore the river while he in the interim would lay up the canoes at that place and engage the natives with their horses to assist in transporting our stores and baggage to their camp accordingly I set out the next day passed the dividing mountains between the waters of the Missouri and Columbia and descended the river which I have since called the East fork of Lewis's R. about 70 miles. finding that the Indian account of the country in the direction of this river was correct I returned and joined Capt. Lewis on the 29th of August at the Shoshone Camp excessively fatigued having been compelled to subsist on berries during the greater part of my rout. we now purchased 27 horses of these Indians and hired a guide who assured us that he could in 15 days take us to a large river in an open country west of these mountains by a rout some distance to the North of the river on which they lived and that by which the nations west of the Mountains visited the plains of the Missouri for the purpose of hunting buffaloe. every preperation being made we set forward with our guide on the 31st of August through those tremendous mountains, in which we continued untill the 22d of September before we reached the level country beyond them; on our way we met with the Ootolashshoot a band of the Tushipahs from whom we obtained an accession of seven horses and exchanged eight or ten others this proved of infinite service to us as we were compelled to subsist on horse beef about eight days before we reached the Kooskooske. during our passage over these mountains we suffered every thing which hunger cold and fatigue could impose; nor did our difficulties with respect to provisions cease on our arrival at the Kooskooske for although the Pallotepallers a numerous

nation inhabiting that country were extremely hospitable and for a few trifling articles furnished us with an abundance of roots and dried salmon the food to which they were accustomed we found that we could not subsist on those articles and almost all of us grew sick on eating them we were obliged therefore to have recourse to the flesh of horses and dogs as food to supply the deficiency of our guns which produced but little meat as game was scarce in the vicinity of our camp on the Kooskooske where we were compelled to remain in order to construct our perogues to descend the river at this season the salmon are megre and form but indifferent food. while we remained here I was myself sick for several days and my friend Capt. Lewis suffered a severe indisposition. Having completed 4 large perogues and a small canoe we gave our horses in charge to the Pallotepallers untill we returned and on the 7th of Oct. reembarked for the Pacific ocean. we descended by the rout which I have already mentioned. the water of the rivers being low at this season, we experienced much difficulty in decending, we found them obstructed by a great number of difficult and dangerous rapids in passing of which our perogues several times filled and the men escaped narrowly with their lives. however this difficulty dose not exist in high water which happens withing the period which I have previously mentioned. we found the natives extremely numerous and generally friendly though we have on several occasions owed our lives and the fate of the expedition to our number which consisted of 31 men. On the 17th of November we reached the Ocean where various considerations induced us to spend the winter we therefore surched for an eligible situation for that purpose and selected a spot on the E side of a little river called by the natives the Natul which discharges itself into a small bay on the S. E. side of the Columbia and 14 miles within point Adams. here we constructed some log houses and defended them with a common stoccade work; this place we called Fort Clatsop after a nation of that name who were our nearest neighbours in this country we found an abundance of Elk on which we subsisted principally during the last winter. on our homeward bound voyage being much better acquainted with the country we were enabled to take such pre-

cautions as have in a great measure secured us from the want of provision at any time, and greatly lessened our fatigues when compared with those to which we were compelled to submit in our outward bound Journey we left Fort Clatsop on the 23th of March. we have not lost a man since we left the Mandans a circumstance which I assure you is a pleasing consideration to me. As I shall shortly be with you I deem it unnecessary to have to attempt minutely to detail the occurrences of the last eighteen months—adieu &c

II. WILLIAM CLARK TO TOUSSAINT
CHARBONO

*On Board the Perogue near the Ricara
Village August 20th 1806—*

Charbono

SIR Your present situation with the Indians gives me some concern—I wish now that I had advised you to come on with me to the Illinois where it most probably would be in my power to put you in some way to do something for your self—I was so engaged after the *Big White* had concluded to go down with Jessomme as his Interpreter, that I had not time to talk with you as much as I intended to have done. You have been a long time with me and have conducted yourself in such a manner as to gain my friendship, your woman who accompanied you that long dangerous and fatiguing rout to the Pacific Ocean and back deserved a greater reward for her attention and services on that rout than we had in our power to give her at the Mandans

As to your little Son (my boy *Pomp*) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child. I once more tell you if you will bring your son Baptiest to me I will educate him and treat him as my own child—I do not forget the promis which I made to you and shall now repeat them that you may be certain—. Charbono, if you wish to live with the white people, and will come to me I will give you a piece of land and furnish you with horses cows & hogs—if you wish to visit your friends in *Montreal* I will let you have a horse, and your family shall be taken care of untill your return—if you wish to return as an Interpreter for the Menetarras when the troops come up from the establishment, you will

be with me ready and I will procure you the place—or if you wish to return to trade with the indians and will leave your little *Son Pomp* with me, I will assist you with merchandize for that purpose and become my self concerned with you in trade on a Small scale that is to say not exceeding a perogue load at one time—. If you are desposed to accept either of my offers to you and will bring down your *Son* your famm Janey had best come along with you to take care of the boy untill I get him—let me advise you to keep your Bill of Exchange, and what furs and pelterees you have in possession, and get as much more as you can, and get as many robes, and big horn and *Cabbara* Skins as you can collect in the course of this winter, and take them down to St. Louis as early as possible in the Spring—When you get to St. Louis enquire of the Governor of that place for a letter which I shall leave with him for you—in the letter which I shall leave with the governor I shall inform you what you had best do with your firs pelterees and robes &c and direct you where to find me— If you should meet with any misfortune on the river &c. when you get to St. Louis write a letter to me by the post and let me know your Situation— If you do not intend to go down either this fall or in the Spring, write a letter to me by the first opportunity and inform me what you intend to do that I may know if I may expect you or not. If you ever intend to come down this fall or the next Spring will be the best time— This fall would be best if you could get down before the winter— I shall be found either in St. Louis or in Clarksville at the Falls of the Ohio.

Wishing you and your family great-suckcess & with anxious expectations of Seeing my little dancing boy Baptiest, I shall remain your Friend

William Clark

Keep this letter and let not more than one or 2 persons see it, and when you write to me Seal your letter

I think you best not deturmen which of my offers to axcept untill you See me—Come prepared to accept of either which you may chuse after you get down

Mr. Teousant Charbono
Menetarras Village

THE THORN THAT PRICKED

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"If the thorn does not prick when it first comes out, it never pricks."—Old Spanish Proverb.



COMYNS and his wife contemplated each other ruefully. Under the humorous assumption, tragedy was visible in the eyes of each. Between them the child sprawled on the floor, a brilliant effect of life in the midst of the still canvases.

"Oh, well," said Bess, shaking back the fluff of golden-brown hair which fell about her face, "'much water will have run under bridges' in a month."

"It 's the beastliest of professions," groaned Comyns. "I can't very well take my canvases under my arm and peddle them. I must n't even force them upon people as if I were a dry-goods dealer; and when a man deliberately goes back on an order, then I must n't act like a dry-goods dealer, either."

"You could n't—sue him?"

"And frighten people away for the rest of my life? Besides, there was no written contract. Nevertheless, if he had dropped into his tailor's and ordered a suit, with specifications, I think he would pay for it, hard times or no hard times."

Bess's toe tapped impatiently, and Comyns's glance unconsciously followed. Bess, with a guilty movement, immediately withdrew her foot beneath her skirt.

"You need n't hide it," said her husband, bitterly. "I know very well you have n't a whole shoe to your foot, nor the boy, either. As for me—" He swept his shabby suit with a glance of scorn, and, jumping up, went over to the "Salome." Bess followed, slipping her arm within his. At the touch Comyns glanced down with involuntary irritation, and was instantly and exquisitely soothed by the expression of his wife's parted lips, and eyes fixed, not upon him, but on his picture. He pressed her suddenly to him. After all, they were hardly more than children,

"It does n't pay the rent, nor buy shoes," he said, but his tone was different.

"Something else will," said Bess, absently, her gaze still on the picture. A painter may do worse than marry his best pupil.

The withdrawn look of the artist came back to Comyns's face.

"It is about the best thing I've done."

"Therefore we bless thee, O our enemy!" said Bess. She had slipped her hand down till it encountered her husband's, and thus they stood, lost in the vision. The tragic moment was over, but there remained on both faces the fine lines of a struggle already become permanent.

A knock struck the clasped hands apart. Bess hastily darted upon Tony, while Comyns, his face setting to confront an importunate tradesman, flung open the door and faced two ladies. One was in the middle age of youth, the other past the youth of middle age. Both wore the significant trappings common to only two of the nations of the earth, but wore them with the manner which distinguishes only one.

"Americans!" commented Comyns. "Rich!" he made mental addition, rapidly noting the costly details of simplicity. "*Possible patrons!*" beat his tense nerves.

"Mr. Comyns?" questioned the younger lady, with the accent of apologetic assurance. "We saw your pictures in New York, and enjoyed them so much we have ventured to intrude upon you here."

Comyns murmured the conventional thing and ushered them in. Their advancing glances swept the room, and lighted upon Bess, just poised for flight, with Tony dimpling over her shoulder. It was like the prodigal immorality of nature to crown this imprudent marriage with this dazzling cherub.

"What a love of a child!" exclaimed the younger lady.

Bess flung her a backward smile of ap-

proval as she vanished. Tony and she made a charming picture, she was aware, but the details were better lost.

The living radiance removed, the ladies' eyes fell next upon "Salome," and they moved with a common impulse toward it.

"But it is magnificent, Letitia!" exclaimed the younger.

"Extremely fine," assented the elder, with the accent of habitual restraint.

They continued to stand before it, commenting with that intelligent quietude which bespeaks knowledge and which fell as balm on Comyns's spirit. He followed them willingly, presently, when they moved about the room, turning canvases about, placing them in the best light, himself kindling as they kindled responsive to the pictured suggestion. It was the younger lady—"the gray lady," he already mentally called her, from her gown of strange dove-tints—who chiefly talked, but the other fixed grave and sympathetic glances by way of answer to her companion's frequent appeals. Comyns's mood, miserably sensitive always to interpretation, grew buoyant. He forgot his lost order, his exceeding shabbiness, and his unsold "Salome"; he brought out all his pet sketches, going down in the dust of portfolios to drag them forth; he took the pains which an artist takes only for the few,—which were indeed wasteful and ridiculous excess for the many,—and thus an hour fled. Finally they came back to the "Salome."

"An order, of course?" said the gray lady. Comyns, too, came back to earth and the dust of earth.

"No; it is for sale."

"May I ask the price?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars. I should be glad, however, to sell it for a thousand just now."

"But that is too little."

"It is the dull season, and I am not in my own country," said Comyns. "I could use the money." He smiled as he said it.

"Letitia!" The gray lady turned impulsively. "*Do* you suppose I could possibly hang it? What do you think? How large is it, please, Mr. Comyns?"

"Seven by nine," he answered, thinking the dimensions of his folly corresponded neatly; for why had he not done the ordinary "four by five"?

"Seven by nine," she repeated thoughtfully. "I must think it over—and I must

consult my bank-account, also. Why did n't we come here, Letitia, before we wasted our substance in mosaics! Some one of these lovely things I *must* have. "I can't thank you, Mr. Comyns,"—she extended prettily one gloved hand,—"but may I come back to-morrow, or the day after?"

Comyns made the conventional reply, shook limply the two hands, and dumbly followed to the door. There the gray lady paused again before a tiny sketch—a pine blazoned against a Roman sunset.

"What a lovely effect! May I ask the price of this little jewel, Mr. Comyns?"

"Twenty dollars," he answered after a barely perceptible hesitation. He had known even the rich to succumb to a bargain, and twenty dollars would shoe Bess and the boy in perpetuity, more or less.

"Only! Ah, well—to-morrow or the next day I shall come. Oh, by the way—our cards!" She laid them on the little paint-stand and smiled herself away.

Simultaneously with the closing of the door, that at the other end of the studio opened, and Bess danced in.

"Well?"

"Well—nothing!"

"And they stayed hours! Did n't they even say they would come again?"

"Oh, of course; but they won't."

Bess darted upon the cards.

"Who are they? 'Mrs. Felton-Mowbray.' Surely I've heard of *her*. She writes, does n't she? Or she leads, or she does or is something, I forget which or what. 'Mrs. Pell.' I never heard of *her*." She laid down the cards and laughed at Comyns. "At any rate, they knew and cared, did n't they?"

"Yes, they did. It was a pleasure to show them things. Only I was fool enough to hope. It would have been so particularly opportune on top of the other. But I had no reason nor right to expect it."

"Perhaps," said Bess, consolingly, "they may yet—"

"They won't; don't delude yourself. They won't come, and they won't buy if they do. 'If the thorn does not prick when it first comes out, it never pricks,'" he quoted, scraping his palette.

It was not the next day, or yet the day after, but just when the memory of the visit was fading, that the gray lady came again—a green lady this time, in subtle sea shades; and she feasted Comyns anew

with the fine flavor of her appreciation. He had made up his mind to look for nothing more than that, and to be grateful for it, innately loathing the expectant tradesman's attitude.

He had his reward. Bess, waiting with bated breath, had not time to open one door, upon the closing of the other, before her husband burst in upon her. His eyes were shining. "I take it all back! You can buy yourself and Tony some shoes." He laughed with sheer relief.

"What has she taken?" Bess gasped.

"The 'Choric Dance' and 'Penelope'—at least virtually. She is going to Greece for ten days, and if they are not sold before she comes back, she takes them."

Bess's face fell.

"Then she has n't actually—"

"It comes to the same thing; she has definitely said she will. And it's only ten days. That is n't all: she wants the 'Salome,' and hopes to be able to buy it before she leaves Italy."

Bess caught up the baby and executed a graceful war-dance about the studio, using him as a banner.

"That would be *too*—" She stopped short, with an anxious pucker of the forehead. "You really think it perfectly safe to buy the shoes?"

"Good heavens, yes!" laughed her husband. "She will be back in ten days. I wish you would get yourself a respectable gown too, you poor child!" He held her off and gazed at her with compunction.

"You need a suit much more." She returned the critical survey.

"But my crying want is *paint*," remarked Comyns, "and I'll get some, too."

For a week life ran in vigorous tides of hope and courage in the little studio. They needed so little, these two. Comyns began his "Medea," and they discussed the possibility of taking on the little extra room which had been Bess's private ambition during a year of crowding. Above all, they decided to send "Salome" to the International. They made lovely paper combinations of figures, founded on possible group-purchases of pictures, the happy efflorescence of Greece in the mind of Mrs. Felton-Mowbray. Meanwhile they rashly paid their bills to the last possible limit, leaving themselves virtually without cash; for were there not only three more days to wait—but two—but one?

Then followed another week, and another, and yet a third. Comyns fell into silence; the pucker reappeared permanently on Bess's forehead; and the shoe-maker rendered his first bill. Thereafter he rendered it punctually every Saturday.

"You married a fool," said Comyns, one day, with sudden bitterness.

An hour later the *postino* brought in a queer gray envelop ornamented with a tall handwriting. "To say, of course, that she is not coming back," said Comyns, as he broke the seal.

To say, on the contrary, she was coming the next day—and what could he think of her long silence? Her first visit would be to his delightful studio and charming wife; and she was anxious, above all, to see the "Salome" again. Comyns put down the note and looked at Bess.

"She does n't mention the others."

"But of course they are understood—why else should she come at all? And that reference to the 'Salome.' Oh, Wilfrid, it *must* be all right!"

"It's true," he admitted, "she need n't have written at all if it were n't."

A week later Mrs. Felton-Mowbray drove up to the studio, a subtle study in blues this time. Bess passed a breathless hour ignominiously perched in the high window of the tiny back room, devoutly speeding the parting guest. Her husband found her there. "Well?" she demanded.

"Well—it *is* all right." Comyns's voice had an uncertain sound. "She had no idea of staying so long, but met friends. She came to-day intending to settle about the pictures."

"I hope she fulfilled her intention?" Bess leaped down from the window.

"Well, she did n't. She fell madly in love with the 'Medea'—it reminded her of something she saw in Greece; and now she wants *that* instead of the others. It's a good deal more expensive, you know," he added weakly.

"Well?"

"She had n't money enough for that, of course, with her; and, anyway, she wants to figure and see if she can't keep one of the others, too. Oh, and she has written home to her agent about the 'Salome'—to see if she can afford that amount, I mean."

Bess looked dubiously at him.

"You are sure it's all right?"

"I'm not sure of anything," he answered wearily; "but, unless she's a lunatic—unfit to be at large—"

"She is n't; she chooses all the best things."

"Then—there you are. Rich people *never* realize that time is an element of any importance. One month is as good as another to them. But what could I do?"

"Nothing. Besides, she drives a perfect turnout; of course it *must* be all right. Still, I wish I had not bought that gown."

In the courage of it, however, she went forth and made some long-shiriked calls, returning radiant.

"Dearest, it is all right. The wife of the secretary of the embassy mentioned her. She is very rich and she does buy pictures, and she has been talking of yours. That's how Mrs. Leighton came to speak of her."

"If I were sure of that," said Comyns, with a rueful laugh, holding up the frayed sleeve he was diligently brushing, "I should indulge in a new coat."

"You'll have to, anyway," Bess said with decision. "The tailor will not expect to be paid within a month, and she will have a dozen American mails before that. She must make up her mind *sometime*."

The next day Mrs. Felton-Mowbray brought a friend, and the friend bought a twenty-five-dollar sketch.

"I envy you," said Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, with her usual frankness. "I am waiting to choose among Mr. Comyns's lovely things until I learn how far ruined I am. I was frightfully extravagant in Greece, but I've written a moving letter to my agent. Please show Mrs. Bellingham all *my* pictures, Mr. Comyns. I want her judgment."

"Surely she would n't commit herself like that unless she was serious," decided Bess, holding the usual inquisition afterward. "It would be *too* disgraceful."

"She thought to-day, by the way, that she preferred the large landscape to the 'Medea.' The friend asked me if I painted portraits."

"Why don't you paint *hers*?" exclaimed Bess, with sudden inspiration.

"She has n't asked me."

"No, no; Mrs. Mowbray-Felton's! She is a splendid subject—and it will keep her in touch with the studio," she added maliciously.

"I've often wished I could—in all those

queer greens; but perhaps she could n't give me the time."

"It would n't take a bit more than she spends now, and she could change her mind oftener and more conveniently." For the first time Bess spoke cruelly, and Comyns's anxious look appeared at once.

"You think I ought to bring her to the point?"

"You *can't*. If she's *that* kind, it would be no use; and if she is n't, it would merely annoy her and nip any good intentions she is cherishing. Give her time—all the time she wants," said Bess, magnanimously.

The lady consented in the kindest manner to sit for her portrait, and was, indeed, such an intolerably good subject, between her amber hair, chrysoprase eyes, and the weird greens she affected, that Comyns discarded his first intention, a head, for a half-length, and that for a full-length. She sat admirably, and over the portrait she drew from Comyns the whole of his artistic history and as much of his personal life as one may draw from a gentleman. It was all like a fascinating romance, she declared—the ambitious struggle, the early marriage with one's pupil, the splendid venture upon foreign fields. She even beguiled him of the story of "Salome" and other disappointments, and she was sympathetic with the problem of the artist.

Meanwhile Bess, to whom fell the bulk of explanation to milkman, bootmaker, and tailor while Comyns painted, knew no such even momentary oblivions as her husband owed to his art. The situation was becoming more strained, the bootman more importunate. Finally she cornered Comyns, in whose manner she perceived a growing evasiveness with every reference to the Felton-Mowbray financial possibilities.

"Something will have to be said, I'm afraid, dear, even if we have to explain outright."

The look she dreaded came instantly into Comyns's face, crushing out all its brightness.

"Why, in heaven's name," he groaned, "did you ever suggest that portrait!"

"I hoped it would settle matters," said Mrs. Machiavelli.

"Well, it has—the other way! She is so interested in it that she told me the other day—and I've been getting up courage to tell you ever since—that she thinks she would rather have it than the 'Salome,'

and she wants to see it finished before she decides *anything*."

"Good Lord!" Bess stared aghast.

"The only ray of hope is, if she *does* take it in the end, it will mean twelve hundred instead of eight or nine."

Bess opened her lips to comment on the value of birds in relation to their location, but glancing in time at her husband's miserable face, and reflecting that ten minutes' mood can undo a masterpiece of months she shut them again and mustered a smile.

"Oh, well, we shall manage, dear; don't worry! Besides, she is sure to like the portrait; it is one of the very best things you have done, and she is exactly the kind of woman to find her own portrait irresistible."

She happened in, none the less, just at the close of the sitting that day. Standing before the canvas, she admitted to her candid soul that her husband had outdone himself, and that the subject was worthy the artist. When, presently, that subject came and stood beside her, in subtle appreciation, Bess buried every hatchet.

"You have no idea what a state of tension I am in," said Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, laughingly, as she drew on her long gloves, "I want *all* your husband's things, and now I am, so to speak, hung by the eyelids between this and 'Salome.'"

"It must be a very trying position," replied Bess, with gravity.

Comyns bent suddenly over his palette.

"It is quite as fine as the 'Salome,'" continued the lady, gazing.

"Quite," said Bess, honestly.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray glanced from the "Salome" to the portrait, and then at the two young people.

"What rich, rich people you are!" she sighed; and, in spite of herself, Bess grinned.

"I give it up," exclaimed Comyns, frankly throwing up the game, when she had left the studio. "Sometimes I think I have sold the whole studio, and then again I am not sure I have sold anything. No, I don't mean that, of course; I've sold *something*, but for the life of me I can't make out what."

"Meantime," said Bess, with the composure of desperation, "the new room is wonderfully comfortable and only twenty-five francs a month; my shoes fit very well—for Roman shoes; and you never had a more becoming suit. Therefore, again we bless thee, O our enemy! And as for the

future," she added with energy, "if I'd said one half what Mrs. Felton-Mowbray has, I'd pawn my jewels, if need be, to keep my word."

An artist cannot hurry his sittings, and Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's were interrupted by all the varied absences common to a tourist winter on her part, and by a siege of grippe which left Comyns coughing consumptively on his. It was with a great throb of relief that Bess at last stood before the finished painting and knew that it was good. Comyns drew a pathetic breath also.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "I've kept the nightmare out of it. It's as good as anything I've done."

His wife understood. The market had not gained upon the artist. It was a triumph for both, and they mutely acknowledged it in the clasp of hands.

"She can't fail to like it," said Bess.

"I think so myself," assented Comyns. He was very nervous, however, and pulled his watch out several times while he waited.

Through the open window the first spring roses were breathing. It had been November when the "gray lady" first crossed the threshold; it was May now. She might have stood for it as she came, with a big bunch of violets, in a new and wonderful gown of tender mauves.

She looked a long, long time at the portrait. Bess calculated some centuries, and then shut her eyes to lose the sense of time. She opened them in haste at a low sigh, to catch on Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's face the undenied tribute to the artist's brush.

"It is wonderful!—wonderful!" said the living woman, gazing into her own eyes.

Bess and Comyns looked instinctively at each other and then away. It had come—the moment which paid for all.

"And to think," faltered Mrs. Felton-Mowbray, "that I cannot have this wonderful thing, after all!"

Their eyes came back to her simultaneously; they remained dumbly fixed upon the doomsman.

"I have had a great disappointment," she said, turning to them with a frank gesture which appealed for sympathy, "and it is all the harder because I fear you may share it. My agent writes me a perfect tale of disasters. It seems I have overdrawn my income and must economize in the strictest manner. I must give up both the portrait and 'Salome'."

"She does n't say the 'Penelope,'" thought Bess, rapidly.

"She takes the 'Medea,'" Comyns calculated with lightning divination.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray's eyes swept the room almost tearfully. Where would they pause? The "Medea"? "Penelope"? The "Choric Dance"? Nine hundred, four hundred, two hundred, Bess found herself calculating mechanically.

"If only I had not bought those wretched Grecian things! I really have no right to spend a dollar more, but I cannot leave Rome without one of your lovely things." Her glance went searching still. Bess could have screamed.

"There *was* a perfect gem—the first day I came—I don't see it—oh, yes, there it is!" She crossed to the wall where the sunset pine hung. "This at least I *must* have." She took a jeweled purse from the muff of lace and violets. It was the first time they had seen that receptacle, and Bess and Comyns eyed it now incuriously. "I think you said the price was fifteen dollars, Mr. Comyns?"

Before Comyns could reply, Bess tripped forward. She lifted the sketch from the wall with one gesture, wrapped it in a piece of paper with another, and presented the whole to Mrs. Felton-Mowbray with a third.

"The picture is not for sale, but my husband begs you to accept it as a souvenir of your visits to his studio," she said with a genial smile.

Mrs. Felton-Mowbray flushed a little—a very little.

"No—really—my dear Mrs. Comyns, I could not; this is too much," she said. But Bess's inexorable face did not move a muscle, and Mrs. Felton-Mowbray bowed gracefully to the exigencies. "Well—if you insist; but it adds a last regret—as well as a last sweetness—to the winter. It will be a constant *ricordo* of you both. And I have n't given up the 'Salome' yet," she added, turning to Comyns. "You are really not sending it to the International?"

"I am not sending it."

Comyns bowed her out with courtesy as he replied. The wife and the artist are two human beings professionally under obligation of nobility to look pleased whatever the circumstance.

The door closed; Comyns turned to his wife. "You would better have taken the fifteen dollars," he said grimly.

Bess laughed hysterically; but Comyns walked over to the easel, palette-knife in hand. Mrs. Felton-Mowbray smiled subtly at him but once more, then with one sweep he effaced the labor of weeks. He was still young.

Bess sprang to catch his arm.

"Don't!" she cried. "It's too fine."

"I beg your pardon," said a lady's voice, and Comyns wheeled abruptly, his knife still in his hand, and Bess still clinging to his arm.

"The door was ajar," said Mrs. Pell, "and I knocked. May I look at the 'Salome'?" She walked quietly to it, ignoring the portrait.

"I have just left Mrs. Felton-Mowbray in my carriage," she said in the same even tone, "and I learn that she has not bought this picture. I had understood from the beginning it was hers."

"It seems you were mistaken, madam," Comyns frigidly replied.

"I am sorry. I should have bought it months ago if I had known."

Comyns merely bowed.

She took a small leather-bound book from her silk bag, produced a pen, and wrote with a deliberate movement, pausing only once, without lifting her eyes.

"I think you said fifteen hundred dollars was the price, Mr. Comyns?"

"It is fifteen hundred *now*, madam."

Mrs. Pell laid the paper on the table, and a card beside it.

"Will you please see if that is right?" She turned again to the "Salome."

Comyns walked unsteadily to the table; the weakness of grippe was still in his bounding veins. A check for fifteen hundred dollars lay before him and an address. He turned to Mrs. Pell, curious.

She was standing quietly before the "Salome," in her eye the calm and unsentimental satisfaction of the connoisseur. Comyns's temperature went suddenly down to normal.

"It is extremely fine," said Mrs. Pell. She turned to Comyns. "I shall be traveling all summer; would it be agreeable to you if this were sent to the International meanwhile?"

Comyns bowed simply. "It would be doing me the greatest possible favor," he said.

For the first time Mrs. Pell looked gravely pleased. "That is settled, then; I will write." With a bow which included



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

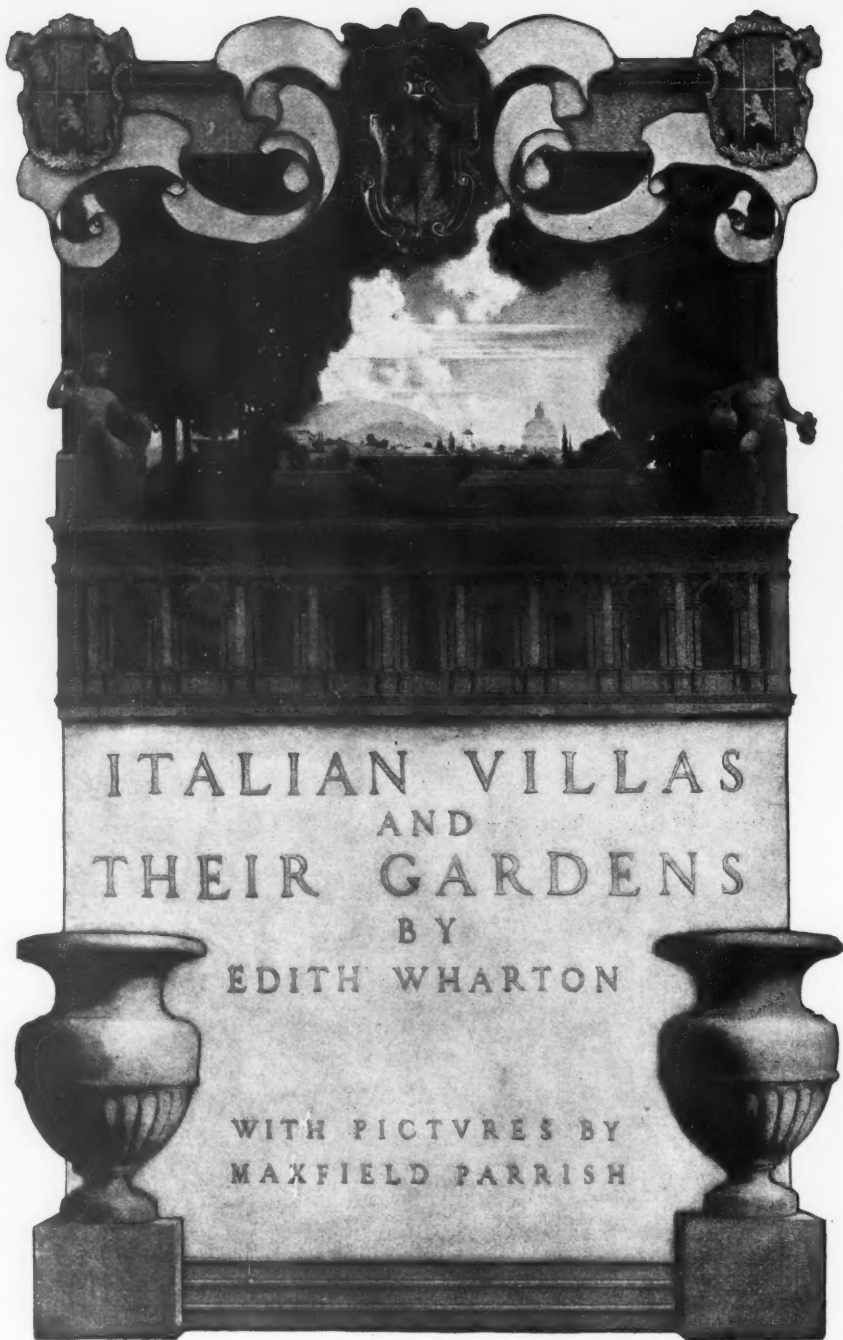
"THIS AT LEAST I MUST HAVE"

both him and Bess, she moved with her unhurried step from the room.

In the silence which followed, the inevitable impulse drew Comyns's and his wife's eyes together. "'The thorn that pricked'!" he said, attempting a smile.

Bess, however, looking up at her hus-

band's gaunt face and the obliterated youth of his forehead, was moved suddenly with that immense compassion of maternity which is both comprehension and prescience. She drew the tall head down level with her lips. "Oh, my dear! I am afraid they *all* prick," she said.



ITALIAN VILLAS
AND
THEIR GARDENS
BY
EDITH WHARTON

WITH PICTURES BY
MAXFIELD PARRISH

VILLAS OF VENETIA

WRITERS on Italian architecture have hitherto paid little attention to the villa-architecture of Venetia. It is only within the last few years that English and American critics have deigned to recognize any architectural school in Italy later than that of Vignola and Palladio, and even these two great masters of the sixteenth century have been held up as examples of degeneracy to a generation bred in the Ruskinian code of art ethics. In France, though the influence of Viollet-le-Duc was nearly as hostile as Ruskin's to any true understanding of Italian art, the Latin instinct for form has asserted itself in a revived study of the classic tradition; but French writers on architecture have hitherto confined themselves chiefly to the investigation of their national styles.

It is only in Germany that Italian architecture from Palladio to Juvara has received careful and sympathetic study. Burckhardt pointed the way in his "Cicerone" and in "The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy"; Herr Gustav Ebe followed with an interesting book on the late Renaissance throughout Europe; and Herr Gurlitt has produced the most masterly work yet written on the subject, his "History of the Baroque Style in Italy." These authors, however, having to work in a new and extensive field, have necessarily been obliged to restrict themselves to its most important divisions. Burckhardt's invaluable "Renaissance Architecture," though full of critical insight, is rather a collection of memoranda than a history of the subject; and even Herr Gurlitt, though he goes into much greater detail, cannot forsake the highroad for the by-paths, and has consequently had to pass by many minor rami-

fications of his subject. This is especially to be regretted in regard to the villa-architecture of Venetia, the interest and individuality of which he fully appreciates. He points out that the later Venetian styles spring from two sources, the schools of Palladio and of Sansovino. The former, greatly as his work was extolled, never had the full sympathy of the Venetians. His art was too pure and severe for a race whose taste had been formed on the fantastic mingling of Gothic and Byzantine and on the glowing decorations of the greatest school of colorists the world has known. It was from the warm and picturesque art of Sansovino and Longhena that the Italian baroque naturally developed; and though the authority of Palladio made itself felt in the official architecture of Venetia, its minor constructions, especially the villas and small private houses, seldom show any trace of his influence save in the grouping of their windows. So little is known of the Venetian villa-builders that this word as to their general tendencies must replace the exact information which still remains to be gathered.

Many delightful examples of the Venetian *maison de plaisance* are still to be found in the neighborhood of Padua and Treviso, along the Brenta, and in the country between the Euganeans and the Monti

Berici. Unfortunately, in not more than one or two instances have the old gardens of these houses been preserved in their characteristic form; and, by a singular perversity of fate, it happens that the villas which have kept their gardens are not typical of the Venetian style. One of them, the castle of Cattajo, at Battaglia in the Euganean Hills, stands, in fact, quite apart from any



Drawn by Ella Denison

GATEWAY OF THE VILLA PISANI, STRA

contemporary style. This extraordinary edifice, built by the Obizzi of Venice about 1550, is said to have been copied from the plans of a castle in Tartary brought home by Marco Polo. It shows, at any rate, a deliberate reversion, in mid-cinquecento, to a kind of Gothicism which had become obsolete in northern Italy three

on a long narrow court planted with a hedge of clipped euonymus; and at one end a splendid balustraded stairway *à cordon* leads up to a flagged terrace with yew-trees growing between the flags. To the left of this terrace is a huge artificial grotto, with a stucco Silenus lolling on an elephant, and other animals and figures,

a composition recalling the zoölogical wonders of the grotto at Castello. This Italian reversion to the grotesque, at a time when it was losing its fascination for the Northern races, might form the subject of an interesting study of race esthetics. When the coarse and somber fancy of medieval Europe found expression in grinning gargoyles and baleful or buffoonish images, Italian art held serenely to the beautiful, and wove the most tragic themes into a labyrinth of lovely lines; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the classical graces had taken possession of northern Europe, the chimerical animals, the gnomes and goblins, the gargoyles and broomstick-riders, fled south of the Alps, and reappeared in the queer fauna of Italian grottoes and in the leering dwarfs and



From a photograph

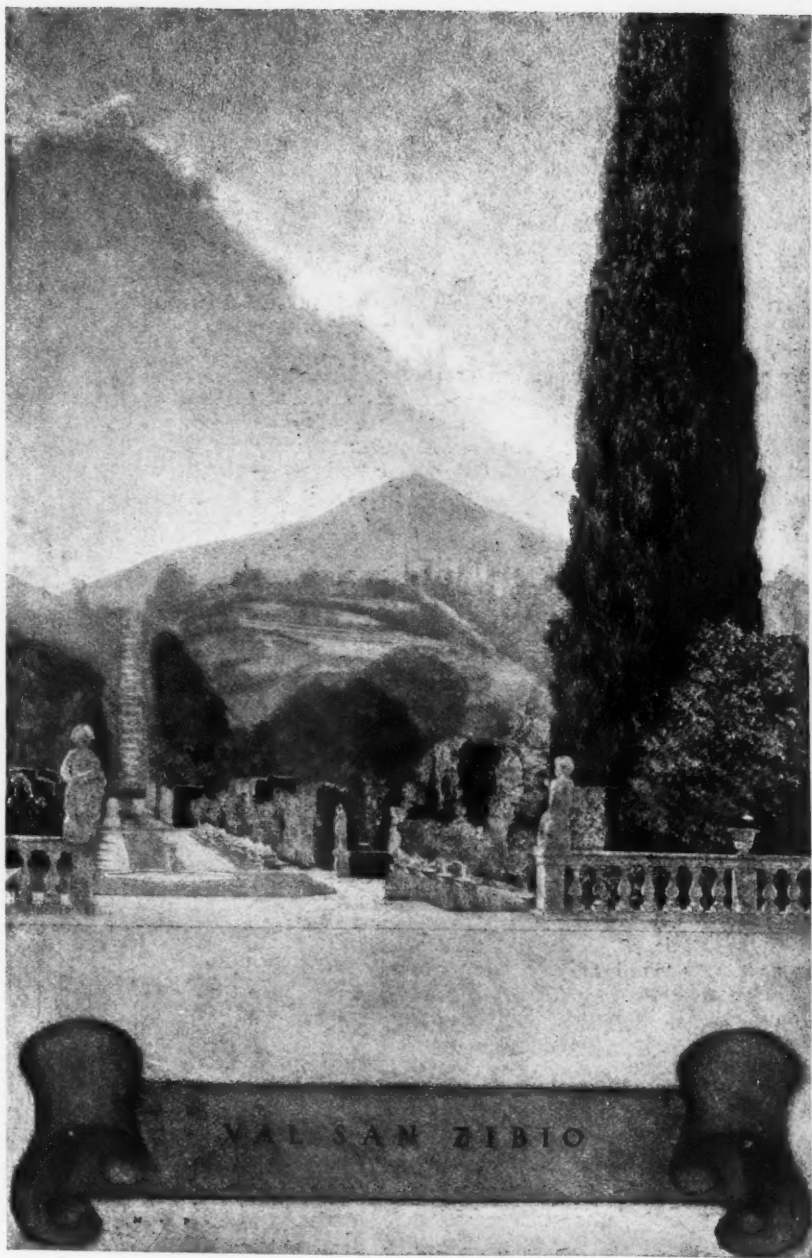
COURTYARD OF CATTAJO AT BATTAGLIA

hundred years earlier; and the mingling of this rude style with classic detail and Renaissance sculpture has produced an effect picturesque enough to justify so quaint a tradition.

Cattajo stands on the edge of the smiling Euganean country, its great fortress-like bulk built up against a wooded knoll with a little river at its base. Crossing the river by a bridge flanked by huge piers surmounted with statues, one reaches a portcullis in a massive gate-house, also adorned with statues. The portcullis opens

satyrs of the garden-walk.

From the yew-tree terrace at Cattajo an arcaded loggia gives access to the interior of the castle, which is a bewilderingment of low-storied passageways and long flights of steps hewn in the rock against which the castle is built. From a vaulted tunnel of stone one passes abruptly into a suite of lofty apartments decorated with seventeenth-century frescos and opening on a balustraded terrace guarded by marble divinities; or, taking another turn, one finds one's self in a sham Gothic chapel or



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

VIEW AT VAL SAN ZIBIO

in a medieval *chemin de ronde* on the crenelated walls. This fantastic medley of styles, in conjunction with the unusual site of the castle, has produced several picturesque bits of garden, wedged between the walls and the hillside, or on the terraces overhanging the river; but from the architectural point of view, the most interesting thing about Cattajo is the original treatment of the great stairway in the court.

Six or seven miles from Battaglia, in a narrow and fertile valley of the Euganeans, lies one of the most beautiful pleasure-grounds in Italy. This is the garden of the villa at Val San Zibio. On approaching it, one sees, across a grassy common, a stately and ornate arch of triumph with a rusticated façade and a broken pediment enriched with statues. This arch, which looks as though it were the principal entrance-gate, appears to have been placed in the high boundary-wall in order to afford from the highway a vista of the baroque *château d'eau* which is the chief feature of the gardens. The practice of breaking the wall to give a view of some special point in the park or garden was very common in France, but is seldom seen in Italy, though there is a fine instance of it in the open grille below the Villa Aldobrandini at Frascati.

The house at Val San Zibio is built with its back to the highroad, and is an unpretentious structure of the seventeenth century, not unlike the Villa de' Gori at Siena, though the Palladian grouping of its central windows shows the nearness of Venice. It faces on a terrace inclosed by a balustrade, whence a broad flight of steps descends to the gently sloping gardens. These are remarkable for their long pleached alleys of beech, their wide *tapis verts*, fountains, marble benches and statues charmingly placed in niches of clipped ver-

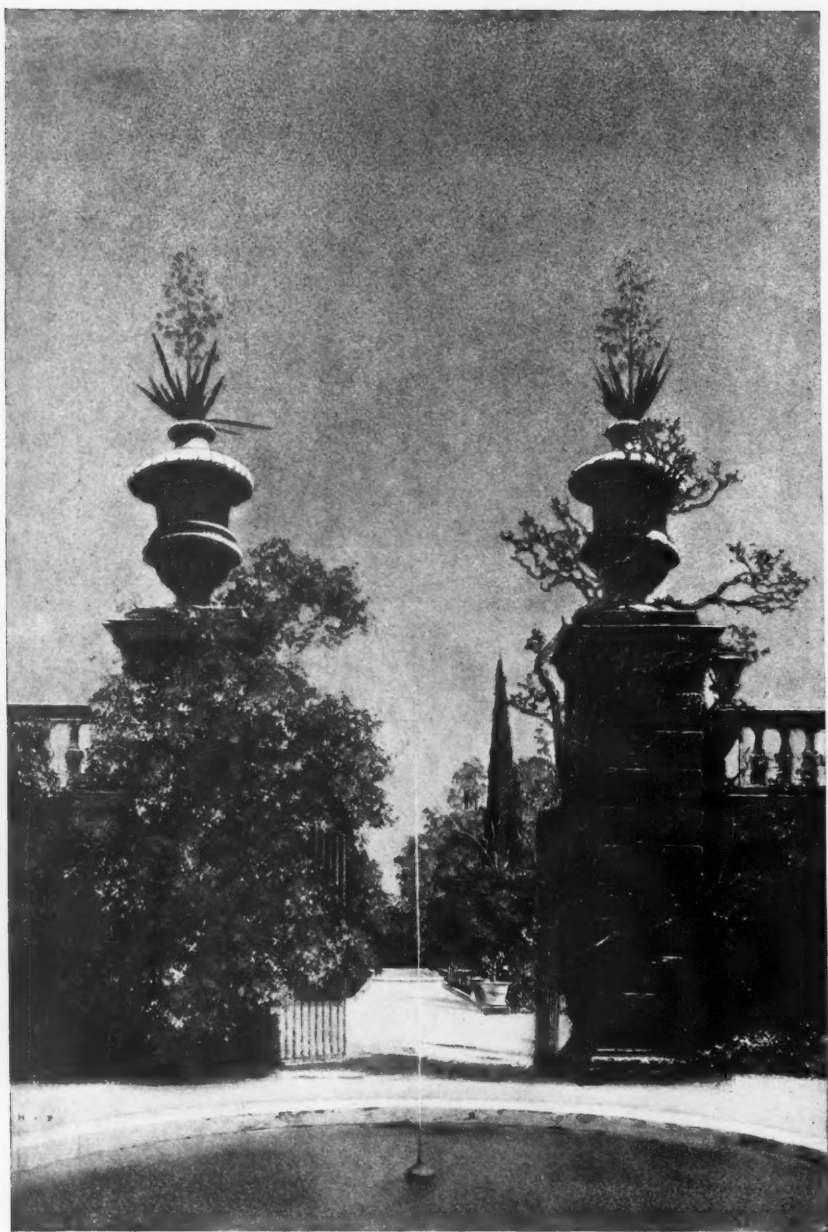
ture. In one direction is a little lake, in another a "mount" crowned by a statue, while a long alley leads to a well-preserved maze with a raised platform in its center. These labyrinths are now rarely found in Italian gardens, and were probably never as popular south of the Alps as in Holland and England. The long *château d'eau*, with its couchant Nereids and conch-blowing Tritons, descends a gentle slope instead of a steep hill, and on each side high beech-hedges inclose tall groves of deciduous



From a photograph

PAVILION IN THE GARDEN OF THE VILLA PISANI AT STRÀ

trees. These hedges are characteristic of the north Italian gardens, where the plane, beech and elm replace the "perennial greens" of the south; and there is one specially charming point at Val San Zibio, where four grass-alleys walled with clipped beeches converge on a stone basin sunk in the turf, with four marble *putti* seated on the curb, dangling their feet in the water. An added touch of quaintness is given to the gardens by the fact that the old waterworks are still in action, so that the unwary visitor, assailed by fierce jets of spray darting up at him from the terrace steps, the cracks in the flagstones, and all manner of unexpected ambushes, may form some idea



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

GATEWAY OF THE BOTANIC GARDENS OF PADUA

of the aquatic surprises which afforded his ancestors such inexhaustible amusement.

There are few gardens in Italy comparable with Val San Zibio; but in Padua there is one of another sort which has kept something of the same ancient savor. This is the famous Botanic Garden, founded in 1545, and said to be the oldest in Italy. The garden lies at one end of the town, and is approached through a grove of exotic trees, which surrounds a large circular space inclosed in a beautiful old brick wall surmounted by a marble balustrade and adorned alternately with busts and statues. The wall is broken by four gateways, one forming the principal entrance from the grove, the other three opening on semicircles in which statues are set against a background of foliage. In the garden itself the beds for "simples" are inclosed in low iron railings, within which they are again subdivided by stone edgings, each subdivision containing a different species of plant.

Padua, in spite of its flat surroundings, is one of the most picturesque cities of upper Italy; and the seeker after gardens will find many charming bits along the narrow canals, or by the sluggish river skirting the city walls. Indeed, one might almost include in a study of gardens the beautiful Prato della Valle, the public square before the church of Sant' Antonio, with its encircling canal crossed by marble bridges, its range of baroque statues of "worthies," and its central expanse of turf and trees. There is no other example in Italy of a square laid out in this park-like way, and the Prato della Valle would form an admirable model for the treatment of open spaces in a modern city.

A few miles from Padua, at Ponte di Brenta, begins the long line of villas which follows the course of the river to its outlet at Fusina. Dante speaks in the "Inferno" of the villas and castles on the Brenta, and it continued the favorite *villeggiatura* of the Venetian nobility till the middle of the nineteenth century. There dwelt the Signor

Pococurante, whom *Candide* visited on his travels; and of flesh-and-blood celebrities many might be cited, from the famous Procuratore Pisani to Byron, who in 1819 carried off the Guiccioli to his villa at La Mira on the Brenta.

The houses still remain almost line for line as they were drawn in Gianfrancesco Costa's admirable etchings, "*Le Delizie del Fiume Brenta*," published in 1750; but unfortunately almost all the old gardens have disappeared. One, however, has been



From a photograph

A PAVILION AT THE VILLA Pisani, STRÀ

preserved, and as it is the one most often celebrated by travelers and poets of the eighteenth century, it may be regarded as a good example of a stately Venetian garden. This is the great villa built at Strà, in 1736, for Alvise Pisani, procurator of St. Mark's, by the architects Prati and Frigimelica. In size and elegance it far surpasses any other house on the Brenta. The prevailing note of the other villas is one of simplicity and amenity. They stand near each other, either on the roadside or divided from it by a low wall bordered with statues and a short strip of garden, also thickly peopled with nymphs, satyrs, shepherdesses, and the grotesque and comic figures of the *Commedia dell' Arte*; unas-



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

suming *villini* for the most part, suggesting a life of suburban neighborliness and sociability. But the Villa Pisani is a palace. Its majestic façade, with pillared central *corps de bâtiment* and far-reaching wings, stands on the highway bordering the Brenta; behind are the remains of the old formal gardens, and on each side the park extends along the road, from which it is divided by a high wall and several imposing gateways. The palace is built about two inner courts, and its innumerable rooms are frescoed by the principal Italian decorative painters of the day, while the great central saloon has one of Tiepolo's most riotously splendid ceilings. Fortunately for the preservation of these treasures, Strà, after being the property of Eugène Beauharnais, was acquired by the Italian government, and is now a "villa nazionale," well kept up and open to the public.

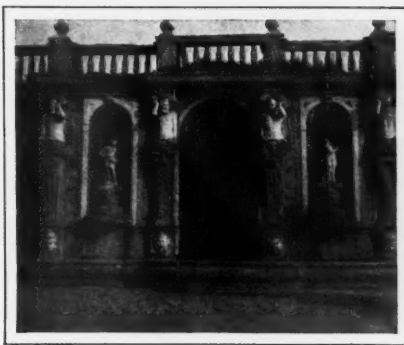
In the etching of Costa, an elaborate formal garden with *parterresdebroderie* is seen to extend from the back of the villa to the beautifully composed stables which face it. This garden has unfortunately been replaced by a level meadow, flanked on both sides by *boschi* with long straight walks piercing the rich green leafage of elm, beech and lime. Here and there fragments of garden-architecture have survived the evident attempt to convert the grounds into a *jardin anglais* of the sentimental type. There is still a maze, with a fanciful little central tower ascended by winding stairs; there is a little wooded "mount," with a moat about it, and a crowning temple; and there are various charming garden pavilions, orangeries, gardeners' houses, and similar small constructions, all built in the airy and romantic style of which the Italian villa-architect had not yet lost the secret. Architecturally, however, the stables are perhaps the most interesting buildings at Strà. The classical central façade is flanked by two curving wings, forming charmingly proportioned lemon-houses, and in the stables themselves the stalls

are sumptuously divided by columns of red marble, each surmounted by the gilded effigy of a horse.

From Strà to Fusina the shores of the Brenta are lined with charming pleasure-houses, varying in size from the dignified villa to the little garden-pavilion, and all full of interest and instruction to the student of villa-architecture; but unhappily no traces of their old gardens remain, save the statues which once peopled the parterres and surmounted the walls. Several of the villas are attributed to Palladio, but only one is really typical of his style: the melancholy Malcontenta, built by the

Foscari, and now standing ruinous and deserted in a marshy field beside the river.

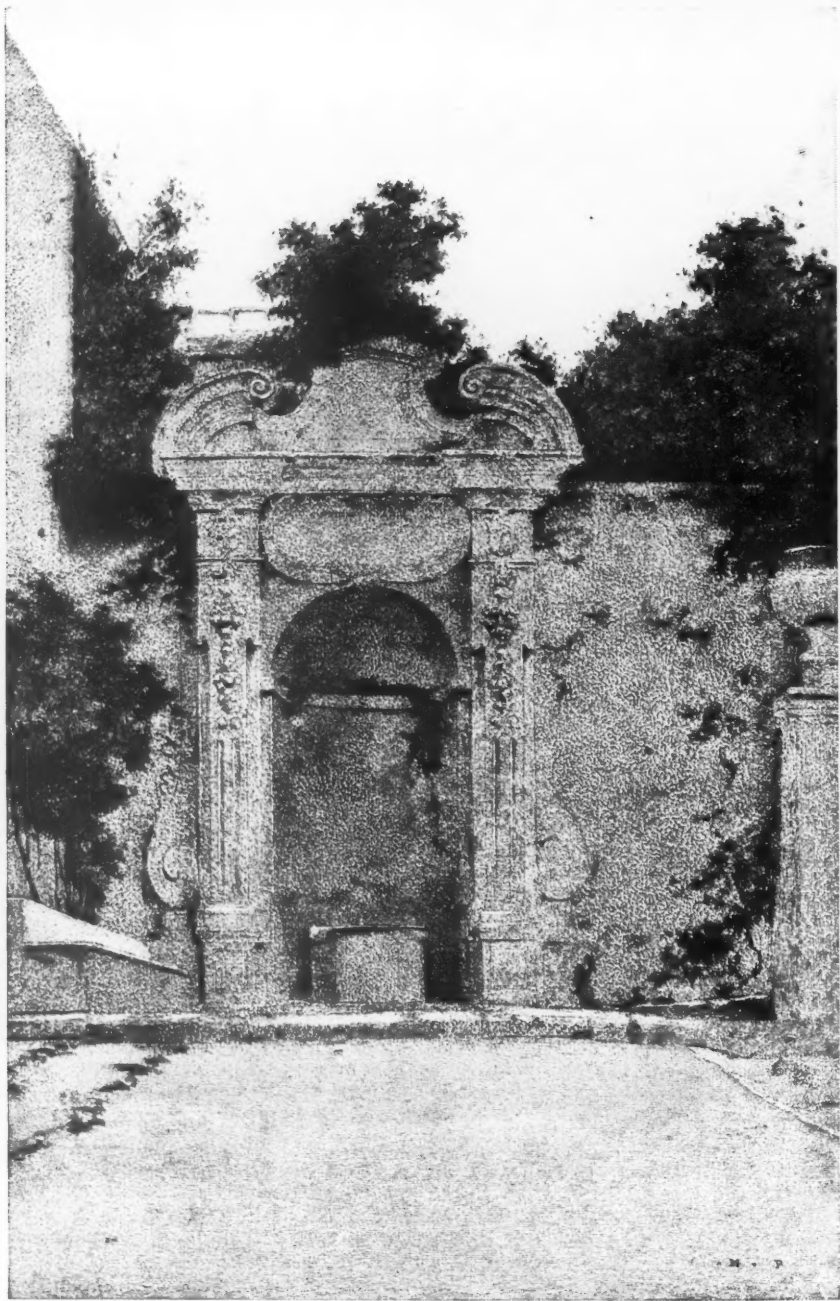
The Malcontenta has all the chief characteristics of Palladio's manner: the high basement, the projecting pillared portico, the general air of classical correctness, which seems a little cold beside the bright and graceful villa-architecture of



From a photograph
IN A COURTYARD, GENOA

Venetia. Burckhardt, with his usual discernment, remarks in this connection that it was a fault of Palladio's to substitute for the recessed loggia of the Roman villa a projecting portico, thus sacrificing one of the most characteristic and original features of the Italian country house to a not particularly appropriate adaptation of the Greek temple porch.

But Palladio was a great artist, and if he was great in his civic architecture rather than in his country houses, if his stately genius lent itself rather to the grouping of great masses than to the construction of pretty toys, yet his most famous villa is a distinct and original contribution to the great examples of the Italian pleasure-house. The Villa Capra, better known as the Rotonda, which stands on a hill above Vicenza, has been criticized for having four fronts instead of a front, two sides, and a back. It is, in fact, a square building with a projecting Ionic portico on each face—a plan open to the charge of mo-



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A GARDEN-NICHE AT THE VILLA SCASSI, GENOA

notony, but partly justified in this case by the fact that the house is built on the summit of a knoll from which there are four views, all equally pleasing, and each, as it were, entitled to the distinction of having a loggia to itself. Still, it is certain that neither in the Rotonda nor in his other villas did Palladio hit on a style half as appropriate or pleasing as the typical manner of the Roman villa-architects, with its happy mingling of freedom and classicalism, its wonderful adaptation to climate and habits of life, its capricious grace of detail, and its harmony with the garden-architecture which was designed to surround it.

The Villa Capra has not preserved its old gardens, and at the Villa Giacomelli, at Maser, Palladio's other famous country house, the grounds have been so modernized and stripped of all their characteristic features that it is difficult to judge of their original design; but one feels that all Palladio's rural architecture lacked that touch of fancy and freedom which, in the Roman school, facilitated the transition of manner from the house to the garden-pavilion, and from the pavilion to the half-rustic grotto and the woodland temple.

The Villa Valmarana, also at Vicenza, on the Monte Berico, not far from the Rotonda, has something of the intimate charm lacking in the latter. The low and simply designed house is notable only for the charming frescos with which Tiepolo adorned its rooms; but the beautiful loggia in the garden is attributed to Palladio, and this, together with the old beech-alleys, the charming frescoed fountain, the garden-wall crowned by Venetian grotesques,

forms a composition of exceptional picturesqueness.

The beautiful country-side between Vicenza and Verona is strewn with old villas, many of which would doubtless repay study; but there are no gardens of note in this part of the Veneto, except the famous Giusti gardens at Verona, probably better known to sight-seers than any others in northern Italy. In spite of all their charm, however, the dusky massing of their old cypresses, and their winding walks along the cliff-side, the Giusti gardens preserve few traces of their original design, and are therefore not especially important to the student of Italian garden-architecture. More interesting in this connection is the Villa Cuzzano, about seven miles from Verona, a beautiful old house standing above a terrace-garden planted with an elaborate *parterre de broderie*. Behind the villa is a spacious court bounded by a line of low buildings with a central chapel. The interior of the house has been little changed, and is an interesting example of north Italian villa planning and decoration. The passion of the Italian architects for composition and continuity of design is seen in the careful placing of the chapel, which is exactly on an axis with the central saloon of the villa, so that, standing in the chapel, one looks across the court, through this lofty saloon, and out on the beautiful hilly landscape beyond. It was by such means that the villa-architects obtained, with simple materials and in a limited space, impressions of distance, and sensations of the unexpected, for which one looks in vain in the haphazard and slipshod designs of the present day.

GENOESE VILLAS

GENOA, one of the most splendid-loving cities in Italy, had almost always to import her splendor. In reading Ratti's "Lives of the Genoese Painters, Sculptors and Architects," one is struck by the fact that, with few exceptions, these worthies were Genoese only in the sense of having placed their talents at the service of the merchant princes who reared the marble city above its glorious harbor.

The strength of the race lay in other

directions; but, as is often the case with what may be called people of secondary artistic instincts, the Genoese pined for the beauty they could not create, and in the sixteenth century they called artists from all parts of Italy to embody their conceptions of magnificence. Of the most famous of these, two, Fra Montorsoli and Pierin del Vaga, came from Florence, Galeazzo Alessi from Perugia, Giovanni Battista Castello from Bergamo; and it is to the

genius of these four men, sculptor, painter, architect and *stuccatore* (and each more or less versed in the crafts of the others), that Genoa owes the greater part of her magnificence.

Fra Giovanni Angelo Montorsoli, the Florentine, must here be named first, since his chief work, the Palazzo Andrea Doria, built in 1529, is the earliest of the great Genoese villas. It is also the most familiar to modern travelers, for the other beautiful country houses which formerly crowned the heights above Genoa from Pegli to Nervi have now been buried in the growth of manufacturing suburbs, so that only the diligent seeker after villa-architecture will be likely to come upon their ruined gardens and peeling stucco façades among the factory chimneys of Sampierdarena or the squalid tenements of San Fruttuoso.

The great Andrea Doria, "Admiral of the Navies of the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France and the Republic of Genoa," in 1521 bought the villas Lomellini and Giustiniani, on the western shore of the port of Genoa, and throwing the two estates together, created a villa wherein "to enjoy in peace the fruits of an honored life"—so runs the inscription on the outer wall of the house.

Fra Montorsoli was first and foremost a sculptor, a pupil of Michelangelo's, a plastic artist to whom architecture was probably of secondary interest. Partly perhaps for this reason, and also because the Villa Doria was in great measure designed to show the frescos of Pierin del Vaga, there is little elaboration in its treatment. Yet the continuous open loggia on the ground floor, and the projecting side colonnades inclosing the upper garden, give an airy elegance to the water-front, and make it, in combination with its mural paintings and stucco-ornamentation, and the sculpture of the gardens, one of the most villa-like of Italian villas. The gardens themselves descend in terraces to the shore, and contain several imposing marble fountains, among them one with a statue of Neptune, executed in 1600 by the Carloni, and supposed to be a portrait of the great Admiral.

The house stands against a steep terraced hillside, formerly a part of the grounds, but now unfortunately divided from them by the railway cutting. A wide *tapis vert* still ascends the hill to a colossal Jupiter (under which the Admiral's favorite

dog is said to be buried); and when the villa is seen from the harbor one understands how necessary this stately terraced background was to the setting of the low-lying building. Beautiful indeed must have been the surroundings of the villa when Evelyn visited it in 1644, and described the marble terraces above the sea, the aviary "wherein grew trees of more than two feet in diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentiscuses and other rare shrubs," and "the other two gardens full of orange-trees, citrons and pomegranates, fountains, grotts and statues." All but the statues have now disappeared, yet much of the old garden-magic lingers in the narrow strip between house and sea. It is the glory of the Italian garden-architects that neglect and disintegration cannot wholly mar the effects they were skilled in creating: effects due to such a fine sense of proportion, to so exquisite a perception of the relation between architecture and landscape, between verdure and marble, that while a trace of their plan remains one feels the spell of the whole.

When Rubens came to Genoa in 1607 he was so impressed by the magnificence of its great street of palaces—the lately built Strada Nuova—that he recorded his admiration in a series of etchings, published in Antwerp in 1622 under the title "Palazzi di Genova," a priceless document for the student of Renaissance architecture in Italy, since the Flemish master did not content himself with mere impressionist sketches, like Canaletto's fanciful Venetian etchings, but made careful architectural drawings and bird's-eye views of all the principal Genoese palaces. As many of these buildings have since been altered, Rubens's volume has the additional value of preserving a number of interesting details which might never have been recovered by subsequent study.

The Strada Nuova of Genoa, planned by Galeazzo Alessi between 1550 and 1560, is the earliest example in Europe of a street laid out by an architect, with deliberate artistic intent, and designed to display the palaces with which he subsequently lined it. Hitherto, streets had formed themselves on the natural lines of traffic, and individual houses had sprung up along them, without much regard to the site or style of their nearest neighbors. The Strada Nuova, on the contrary, was planned and

carried out homogeneously, and was thus the progenitor of all the great street plans of modern Europe—of the Place Royale and the Place Vendôme in Paris, the great Place at Nancy, the grouping of Palladian palaces about the Basilica of Vicenza, and all subsequent attempts to create an organic whole out of a number of adjacent buildings. Even L'Enfant's plan of Washington may be said to owe its first impulse to the Perugian architect's conception of a street of palaces.

When Alessi projected this great work he had open ground to build on, though, as Evelyn remarked, the rich Genoese merchants had, like the Hollanders, "little or no extent of ground to employ their estates in." Still, there was space enough to permit of spreading porticos and forecourts, and to one of the houses in the Strada Nuova Alessi gave the ample development and airy proportions of a true *villa suburbana*. This is the Palazzo Parodi, which, like the vanished Sauli palace, shows, instead of the block plan of the city dwelling, a central *corps de bâtiment* with pavilions crowned by open loggias, and a rusticated screen dividing the court from the street. It is curious that, save in the case of the beautiful Villa Sauli (now completely rebuilt), Alessi did not repeat this appropriate design in the country houses with which he adorned the suburbs of Genoa—those "ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility" which prolonged the splendor of the city for miles along the coast. Of his remaining villas, all are built on the block plan, or with but slight projections, and rich though they are in detail, and stately in general composition, they lack that touch of fantasy which the Roman villa-architects knew how to impart.

Before pronouncing this a defect, however, one must consider the different conditions under which Alessi and his fellow-architects in Genoa had to work. Annibale Lippi, Pirro Ligorio, Giacomo della Porta and Carlo Borromini reared their graceful loggias and stretched their airy colonnades against masses of luxuriant foliage and above a far-spreading landscape,

wonderful

To the sea's edge for gloss and gloom,

while Alessi and Montorsoli had to place their country houses on narrow ledges

of waterless rock, with a thin coating of soil parched by the wind, and an outlook over the serried roofs and crowded shipping of a commercial city. The Genoese gardens are mere pockets of earth in coigns of masonry, where a few olives and bay-trees fight the sun-glare and sea-wind of a harsh winter and a burning summer. The beauty of the prospect consists in the noble outline of the harbor, inclosed in exquisitely modeled but leafless hills, and in the great blue stretch of sea on which, now and then, the mountains of Corsica float for a moment. It will be seen that, amid such surroundings, the architectural quality must predominate over the picturesque or naturalistic. Not only the natural restrictions of site and soil, but the severity of the landscape and the nearness of a great city, made it necessary that the Genoese villa-architects should produce their principal effects by means of masonry and sculpture, rather than of water and verdure. The somewhat heavy silhouette of the Genoese country houses is thus perhaps partly explained; for where the garden had to be a stone monument, it would have been illogical to make the house less massive.

The most famous of Alessi's villas lies in the once fashionable suburb of Sampierdarena, to the west of Genoa. Here, along the shore, were clustered the most beautiful pleasure-houses of the merchant princes. The greater number have now been turned into tenements for factory-workers, or into actual factories, while the beautiful gardens descending to the sea have been cut in half by the railway and planted with cabbages and mulberries. Amid this labyrinth of grimy walls, crumbling loggias and waste ground heaped with melancholy refuse, it is not easy to find one's way to the Villa Imperiali (now Scassi), the masterpiece of Alessi, which stands as a solitary witness to the former "ravishments" of Sampierdarena. By a happy chance this villa has become the property of the municipality, which has turned the house into a girls' school, while the grounds are used as a public garden; and so well have house and grounds been preserved that the student of architecture may here obtain a good idea of the magnificence with which the Genoese nobles surrounded even their few weeks of *villeggiatura*. To match such magnificence, one

must look to one of the great villas of the Roman cardinals; and, with the exception of the Villa Doria Pamphily (which is smaller) and of the Villa Albani, it would be difficult to cite an elevation where palatial size is combined with such lavish richness of ornament.

Alessi was once thought to have studied in Rome under Michelangelo; but Herr Gurlitt shows that the latter was absent from Rome from 1516 to 1535—that is, precisely during what must have been the formative period of Alessi's talent. The Perugian architect certainly shows little trace of Michelangelesque influences, but seems to derive rather from the school of his own great contemporary, Palladio.

The Villa Scassi, with its Tuscan order below and fluted Corinthian pilasters above, its richly carved frieze and cornice, and beautiful roof-balustrade, is perhaps more familiar to students than any other example of Genoese suburban architecture. Almost alone among Genoese villas, it stands at the foot of a hill, with gardens rising behind it instead of descending below it to the sea. Herr Gurlitt thinks these grounds are among the earliest in Italy in which the narrow medieval *hortus inclusus* was blent with the wider lines of the landscape; indeed, he makes the somewhat surprising statement that "all the later garden-craft has its source in Alessi, who, in the Scassi gardens, has shown to the full his characteristic gift for preserving unity of conception in multiplicity of form."

There could be no better definition of the garden-science of the Italian Renaissance; and if, as seems probable, the Scassi gardens are earlier in date than the Boboli and the Orti Farnesiani, they certainly fill an important place in the evolution of the pleasure-ground; but the Vatican gardens, if they were really designed by Antonio da Sangallo, must still be regarded as the source from which the later school of landscape-architects drew their first inspiration. It was certainly here, and in the unfinished gardens of the Villa Madama, that the earliest attempts were made to bring the untamed forms of nature into relation with the disciplined lines of architecture.

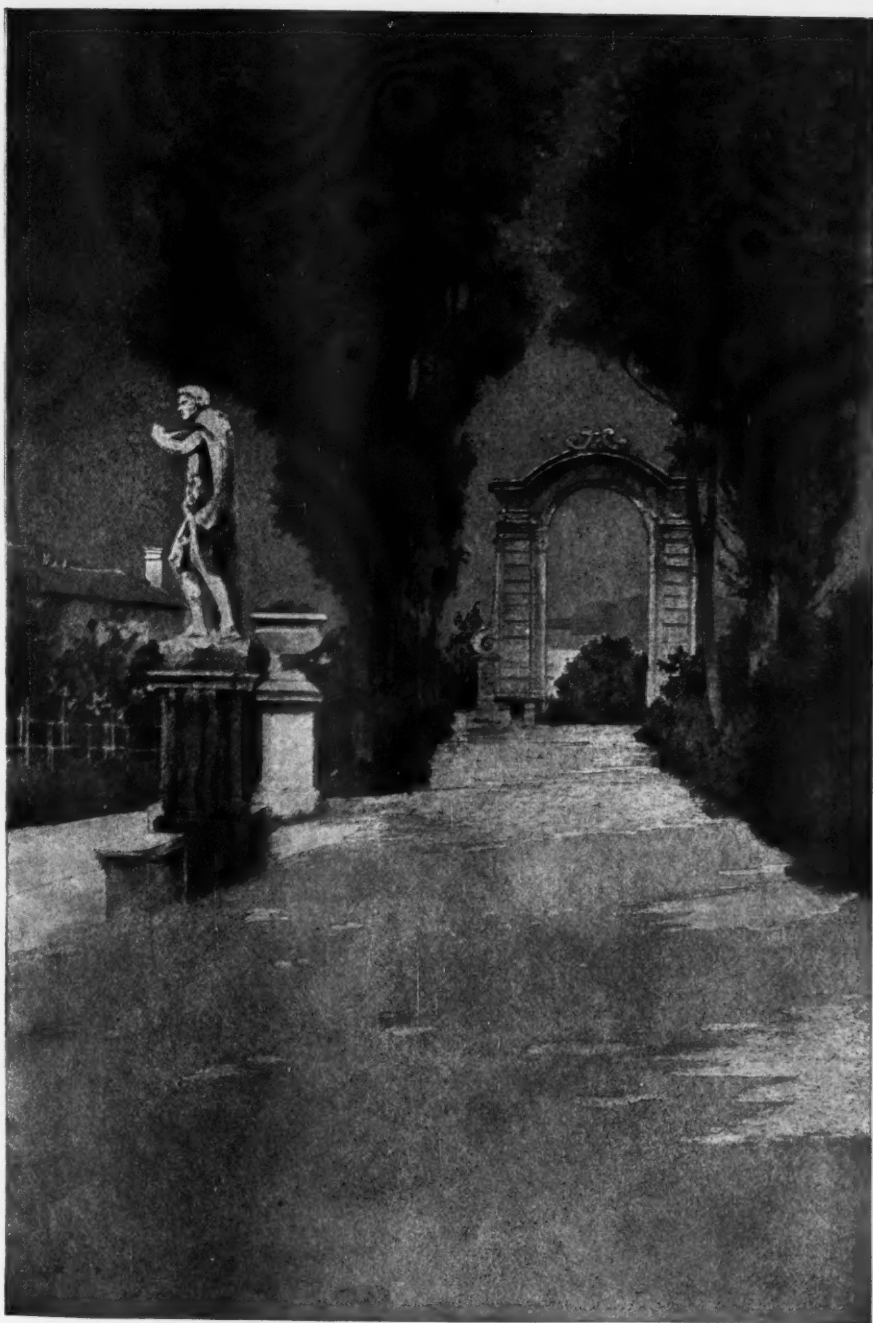
Herr Gurlitt is, however, quite right in calling attention to the remarkable manner in which the architectural lines of the Scassi gardens have been adapted to their site, and also to the skill with which Alessi con-

trived the successive transition from the formal surroundings of the house to the sylvan freedom of the wooded hilltop beneath which it lies.

A broad terrace, gently sloping with the natural grade of the land, leads up to a long level walk beneath the high retaining-wall which sustains the second terrace. In the center of this retaining-wall is a beautifully designed triple niche, divided by Atlantes supporting a delicately carved entablature, while a double flight of steps incloses this central composition. Niches with statues and marble seats also adorn the lateral walls of the gardens, and on the upper terrace is a long tank or canal, flanked by clipped shrubs and statues. Thence an inclined path leads to a rusticated temple with *colonnes torses*, and statues in niches above fluted basins into which water once flowed; and beyond this there is a winding ascent to the grove which crowns the hill. All the architectural details of the garden are remarkable for a classical purity and refinement, except the rusticated temple, of which the fantastic columns are carved to resemble tree-trunks. This may be of later date; but if contemporary, its baroque style was probably intended to mark the transition from the formality of the lower gardens to the rustic character of the naturalistic landscape above—to form, in fact, a gate from the garden to the park.

The end of the sixteenth century saw this gradual recognition of nature, and adoption of her forms, in the architecture and sculpture of the Italian pleasure-house, and more especially in those outlying constructions which connected the formal and the sylvan portions of the grounds. "In mid-Renaissance garden-architecture," as Herr Tuckermann puts it, "the relation between art and landscape is reversed. Previously the garden had had to adapt itself to architecture; now architectural forms are forced into a resemblance with nature."

Bernini was the great exponent of this new impulse, though it may be traced back as far as Michelangelo. It was Bernini who first expressed in his fountains the tremulous motion and shifting curves of water, and who put into his garden-sculpture that rustle of *plein air* which the modern painter seeks to express in his landscapes. To trace the gradual development of this *rapprochement* to nature at a



Color drawing by Maxfield Parrish

VILLA SCASSI

period so highly artificial, would be beyond the scope of these articles; but in judging the baroque garden architecture and sculpture of the late Renaissance, it should be remembered that they are not the expression of a wilful eccentricity, but an attempted link between the highly conventionalized forms of urban art, and that life of the fields and woods which was beginning to charm the imagination of poets and painters.

On the height above the Acqua Sola gardens, on the eastern side of Genoa, lies Alessi's other great country house, the Villa Pallavicini alle Peschiere—not to be confounded with the ridiculous Villa Pallavicini at Pegli, a brummagem creation of the early nineteenth century, to which the guide-books still send throngs of unsuspecting tourists, who come back imagining that this tawdry jumble of weeping willows and Chinese pagodas, mock Gothic ruins and exotic vegetation, represents the typical "Italian garden," of which so much is said and so little really known.

The Villa Pallavicini alle Peschiere (a drawing of which may be seen in Rubens's collection) is in site and design a typical Genoese suburban house of the sixteenth century. The lower story has a series of arched windows between Ionic pilasters; above are square-headed windows with upper lights, divided by fluted Corinthian pilasters, and surmounted by a beautiful cornice and a roof-balustrade of unusual design, in which groups of balusters alternate with oblong panels of richly carved openwork. The very slightly projecting wings have, on both stories, arched recesses in which heroic statues are painted in *grisaille*.

The narrow ledge of ground on which the villa is built permits only of a broad terrace in front of the house, with a central basin surmounted by a beautiful winged figure and inclosed in stone-edged flowerbeds. Stately flights of steps lead down to a lower terrace, of which the mighty retaining-wall is faced by a Doric portico, with a recessed loggia behind it. From this level other flights of steps, flanked by great balustraded walls nearly a hundred feet high, descend to a third terrace, narrower than the others, whence one looks down into lower-lying gardens, wedged into every projecting shelf of ground between palace roofs and towering slopes of masonry;

while directly beneath this crowded foreground sparkles the blue expanse of the Mediterranean.

On a higher ledge, above the Villa Pallavicini, lies the Villa Durazzo-Grappolo, perhaps also a work of Alessi's. Here the unusual extent of ground about the house has permitted an interesting development of landscape-architecture. A fine pedimented gateway with rusticated piers gives admission to a straight avenue of plane-trees leading up to the house, which is a dignified building with two stories, a *mezzanin*, and an attic. The windows on the ground floor are square-headed, with oblong sunk panels above; while on the first floor there is a slightly baroque movement about the architraves, and every other window is surmounted by a curious shell-shaped pediment. On the garden side a beautiful marble balcony forms the central motive of the *piano nobile*, and the roof is inclosed in a balustrade with alternate solid panels and groups of balusters. The plan is oblong, with slightly projecting wings, adorned on both stories with coupled pilasters, which on the lower floor are rusticated, and above are fluted Corinthian, painted on the stucco surface of the house. This painting of architectural ornament is very characteristic of Genoese architecture, and was done with such skill that; at a little distance, it is often impossible to distinguish a projecting architectural member from its frescoed counterfeit.

In front of the villa is a long narrow formal garden, supported on three sides by a lofty retaining-wall. Down the middle of this garden, on an axis with the central doorway of the façade, runs a canal terminated by reclining figures of river-gods and marble dolphins spouting water. An ilex-walk flanks it on each side, and at the farther end a balustrade incloses this upper garden, and two flights of steps, with the usual central niche, lead to the next level. Here there is a much greater extent of ground, and the old formal lines have been broken up into the winding paths and shrubberies of a *jardin anglais*. Even here, however, traces of the original plan may be discovered, and statues and fountains are scattered with charming effect among the irregular plantations, while paths between clipped walls of green lead to beautiful distant views of the sea and mountains. Specially interesting is the treatment of the

lateral retaining-walls of the upper garden. In these immense ramparts of masonry have been cut tunnels decorated with shell-work and stucco ornament, which lead up by a succession of wide steps to the ground on a level with the house. One of these tunnels contains a series of pools of water, which finally pour into a stream winding through a romantic *boschetto* on a lower level. Here, as at the Villa Scassi, all the garden-architecture is pure and dignified in style, and there is great beauty in the broad and simple treatment of the upper terrace, with its canal and ilex-walks.

From the terraces of the Villa Durazzo one looks forth over the hillside of San Francesco d'Albaro, the suburb which balances Sampierdarena on the east. Happily this charming district is still a fashionable *villeggiatura*, and the houses which Alessi built on its slopes stand above an almost unaltered landscape of garden and vineyard. A fine road crosses the Bisagno and leads up between high walls and beautiful hanging gardens, passing at every turn some charming villa-façade in its setting of cypresses and camellias. Among these, one should not overlook the exquisite little Paradisino, a pale-green toy villa with Ionic pilasters and classic pediment, perched above a high terrace on the left of the ascent.

Just above stands the Paradiso (or Villa Cambiaso), another masterpiece of Alessi's, to which it is almost impossible to obtain admission. Unfortunately, the house stands far back from the road, above intervening terraces and groves, and one can obtain only an imperfect glimpse of its beautiful façade, which is as ornate and imposing as that of the Villa Scassi, and of garden-walks lined with clipped hedges and statues.

At Alessi's other Villa Cambiaso, higher up the hill of San Francesco d'Albaro, a more hospitable welcome awaits the sight-seer. Here admission is easily obtained, and it is possible to study and photograph at leisure. This villa is remarkable for the beauty of the central loggia on the ground floor of the façade: a grand Doric arcade, leading into a two-storied atrium designed in the severest classical spirit. So suggestive is this of the great loggia of the Villa Bombicci, near Florence, that one understands why Alessi was called the pupil of Michelangelo. At the back of the house

there is (as at the Villa Bombicci) a fine upper loggia, and the wide spacing of the windows on the ground floor, and the massiveness and simplicity of all the architectural details, inevitably recall the Tuscan style. Little is left of the old gardens save a *tapis vert* flanked by clipped hedges, which descends to an iron grille on a lower road; but the broad grassy space about the house has a boundary-wall with a continuous marble bench, like that at the Villa Pia in the Vatican gardens.

In the valley between San Francesco d'Albaro and the Bisagno lies the dismal suburb of San Fruttuoso. Here one must seek, through a waste of dusty streets lined with half-finished tenements, for what must once have been the most beautiful of Genoese pleasure-houses—the Villa Imperiali, probably built by Fra Montorsoli. It stands high above broad terraced grounds of unusual extent, backed by a hanging wood; but all the old gardens have been destroyed, save the beautiful upper terrace, and even the house has suffered some injury, though not enough to detract greatly from its general effect. Here at last one finds that union of lightness and majesty which characterizes the Villa Medici and other Roman houses of its kind. The long elevation, with wings set back, has a rusticated basement, surmounted by two stories and an attic above the cornice. There is no order, but the whole façade is richly frescoed in a severe architectural style, with niches, statues in *grisaille*, and other ornaments, all executed by a skilful hand. The windows on the first floor have broken pediments with a shell-like movement, and those above show the same treatment, alternating with the usual triangular pediment. But the crowning distinction of the house consists in the two exquisite loggias which form the angles of the second story. These tall arcades, resting on slender columns, give a wonderful effect of spreading lightness to the façade, and break up its great bulk without disturbing the general impression of strength and dignity. As a skilful distribution of masses the elevation of the Villa Imperiali deserves the most careful study, and it is to be regretted that it can no longer be seen in combination with the wide-spread terraces which once formed a part of its composition.



THE WULLERWUPS

BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Sally of Missouri," "Henderson," etc.



T was an August evening. Beyond the open windows of the Twin Oaks dining-room a slow, warm rain was falling. It was hardly rain. It was what Miss Nigger called a "drizzle-drazzle." Honey-suckle breath drifted in to us, and now and again we caught the odor of the wet leaves and the moist ground. The light from the hanging lamp above the table fell in yellow patches on the pictures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and on the tall figure of Miss Nigger, who was polishing the silver on the sideboard. The little company at the supper-table consisted of my young uncle, Mr. Norval Henway, his friend Mr. Shelby Carr, and me. In the Twin Oaks country-side Mr. Norval Henway was usually called the wild one, to distinguish him from his brother Joseph, the good one. The wild one was the one I liked. My father and mother were in St. Louis, and my uncle had ridden over from Camelot Meadows, where he was in charge of my father's racing-stud, to look after me for a week. When my uncle rode over from Camelot, Mr. Shelby Carr also rode over from Sugar Tree Farm. According to Miss Nigger, then was the time that the "ballumps uv th' worl' 'bleege tuh look erw'ichways tuh wunst tuh kip up with the projeckin'."

At this moment the young gentlemen were lying back in their chairs in amiable idleness. At the head of the table my uncle played a pleasing rat-tat-too on his chair-arms. Across from me young Mr. Carr

waved a palm-leaf fan languidly. I was finishing my third dish of sherbet. (There were always slight compensations when one's father and mother were in St. Louis.)

"Who is leading the revival, Miss Nigger?" My uncle stopped drumming on his chair and turned toward Miss Nigger with a grave face. But he got no answer until she had darted a look of cautious inquiry at me. I held my last spoonful of sherbet in mid-air while I read his eyes. Finally I signaled to Miss Nigger that we were not being laughed at, and that she could afford to give the information desired.

"Br'er Caper Larkins he leadin'. They's two yedder mourner preachers tha' sidesen Br'er Larkins an' Br'er Johnsing. They 'low tuh rozzle with th' debil day an' night, an' they mek they reddymints tuh have plinty preachers, fuh res' each ur—Gord knows tek a peck uv preachers tuh cl'ar thish yer neighb'hood uv th' debil. 'Ca'se ev'thing in pants cert'n'y 'bleege tuh be extrumraverigated, whut with hyeh an' tha' an' yondeh." Miss Nigger rubbed the fat paunch of a cream-pitcher with zeal while her voice trailed away in aimless cadences. It was always a pleasure to her to direct delicate innuendos at the pair in front of her. The young men crossed and uncrossed their legs and observed each other sadly.

"Uh—Miss Nigger," began Mr. Carr, with deft divergence, lowering his voice to a nervous whisper, "is there any truth in all this talk about the wullerwups? My Cass tells me that some of the niggers see

the things almost every night." The tone was that of a seeker for higher light.

Miss Nigger caught her breath, gave her head a mystifying twist, puckered her lips, and half shut her eyes. Her actions affected me strongly. I knew from her that wullerwups were not to be lightly named. I also knew, as everybody else did, that for a week the negroes had been going about on tiptoe. Night after night the camp-meeting in Henway Wood had been interrupted by some belated member who reported a wullerwup in the sugar-corn clearing, or down in Melrose Bottoms, or up on Camelot Meadows. Added to the usual hysteria of a camp-meeting, the fear of the wullerwups had made the negroes wild. Everybody was mortally afraid of being tricked by the wullerwups. Everybody wore charms. I myself had one on at that moment. Miss Nigger had put it on me, and had told me that it was "kim-poged uv brack-snake skin an' frog's innerds."

Miss Nigger was slow in answering Mr. Carr, and to me, at least, her very reluctance was convincing.

"I don' tek no nigger's sesso 'bout wullerwups. But this whut happum tuh me m' own se'f."

She dropped her chin on her chest and rolled up her eyes reminiscently.

"I stop las' night up tuh P'simmon Spring tuh squinch my thirs', an' whin I f'ar my haid f'm the wateh, whut yeh reckon I sees? I sees a wullerwup, leastways its light—sees it in th' pawpaw-bushes. I swage m'se'f 't ain't no wullerwup, an' I striddled oveh th' fencet 'twixt th' tim'thy forty an' th' wood pasture. An', bress Gord! whut yeh reckon I sees up tha' by Camelot Paddocks? I sees eem ag'in, leastways th' light. But, Gord he'pin' me, I mek the cross in th' dus' an' spit. Thass whut save me."

This was stale news to me, but the young gentlemen lent a most painstaking and gratifying attention to it. "I wish," said my uncle, "that I could see one of the things myself, just to find out what it looks like."

"Er wullerwup ur er jackylantrom—they all same," explained Miss Nigger, warming to their interest—"is a ghostie whut b'long tuh th' debil's ol' woman. Debil's ol' woman she tek th' soul uv er sinneh an' put eem in a pig-bladdeh. Then

she set fiah tuh eem an' sen' eem fo'th. An' th' light flop erroun' an' flop erroun' an' trick yeh tuh folleh eem twel bime-by he lead yeh intuh wateh an' drown yeh lak a pup in a rain-bar'l. Thass way yeh li'bul tuh git 'quent' with er wullerwup." She stopped for a moment and considered the features of her recital. She had a shrewdness all her own, and its challenge to her superstition was sometimes a visible thing. "One thing I knows fuh sho," she muttered in a *sotto voce* compromise: "th' safes' way tuh down er wullerwup air tuh mek th' cross in th' dus' an' spit. Thet kip yeh safe ef they is wullerwups, an' don' hu't yeh none ef th' ain't wullerwups."

My uncle gave thoughtful consideration to her remarks, looked at Mr. Carr in an unreadable way, and turned again to her. "Miss Nigger, do you interpret these phenomena—"

"You Miss Nigger!" I cried warningly. The tone of his voice had become the tone we have to look out for, baffling and unreliable.

Miss Nigger gave one of her snorts and stalked out of the dining-room. She had a way of stalking. There was a legend at Twin Oaks that she was the granddaughter of an African king, and when she stalked the legend seemed almost certainly true. I slipped from my chair and started after her, and when my uncle called to me, I made a stiff answer:

"I'm not your child. Miss Nigger'tends to me."

When I reached the kitchen I found her sitting in the back door, "wroppin'" her hair. She combed her hair on Saturdays and Wednesdays, and "wropped" little wisps of it around and around with bits of white cord. In this way the kink was to be taken out some fine day. She finished her hair in a few minutes, twisted a turban handkerchief about her head, put a hooded rain-cape over me, and took her lantern from its hook on the kitchen wall. Then we fared forth into the night.

From the back yard we went through the apple-orchard, climbed the rail fence at the south end of the orchard, and found ourselves on the mast-laden ground of Henway Wood. It was dark in the wood. Now and again the mist touched our faces like clinging wet fingers.

"Are you afraid, Miss Nigger?"

"Afred? Me?" But then she began

to laugh in irrepressible candor. "Sugah-lump, troof is, my laigs trimblin' so I can thess barely repo't m'se'f. Yass 'm, I li'l' drur be out on th' open perarer, fuh some reasings. But one good thing: we ain' gwine see no wullerwups 'longst thish yer parf. Ain' nobuddy e'er seen nair one 'longst hyeh. Yeh hyeh them ol' warnit hulls squshin' yunneh yeh footsies, pudden? Smell them shagbark hick'ries? Ki-yi! Puts 'ligion intuh yeh gwine th'oo the woods!"

She jumped straight up and clicked her heels together gaily—one of her rarest accomplishments. She was in fine feather again. For my part, I ran beside her with short leaps and skipping steps, quickened, as she was, by the pungent, rain-washed air. There were low chirpings through the trees, and owls hooted, and grasshoppers sharpened their right legs on their left legs. Three times a whippoorwill called from Twin Oaks. Three times it was answered from down the big road toward Melrose. Three times again. And again the answer, three times.

Miss Nigger and I stopped and regarded each other questioningly. It was an accepted fact among the camp-meeting followers that the wullerwups had been in some sort of perplexing affiliation with the whippoorwills of late. If you heard a whippoorwill, sooner or later you saw a wullerwup's baneful light.

Miss Nigger took a tighter grip of my hand, and we dashed through the trees at high tension. When we got to Rillral Creek the foot-board slipped and the water sloshed about our feet. "Tha'!" cried Miss Nigger, with chattering teeth, "thass sho sign uv somepin-uh-rur!" We were almost breathless when we reached the summit of the hill above the Rillral. Ahead of us we could see the dancing lights that were the camp-meeting lanterns, and the billowy mass that was the tent, and the shadowy forms that were the negroes.

Entering the clearing, we mingled with our fellows. The people stood about under the trees, careless of the drizzle, and talked for a while. All the talk was of wullerwups and whippoorwills. A number had heard the calls that we had heard. Pokeberry Tate, a little lazy, laughing black man whom both Miss Nigger and I liked, said that whippoorwills were the friends of the negroes and tried to warn them of the coming of the wullerwups.

By Pokeberry's side stood Hunter Ben Dale, a strong, shapely mulatto, one of the most intelligent and one of the least liked negroes in the country-side. He looked out over the people and gave a skulking, contemptuous laugh as Pokeberry finished.

"Spikkin' er wullerwups," began Hunter Ben, immediately, "I kin teh yeh de color uv um, ef yeh ax me." Nobody asked him, but he went on anyway. "Dey white," he said. There was an undertow in his words that pulled the excited, good-natured people a little way toward some channel of unrest and trouble; but it was a very little way, and they quickly broke from his influence to give themselves up to the accustomed pleasures of the time and place. The mourner preachers had come and had passed into the tent in a body. The nightly wave of religious fervor began to rise. The crowd shuffled into the tent. The best seats available when Miss Nigger and I got in were near the tent-opening. Far up in the end of the tent was a little raised platform on which sat the preachers.

The tent filled rapidly. One of the late-comers was Diverne Bashford. We knew that something had happened as soon as she came in. She was an bld and wrinkled woman, and as she walked up the aisle she held one withered hand high above her head.

"De lights dey glow on Camelot! De lights dey glow!"

I caught the words, uttered in a frozen guttural, as she went by. She sat down two or three benches from Miss Nigger and me, and prayed audibly. Her manner of entrance made a tremor of uneasiness go over the people, like the wind in the wheat. One of the mourner preachers arose, came to the little table pulpit, and attempted to soothe us.

"Le' 's stan' upon ou' feet an' sing a hymn," he said gently. So we stood, and the blacks sang in a tortured ecstasy of spirit.

Their music hurt, it was so wild and sweet. There were three stanzas, and when the last stanza was ended the people were "working up," so Miss Nigger whispered to me. She could always tell "by the sturvin's inside m' own se'f." One of the other mourner preachers led us in prayer, and the prayer was followed by an exhortation sermon, to which I listened eagerly. "Nigger sermons" are the only kind I

ever can listen to straight through. The mourner preacher's voice was rich and sad and low. He had come up to Missouri from the lower cotton belt, and he used the slurring, musical speech of the darky of the far South, gentlest and most slothful of negro accents.

"My chillen," the mourner preacher said, "it come tuh meh tuh ermin' yeh tuh-night er de evehlastin' neveh-git-doneness er de hyehafteh. I lay off tuh gin yeh a plain recommence dat ef yeh live a li'l' while in sin in dishyer worl' yeh gwine sma't fuh it th'oo all hell-time. Whut hell-time mean, meh frien's? Is yeh got kreck idee er hell-time? De len'th an' stren'th er it? I gwine teh yeh li'l'-small sto'y tuh show whut hell-time mean—show des how long yeh sma't fuh sin in yedder worl'. My frien's, ef a li'l' buhd huntuck tuh ca'y all de san' f'm de Lannuck Ocean tuh de Specific, an' tek an' pick up er grain er san' f'm de sho' er de Lannuck an' staht an' fly tuh de sho' er de Specific, it gwine tek eem long time tuh git tha', but he boun' git tha' one dese fine days, ef he kip on flyin'. Ef he tek an' fly back, tek eem long time tuh retch de Lannuck ag'in; but he git tha', ef he kip on flyin'. Ef he pick up nur grain er san' an' fly back tuh de Specific, he git tha' all ratty, ef he kip on flyin'. Fimely it come tuh pass, afteh milyums an' milyums er y'ahs,—ef de li'l' buhd stick it out,—he gwine ca'y ev' speck er san' f'm de Lannuck tuh de Specific. Tek eem a lo-o-ng time, but he do it. But, bre'ren, I wan' teh yeh, long ez it tek, by time li'l' buhd all th'oo twudden be sun-up in hell. Nosseh, not sun-up! Dat's way time pass in hell, my bre'ren." The mourner preacher now changed to a tone of agonized entreaty, hypnotically persuasive. "Now, whut I ax yeh tuh-night, ladies an' gemp-lum, air des dis, Does yeh wan' any hell-time in yo'n? Does yeh? T'ink 'bout it. Does yeh? Bre'ren, ef hell-time gwine go so slow wunst yeh git tha', ain' be'r ne'er tuh git tha'? Ain't it be'r tuh drap yo' wickedness lak a brack-snake drap he skin, an' come intuh de shaddeh er de Rock? Dat's all yeh got do, ladies an' gemplum, one an' all—dra-hap it an' come!"

There were sobs and groans all over the tent. "Drap it an' come! Drap it!" sobbed the people.

Another of the mourner preachers bounded to the front of the platform. "Is

tha' any one hyeh," he shouted in a high singsong—"is tha' any one hyeh who wants tuh folleh Jesus?" The people took up his words as a song:

"Is tha' any one hyeh who wants tuh folleh Jesus?"

The music brought tears to my eyes. One of the preachers prayed. Men and women sobbed out responses. "Amen!" "Oh, Lawdy!" "Yass, Jesus!" "Please, Lawd!" An invitation was extended to all who were in sin to come to the mourners' bench. A score started forward together. Then those who were already out of sin went up to the bench and "rozzled" with the mourners. "Come intuh de fol'!" they cried. "Howdy, Br'er Pokeberry; praise Gord you's hyeh at las'!" "Fight eem, Br'er Poke!" "Drap yo' wickedness, Sis Hankins." One of the mourners began to shout: "I got eem downed! Debil's downed! Debil's downed! Glory! Oh, my! I got um!" Another threw up his hands and cried: "Hoodah! Got um m'se'f. Glory!"

The confusion and noise grew wilder and wilder. People leaped and gesticulated and screamed. It was too much for Miss Nigger. "You stay rat hyeh, mint-julep," she whispered to me. "I thess got tuh go up tha' an' rozzle with thet Pokeberry Tate." She left me with that. I did not care very much. I was standing on my bench. Now and again I, too, clapped my hands. But there were too many people. They made me self-conscious. I could n't "git um." However, I was the more free to look and listen. Soon I heard a familiar voice: "Come in 'longst uv me, Poke! Whay-o! Holly-holly-lu-yah! I got um, Poke, I got um!" It was Miss Nigger. The speed and intensity with which she could "git um" were marvelous. Suddenly, however, without warning, the long-continued strain of hysteria in which she had been indulging proved too much for her. She toppled over like a falling totem-pole, and lay upon the ground and beat the earth rhythmically with her extended arms.

It was at that moment that the whip-poorwills began again. Their calls and answers seemed very close. The negroes near me cast terrified looks at the tent-opening. I slipped from my bench, ran to the opening, and peered out. The sugar-

corn clearing in Henway Wood adjoined the camp-meeting clearing, and over in the corn lights were flitting. There were four or five of them. Now and again they soared up above the corn-stalks, pale, murky balls of light, nodding and beckoning and batting one against another in a weird orgy, now and again darted down into the corn and hung there, palpitating with deviltry. It came over me with great fervor that I wanted to get back to my father's house. I looked about for Miss Nigger. She was still prone upon the floor. Pokeberry Tate sat beside her, fanning her with his hat.

In my end of the tent the people were grouping about in open-mouthed terror, peering through the tent-opening at the apparition in the corn. Among those at the opening was Hunter Ben Dale. He stood with his hands in his pockets, his head thrust forward, his eyes keenly searching the shadows of the corn. Finally he clapped his hands together and gave a smothered yell. "Yah! Yah!" It was suspicion triumphing into certainty.

He wheeled about and faced the people around him. "Whyfo'," he cried with uplifted hands, and a look of purpose upon his face—"whyfo' we stan' an' tork! We kim up hyeh tuh ten' tuh ou' own business an' wushup Gord ou' own way, an' beholes! ou' meetin' bruk up by ruckshins lak circus doin's! Wullerwups? People, 't ain't no mo' wullerwups oveh tha' in de cawn den you-all's wullerwups. Wullerwups? Yo' wullerwups is fo' *white men—wid pig-bladdehs—an' can'les—on sticks!*" He was shrieking his words now, and words and tone stirred the people mightily. The attention of the whole tent concentrated upon him. The preachers came toward him from the platform. There were ugly mutterings and questions. To an inflammable people the gust of the moment is the wind of destiny. In the twinkling of an eye, under Hunter Ben's vigorous fanning, the wullerwup superstition was superseded by race resentment, and the flame of the black men's feeling leaped out toward the sugar-corn clearing. "Frien's," shouted Hunter Ben, following hard upon opportunity, "cayn't de colluhd man evum wushup medout white in'ruption? Whyfo' we stan' an' tork? I 'm trav'lin' intuh de sugah-cawn tuh teach lessings. Who'mongs' yeh comin' 'longst er me?"

There was an angry roar, and the tent shook and leaped in a gigantic black billow on which I was borne straight forward through the opening. When I rediscovered myself, I was panting against a tree, and the yelling, disordered throng had swept past me into the corn. There were some women with the men. Those who stayed behind in the tent were the old and the very young, the timid and the exhausted. A great fear of them all was upon me. I knew these black people in their accustomed places,—Pokeberry Tate as Miss Nigger's friend, Cass Levassy as the hired man at Sugar Tree Farm, Finis Martin as the driver at Melrose, Lafayette Chouteau as the neighborhood broom-maker,—I knew them all as this or that in their accustomed places; but I knew none of them for what they were now out there in the sugar-corn, unbalanced, resentful, and revengeful. I dared not go back into the tent for Miss Nigger. Upon a sheltered shelf outside the tent sat two lighted lanterns. To make myself less afraid of my journey home alone, I seized one of them, and dodged in and out among the Henway trees until I reached the big road. Then I ran toward Twin Oaks, crouching low and keeping close to the worm-fence. The blacks were headed in the opposite direction, and the sounds of their shouting grew fainter and fainter. Afar on the hills toward Camelot I could see flaring lights whenever I mustered up courage to look back that way. It was very still, except that the whippoorwills kept calling—a strange, mocking roundelay. The rank odor of jimson-weeds and milkweeds came up to me from the fence-corners where I ran. Wild berries pelted my face from their overhanging bushes.

I had reached the crest of Sugar Tree Hill and turned into the long lane when a crashing noise reached my ears, and I stopped for a terrified moment to look down the slope I had just climbed. The negroes had doubled on their tracks, and a dwindled number of them, baffled by the elusive wullerwups, had broken through the underbrush to the big road, and thence had come into the long lane. There they stood in the middle of the lane at the bottom of the hill. As I watched, one gave a loud cry and pointed straight toward me. Another did. All their long black arms were leveled forward. It was my light, not

I, that they saw, but I did not know that. A whippoorwill's ill-timed cry floated mournfully across the black night air. With menacing screams the negroes bounded up the hill. Grasping my lantern convulsively and unconsciously, I charged ahead. Soon I was running wildly, crossing and recrossing the lane. I got through the gap in the osage hedge without knowing it. I got back into the lane blindly. On I went, a flying, fantastic little figure with a big, dancing light. My breath sawed at my throat. My feet did not come down in the right places. My father's house was very near, but I knew that I should never reach it. "God, why don't *you* take care of me?" I cried, with vehement reminder; and then there was a whirring noise, a panther-like leaping and snarling, and I dropped my lantern and fell upon my knees.

"Tha', tha', lamb-baby, I got yeh!"

Two lean arms caught me up and bore me down the road. Then words in another key reached my ears. "Hunter Ben, yeh yalleh pup, yeh so wil' tuh excitate these niggers, mabbe yeh ca'y um on now longes' ways yeh know f'm Twin Oaks. An', Poke, yeh so keen tuh folleh, mabbe yeh folleh Hunter Ben fas' yeh kin. Whole kit an' pile uv yeh gwine be petterfacktid ef Marse Norve git win' yeh chasin' thish yer chil'. Chasin' eem do fuh good joke. Chasin' this chil' nur madder. Yeh hyeh me! I 'm torkin'." I caught a glimpse of Pokeberry's face and of Hunter Ben's face as she finished. Pokeberry looked so bewildered and sheepish that I almost laughed at him; but it was many nights before I forgot the look on Hunter Ben's face. However, he evidently thought well of the advice given him, for he immediately started the blacks forward again; and though the pace he set was a rapid one, little Poke Tate shuffled along well to the front of the line.

With me huddled to her, Miss Nigger darted aside into the Twin Oaks driveway, murmuring love-titles into my ear.

"Sugah, I kin un'stan' Gord mekkin nigger lak Hunter Ben thess tuh see whut the wors' kin' uv nigger look lak, but I cayn' un'stan' why he not kill eem quick ez he fin' out," she whimpered. And though she tried to laugh, her voice was tremulous as she added: "Hoopee, turkle-dove, whin I kim out my transom an' fin' yeh gone an' them niggers sailin' erroun' loose th'oo th' woods, sim lak I git my breens back rat thin an' tha', an' git mo' 'n I ev' had befo' in all my bornd days. Hoopee, sweetness, how I did run! Wa'n't no stoppin' ol' nigger twel she cotch you. I cotch you, di' n' I, sugah? I brung you back to yo' par's house, di' n' I?" In this wise, poor soul, she was strengthening herself against her own accusations.

My bed in my father's house seemed a good place, when at last I was in it. The aspen-tree by the window rustled softly and the rain on the porch roof sang dreamily. Miss Nigger sat beside me and laughed and whimpered with hysterical joy.

"Ki-yi, sugah-dumplum, yehsafe! Ki-yi! An' Poke he safe, too—li'l' ornery splay-footed—I thess soon teh *you*, dumplum, I was rat discommotioned 'bout yo' Unc' Norve ketchin' Poke in thet gang uv niggers. But Unc' Norve di' n' ketch eem. Poke 's safe. Hoopee, yo' par gwine be mighty glad uv thet whin he re-errive f'm S' Loois—Poke sech a good hand tuh look afteh th'—Poke sech a good hand with th'—crooked li'l' fool-tuh-folleh. Yo' mar gwine be mighty glad uv thet, too—Poke sech a good hand tuh—"

It always took so long to remember something that Poke was good for that I must have been asleep when success finally rewarded her efforts.



TOGO, THE MAN AND THE ADMIRAL

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE



ADMIRAL TOGO was third son of Togo Kichizaemon, a samurai of the clan of Satsuma, and the father gave him the name of Heihachiro. He was born at Kogoshima, on the fourteenth day of the tenth moon of the year of grace 1857. The gracious period of Meiji (which by interpretation means the era of enlightened reign) began in 1868 A.D. That was also the birth-date of the new Nippon. After the sacred tradition of a samurai family, his mother took him to the shrine of a guardian deity and placed him upon the altar as the offering to his country and to the sword, that he might defend the land of the gods. Like many another boy of a samurai family, his military training dates back far beyond his memory.

The new order of things in Nippon grew much faster than the tender years of the Satsuma boy. When he was a mere child his country had already laid the foundation of the present naval academy. In those vigorous days, rough-hewn, too, in so many ways, the father of all the military and naval academies of Nippon of to-day was called the Heigakuryo, and it was here that Togo received his professional education. Laughably elementary in all its branches, it was not the only bad school which has produced great men.

Admiral Baron Yamamoto, the Minister of State for his Majesty's navy, was a class ahead of Admiral Togo. Admiral Ito of Yalu fame was also connected with this school. Togo Heihachiro was one of those boys who were ordered by the government to go abroad and study the science of war. He went to England, and received his foreign education on the Thames, aboard the training-ship *Worcester*. Neither very bril-

liant nor very bad, Togo Heihachiro is said to have gone through his academic days in company with hundreds of nice commonplace fellows.

In the autumn of 1894 the war between China and Nippon was a certainty in the minds of a certain military circle of Nippon. Togo Heihachiro was then commander of the *Naniwa*, which with her sister ship was sailing leisurely on the Yellow Sea off the littoral of Korea. Suddenly they came upon some Chinese cruisers escorting transports, headed for Korea. Togo could see many thousand Chinese soldiers aboard the transports. One of them, the famous *Kowshing*, was flying the British flag. To the eyes of Commander Togo those vessels steering for a Korean port were as plain a declaration of war as he wished to read. At the same time, he had not a shadow of instruction from his government.

The Chinese cruisers, perceiving Togo's ships, suddenly cut and ran. The *Naniwa* and her sister ship signaled the transports to follow in their wake, and led the way to a port of Nippon. Foolishly, they tried, however, to run away. Repeatedly the *Naniwa* signaled the *Kowshing* to stop, but the transport did not pay any attention to the signals. What was to be done? Fire upon a vessel flying the British flag? A serious international complication might arise from such an act. But fate had spoken, and the man to whom it spoke happened to be Commander Togo. Upon the bridge of the *Naniwa* there were a few moments of silence, intense and heavy. Then the *Naniwa* fired upon the transport, and thus Togo, without instructions from his government, wrote an abrupt preface to the Chino-Nippon War.

In the later days of peace which followed the war an intimate friend of his asked him how he felt upon the bridge on that historic day.

"I knew that upon my action depended the future of my country—perhaps its very life. And Heihachiro was quite ready to answer with his own life."

As the commander of the *Naniwa*, he led the flying squadron of Nippon on that famous 17th of September on the Yellow Sea, when Admiral Ito's squadron met the Peiyang fleet under the gallant Admiral Ting. At Port Arthur and at Wei-hai-wei Commander Togo wrote his wordless history. At the conclusion of the Chino-Nippon War, he was promoted from the command of the *Naniwa* to the rank of vice-admiral; and on the 6th of June, 1904, in recognition of his services in the present war, he was created admiral.

At the close of January, 1904, Admiral Togo was ill in bed. When the summons came from the Minister of the Marine to report at Tokio, he arose from the sick-bed, remarking simply: "My illness will be healed as soon as I mount the bridge."

Arriving in Tokio, he was summoned to an interview with Vice-Admiral Baron Yamamoto, Minister of State for the Navy, in his private office. The minister reviewed the entire course of the diplomatic negotiations between Russia and Nippon. Before the eyes of Admiral Togo he spread out every phase of the probable struggle. After he had been speaking for more than two hours, he finally concluded with these words:

"I have the honor, sir, to announce to you that it is the august pleasure of his Majesty the Emperor to confer upon you the distinction of commanding the united fleet of Nippon. As you see, the fate of our country is largely in your keeping, and the honor of the flag as well. His Majesty's ships are waiting for you at Saseho."

Vice-Admiral Togo arose, adjusted his uniform, bowed, and said in reply:

"I shall execute your orders."

Then there was silence—solemn, long, and heavy with eloquence. The minister waited. He had just broken to his friend the news of his appointment to the supreme command of the Nippon navy. Naturally he expected something more than five words in response to all he had said. He

waited patiently, but silence, somewhat embarrassing and always profound, was his only reward. A little later Admiral Togo rose, and without a word bowed himself out.

The minister had been a schoolmate of the admiral; in their younger days they had served together on many a fighting-vessel of Nippon: most certainly the minister was no stranger to the thousand and one tales that were told of Togo's almost humorous poverty of words.

"Ah, well," thought the minister, "perhaps I shall hear from my friend a little later. He has never been guilty of a thoughtless or hasty act, as far as I know. After going over the ground thoroughly, he will come and discuss the matter with me." A few days later, sure enough, Togo presented himself at the Navy Department. To the beaming and expectant Minister of the Marine, his schoolmate and old-time comrade, Vice-Admiral Togo simply intimated, in his quiet way, that he was about to make his way to Saseho; that he came to say good-by. That was all. Then it was that the Minister of the Marine made the following reflections:

"Can it be that there is something that is unsatisfactory to Admiral Togo in this appointment? Are there any circumstances that would make this sudden change from Maizuru to Saseho troublesome? Is it the attitude of the men whom he is about to command that makes him hesitate?"

More and more puzzled as the days went by, the minister took care to keep himself in touch with the movements of the newly appointed commander of the united squadrons of Nippon. One day there came to him strange news from Saseho. It said that Admiral Togo made no secret of his attitude toward the Tokio government. More than one officer declared that they heard the admiral say that he was thoroughly dissatisfied with the policy of the men at Tokio; he had been there, had seen them, and found them so many nice old ladies; they would not dare do anything manly toward Russia; most certainly there would be no war. The rumors went on to say that the newly appointed admiral had sent word to all the commanding officers of the fleet to prepare for a large entertainment, having invited officers and men to gather at the public park at Saseho on the 5th of February for a regular field-day. None

could tell who was the author of the report; certain it was, however, that a report went about that it was to be an original sort of indignation meeting, made pleasant with all sorts of manly sports. As a matter of fact, an out-door function did occur, and the ladies and children of the officers of the Nippon navy were invited to add flower and cheer.

Early in the morning of the next day, on the after deck of the *Mikasa* were gathered the officers of the Nippon navy, standing at attention in the presence of the admiral. In front of them, upon a stand, was placed a *sambo*,—a white wood tray which is used for sacred purposes,—for supporting the offerings to the gods, and for bearing a short dagger with which the samurai of the elder days performed the rites of *kappuku*. And upon the *sambo*, in front of the officers under Admiral Togo, was the same old sacred symbol of samurai honor—a dagger. It meant honor or death. Togo looked in silence at his officers, and then upon the sacred symbol of samurai honor. At last he said:

"Gentlemen, the pleasant day which we spent on the hillside of Saseho was our farewell feast to our wives and children, and—to life. The squadrons will sail to-day. I have the honor to announce to you, gentlemen, that the enemy of our country flies the Russian flag."

THE world knows Admiral Togo as a man of the sword pure and simple.¹ The world, as often, is mistaken. He is something greater than a fighter: as a judge of men he ranks much higher than as a soldier. His men never cease to marvel at the ease with which he accomplishes the most difficult tasks of a commander, and at the rarity of mistakes that he makes in the choice of his subordinates. There is a saying among the men of the Nippon navy that runs something like this:

"There is only one commander who uses his subordinates like his own fingers, and the name of that man is Admiral Togo."

The old-time ideal of the samurai was the wedding of the soldier and the scholar in one; and Admiral Togo is not false to the ideal: he is a student as well as a fighter.

"I am no scholar," he is reported to have said. "From my early youth, however, my masters have compelled me to

examine and follow carefully the teachings of the school of Yomei. It seems to me that a soldier can derive a great deal of benefit from the study of Yomei."

The admiral is certainly not the first or the only soldier of Nippon who has acknowledged his debt to the teachings of the Chinese philosopher whom our people know under the name of Yomei. The school of Yomei emphasizes a perfect poise of the soul. The students of Yomei value, more than anything else, the quiet balance of nerve, the equilibrium which cannot be disturbed by a little thing like a bursting shell within a few feet of a man, or a sword-gleam a few inches before his eyes. The first lesson that a master of sword or a master of *jujitsu* tries to instil into the mind of a samurai youth is the importance of attaining coolness of nerve and perfect poise of the soul. In the eyes of the Nippon fighting-men, these qualities are much more important than the clever handling of sword or gun.

Admiral Togo abhors defeat with quite the thorough-going traditional hatred of nature for a vacuum. And of this human touch in the admiral's character, his friends make themselves merry with many a good story at his expense. Here is one:

In the fifteenth year of Meiji, Togo Heihachiro was ordered to serve aboard the *Asama*. Before this, to be sure, he had commanded an expedition down to Australia and to the southern waters; but never had he served upon a man-of-war. One day a petty officer under Togo ventured to question the correctness of one of his orders. The division commander knew that the officer was in the right. Notwithstanding, he turned upon him and said:

"That, sir, is the order of your superior officer. All that is required of you, sir, is to obey it."

Some time after he had served upon the *Asama* he was ordered to the *Kongo*. The present Admiral Ito, who is at the head of the naval board of strategy, was the commander aboard the *Kongo*. The present Admiral Yamamoto, Minister of the Marine, was also a division commander aboard the same vessel, and if there was one thing of which he was prouder than of anything else, it was the mastery, ease, and grace with which he managed to climb the rigging to the top of a mast. Now Admiral Yamamoto in those younger days was fond

of fun, and one day he challenged Togo to a race up the rigging. Without the slightest hesitation, Togo accepted. At the signal, the contestants started up bravely. With that superb air which comes alone from a sense of confidence and of victory, Yamamoto obtained the top of the mast, and with equal ease came down from it, reached the foot of the mast, sat down on a chest, took out his cigarette-case, lighted a cigarette, and without a word began smoking. Meanwhile Togo was struggling bravely at the unaccustomed task he had undertaken. His trousers were in tatters, and there was not a leisurely nerve or muscle about him. Finally he reached the top and came down. As he reached the deck amid the grinning spectators, Yamamoto, recognizing the superb stubbornness of his friend, rose to his feet, took off his cap, acknowledged his defeat, and called Togo the master.

"What can a man do with his clothes in a hundred pieces about him?" was all that Togo said.

Often after the exhibition of this strong thread in the woof of his character, however, you hear from him the modest confession of his shortcomings.

At the time of the Boxer rising, in the city of Tientsin, he was a guest of General Fukushima, who commanded the Nippon forces on the historic march to Peking, and who lent Togo a spirited horse that ran away with him.

The admiral, referring to this incident, said:

"When you think of it, it is an absurd idea for me to be trying to manage so many men under me when I could not control even one horse."

Nothing, too, can be more modest than the following incident:

The news of the achievements of Admiral Togo off Port Arthur reached the august ears of his Majesty the Emperor, and from the palace a gracious message of congratulation was sent to the commander of the united fleet. Here is the answer from Admiral Togo:

"As for the success and achievements of the united fleet in attacking Port Arthur, they are solely due to the august power and sovereign virtue of your Majesty. They are beyond the human abilities such as ours. In spite of it all, your Majesty has again bestowed upon us the gracious message, and we, your Majesty's subjects, promise ourselves to strain our efforts to the utmost to destroy our enemy."

The other day an engineer who had served many years at the naval station of Kure met a friend who was on the general naval staff at Tokio.

"Who is this Admiral Togo?" said the engineer to his friend. "Is he the same officer who was in command of the naval station at Kure?"

"But why do you ask?" his friend made answer. "Why, of course there are not two Admirals Togos in the navy. He is certainly the same man under whom you served."

"I thought so, but I was in doubt, because the newspapers and the public seem to refer to the present Admiral Togo, commander-in-chief of all his Majesty's ships, as Oni Heihachiro." (An *oni* means a fierce mythical being endowed with the terrible power and cunning of a demon.) "The commander I used to know at Kure was the very picture of what Confucius would have called the superior man—gentle of voice and gentler of his expressions, and rare of words, the very model of saintly dignity."



A READY LETTER-WRITER

(STORIES OF THE NEVADA MADIGANS: V)

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL



SPRINT threw herself with a bump against Miss Madigan's door. It remained unansweringly closed.

"Where's Aunt Anne?" she asked Sissy, whom she had nearly walked over as she sat playing jackstones in the hall.

Sissy looked up. Assuming a rigidly erect position and scholastically correct finger-movement, she mimicked her aunt at her desk so faithfully that Sprint could almost see the close-lined pages of Miss Madigan's ornate handwriting on the carpet where her disrespectful niece pretended to trace it.

"Scribbling, huh?" Sprint asked.

Sissy nodded.

Sprint shrugged her shoulders impatiently. She had intended to ask a favor of Aunt Anne, but she knew how useless it would be now. So she pushed past Sissy, entered the room softly, and returned with a long-trained grenadine skirt.

Sissy's round eyes opened enviously. "Did she say you could have it?" she asked.

A muffled sound which could be variously interpreted came from Sprint, who was throwing the skirt over her head.

"Did she?" persisted Sissy, putting her jackstones in her pocket and rising emulatively.

But Irene was doubling fold after fold of the skirt in front to shorten it; behind her the train billowed with an elegance that sent ecstatic thrills through her and a passion of envy through her sister.

"Is she writing yet?" Sissy asked at length.

Irene nodded. She was cinching her sash tight about the waist, so that her trained skirt might not come off in the ardor of "playing lady." When Sissy disappeared, and reappeared with her aunt's claret-colored poplin, Sprint was catching up her train with a grace that was simply ravishing as she rustled away.

"What'll you say to her—afterward?" called Sissy after her, prudently facing the future, even in the height of delight induced by feeling ruffles about her feet.

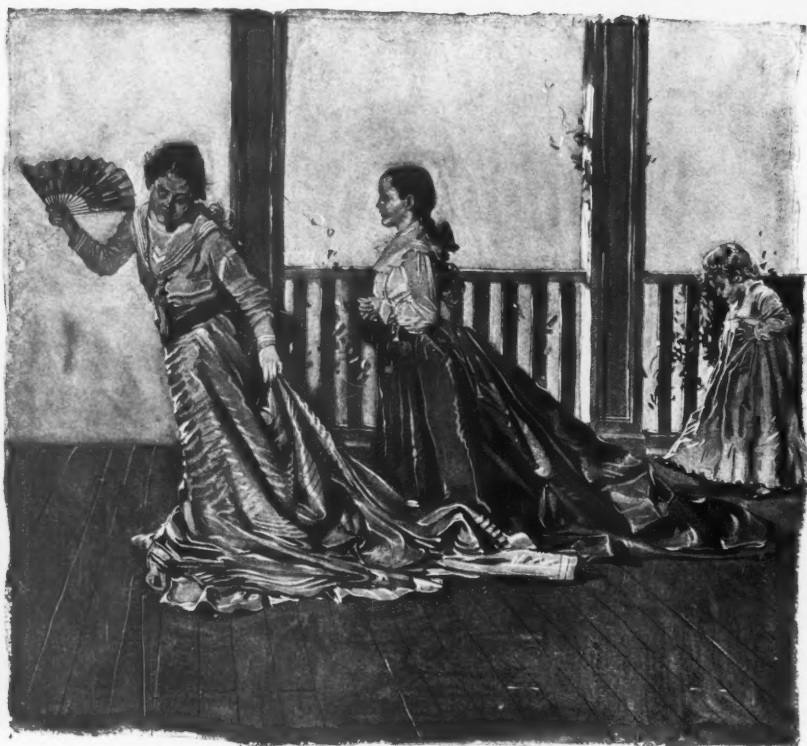
"Pouf!" A train meant domesticity and dignity to Sissy. In Sprint it bred and fostered a spirit of coquetry; she believed herself to be very French in long skirts. "I'll just say she said 'Yes' when I asked her. She never knows what she says when she's writing."

Sissy nodded understandingly, and rustled in a most ladylike manner after her senior. The twins saw the two beautiful creatures swishing down the front steps, bound for the street to show their glory and feel the peacock's delight in dragging his tail in the dust.

"Did she say you could have 'em?" they shrieked.

And Sissy responded with that quick imitative gesture that signified scribbling.

With a light on their faces such as the Goths might have worn when pillaging Rome, the twins made for the treasure-house. A few moments later they rustled gorgeously down the steps, followed by Frances, wearing her aunt's embroidered red flannel petticoat. Unfortunately, Frank's heels caught in this, as she too strutted worldward, and down she fell, bumping



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A TRAIN MEANT DOMESTICITY AND DIGNITY TO SISSY. IN SPRINT IT BRED
AND FOSTERED A SPIRIT OF COQUETRY"

from step to step, gaining momentum as she bumped, and threatening to roll clear down to Taylor street, and so on down, down into the cañon, if she had not bumped safely at last into the twins. They, hearing her coming, had turned their backs and joined hands, and catching hold of the shaky banister on each side, presented a natural bulwark beyond which Frances with her bumps and shrieks might not pass.

And through it all Miss Madigan wrote.

MISS MADIGAN was writing letters. Indeed, Miss Madigan was always writing letters. In any emergency she might be trusted to concoct a long and literary epistle, which she rephrased, edited, and copied till she felt all an author's satisfaction.

For the Madigans' Aunt Anne was afflicted with *cacoëthes scribendi*, and was never so happy as when there was a letter to be written—except when she was actually writing it. But the heartlessness of the

merely literary was very far indeed from Miss Madigan's ideal. She had the happiness to believe that, besides being very beautiful, her letters were most useful—in fact, indispensable. When everything else failed she wrote a letter. When that failed she wrote another.

A Malthusian consequence of her epistolary fertility, it might be feared, would be the necessary exhaustion of correspondents. But Miss Madigan's was a soul above the inevitable, as well as a pen divorced from the practical. On those occasions when the future of her nieces pressed itself questioningly upon that lady's mind she met the threat by declaring firmly to herself that she would "do her duty to those motherless children." It happened that her duty was her pleasure. It was her dissipation to suffer—on paper. In letters she enjoyed being miserable. No relative, therefore, however distant, no acquaintance, however slight, was exempt from this

epistolary plague. To take the darkest view, most genteelly expressed; to make the most forthright and pitiful appeal in a ladylike, polished phrase; to picture the inevitable and speedy alternative if her plea were disregarded; and then to sign herself, "With a thousand apologies, and the assurance that only the extreme need of some one's doing something for poor Francis's children would bring me to trouble you again,"—this was Miss Madigan's vice. And she was as intemperate in yielding to it as only the viciously good can be.

A rebuff, absolute silence, even the return of her letter unopened, produced in her not the slightest diminution of faith in the power of her pen. Invariably when she mailed a letter she was so struck by her own summing up of the situation that she felt there could not be the smallest doubt of a favorable response. He who read it must be convinced. If he was not, there was but one thing to do—write to him again. If not to him, to another. And the Madigans were a prolific family, its members widely scattered and differentiated—an ideal clientele for a ready letter-writer.

So Miss Madigan wrote. Her wardrobe was pillaged, her privacy violated; yet she knew it not, or knew it only as one is aware of the buzzing of gnats when he rides his hobby through a cloud of them.

But there came an interruption which she was compelled to heed.

"Anne, I say!"

Miss Madigan's busy pen paused. It seemed to her that there was unusual irritation in her brother's irascible voice. Was it possible that he had knocked before, or was there—

The door opened in answer to her call, and Madigan stalked in. At sight of the open letter he held, Miss Madigan hastily covered the one she was writing.

"Perhaps," said her brother, suppressed rage vibrating in his voice, "it may be a change for you to *read* letters. Read that!"

He threw the page on the desk before her, banging his knuckles upon it in an access of fury. She took up the letter, a pretty rosy pink dyeing her cheeks (she was one of those old maids whose exquisitely delicate complexions retain a babylike freshness) as her eyes met the expression:

Anne was always a sot where her pen was concerned. The habit's growing on her; she can evidently no more resist it than Miles could the bottle.

"It must be from Nora Madigan," she exclaimed, recognizing the touch.

"Yes, it is from Nora, and it incloses one of your own. There it is."

He threw down before the ready letter-writer a composition which had cost her much labor and the thought of many days, upon which she had based unnumbered hopes and built air-castles galore, none of which, to do the poor lady justice, was intended directly for her own habitation.

She took the letter and spread it out carefully before her; these epistolary children of hers were tenderly dear to Miss Madigan. Her eye caught a phrase here and there that appeared to be singularly felicitous. This one, for instance:

Poor Francis, of course, knows nothing about this letter. I am writing to you, my dear cousin, relying as much upon your discretion as upon your generosity.

Or this one:

And Cecilia—she is really talented, though a commonplace creature like myself can hardly give you an idea in just what direction.

Or this one:

As to Irene, apart from her voice, which is really exceptional, she is Francis over again—Francis as he was, a high-spirited, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, winning and tyrannical, as we all remember him in the old days when the world was young.

Or even this:

I am afraid Kate will have to teach school, young as she is. I can't tell you how I dread the long years of drudgery I see before this slender, spirited child—she is little more than that. Think, Miles, of these motherless children growing up in this wretched hole without the smallest advantage, and, if you can, help them; or get some one else to. Could n't you take Kate into your own family? I'm sure she'd marry well, and Nora would n't be troubled with her long. She's really very pretty. Or could n't you send me a little something to spend on clothes for her? Or could n't Nora be persuaded to send her—

"Well," thundered Madigan, standing over her, "it must be pretty familiar to you. Suppose you read what Nora says."

Miss Madigan put her own letter away with a sigh. It was really unaccountable that Miles could have resisted it.

"Miles passed away six weeks ago,"

she read aloud in an awed voice.

"He had been ailing all spring. This letter, which came a fortnight since, I opened, of course, and return it to you that you may be made aware (if you are not already) of the demands Anne makes upon comparative strangers.

"For myself, I regret very much that your affairs are in such a bad state. Anne says that there are six of your children, all girls; but that can't be true—she always loved to exaggerate miseries; it must be that her writing is so illegible that—"

Miss Madigan's voice rebelled. She could read aloud adverse opinions upon her common sense, her judgment, or her pride, but to impugn her penmanship was to commit the unforgivable.

"I think Nora is distinctly insulting," she declared.

"No!" Madigan laughed wrathfully. "Do you, now? Why, what has she said? Only that you're a beggar, and I'm a coward as well as a beggar, because I don't dare to beg in my own name."

"Does she say that?" exclaimed the literal Miss Madigan, shocked. "Where?" Her eyes sought the letter again.

"'Where'! Thousand devils—'where'!" Madigan tore it from her and threw it to the floor, stamping upon it in a frenzy.

Sighing, Miss Madigan leaned her head on her hand. It was hard enough to find one's most hopeful appeal wasted, without Francis's flying into such a rage.

A silence followed.

"Look here, Anne,"—Madigan's voice was manifestly struggling to be calm,— "you must quit this infernal letter-writing. How could you write to Miles Madigan for charity, knowing that he cheated me out of my share of the Tomboy? Half the mine was mine. You know that, and yet you hurt my—"

"I fail to see," responded Miss Madigan, with dignity, "why I should not write to my own relatives; why I should not try,



for my nieces' sake, to knit close again the raveled ties which your eccentricities have—"

"In order to get a box of old duds sent clear from Ireland!"

"Has Nora sent a box?" asked Miss Madigan, eager as a child. "You see, my letter did touch her, in spite of herself. And they won't be old duds. They'll be handsome material, Francis, just the thing for the girls' winter wardrobe. Now that Nora's in mourning—"

With a crash that sent Miss Madigan's sensitive-plant rolling from its stand to the floor, Madigan banged the door behind him as he fled.

Miss Madigan flew to the rescue, and she had begun to scoop up the scattered earth when her eye lighted upon a line at the end of Nora's letter:

As you know, Miles had only a life-interest in the estate. At his death everything went to Miles Morgan. Perhaps Anne would do well to apply to him. The little matter of her never having seen him would not, of course, stand in her way.

"Of course not. Why should it?" Miss Madigan asked herself.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"MADIGAN BANGED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AS HE FLED"

She knelt down upon the floor in the midst of the debris and took from her pocket the letter that Miles Madigan had never read. With the slightest change, the recopying of the first page or so, why could not—

Miss Madigan sat down at her desk. In a moment the steady, slow, studied pace of her pen was all that was heard in the disordered room, where the sensitive-plant lay half uprooted on the floor.

THE Madigans were up and out. All A street was alive with tales of them. In a cloud of dust due to their sweeping trains, they had swooped down, like the gay Highland folk they were, and captured the admiration and imitation of the slower, prosaic Lowlander.

They had not intended to go so far, accounted as they were; but the attention they attracted first challenged, then seduced the vain things farther and farther, till they threw caution to the winds (and a boisterous Washoe zephyr was abroad) and sallied shamelessly forth. In their immediate train they carried Jack Cody, clothed and in his right sex, and Bombay Forrest, beating her drum. Crosby Batterman slunk unrecognized in the rear.

In the van was Sissy victrix. She had cut her adorer dead, dead, dead, and she

now felt that resultant reckless uplift of spirits which is the feminine corollary to demonstration of power (preferably unjust and tyrannical) over the other sex.

"Let's try to see the walking-match," she suggested to Sprint.

"How can we, with all that tagging after us?"

With a sweeping gesture to the rear, Sprint indicated the trained twins and Frances holding up her torn petticoat. Frank was bruised but beaming; in fact, she had never felt so much a Madigan, for she had never before been out on a raid.

"Let 'em tag," cried Sissy, gaily; her blood was up, and she knew no obstacles.

Down a clay-bank, into a vacant lot strewn with tin cans, slid the Madigans. Their trains hampered them, and, once started, only speed could save them. But they were not Comstockers and Madigans for nothing. Jack Cody, who had arrived first on the field, caught each whirling, dwarf-like figure as it came flying down, holding it a moment to steady it before he put it aside in order to receive the next female projectile.

Sissy was the last, and Cody, by way of flourish to mark the conclusion of his labors, lifted Sprint's little sister, train and all, as he caught her, with a whoop of satisfaction.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

SISSY AT THE KNOT-HOLE

His whoop was cut short abruptly, and he set her down, his ears tingling. For Sissy, outraged in her sense of dignity as well as in the offish prudery that characterized her, declined to accept patronage as anybody's little sister, and boxed his

ears as well as she could in the short time given to her.

Cody looked at her. It was really the first time he had regarded her as an unrelated individual. "Ye know what a boy does when a girl strikes him," he threatened, a laughing glitter in his bold black eye that made Sissy's heart jump.

But she held herself very primly, and the masking puritan in her voice quelled him. "If he 's a coward—yes," she responded haughtily, hurrying on.

The boy looked after her as he joined Sprint. "She 's funny—your sister," he said lamely.

"Who—Sissy? Oh, she 's always cranky," said Irene, with Madigan candor when a relative was criticized.

They hurried on. The barn-like opera-house is built uphill, like all buildings on Virginia City's cross-streets, and it seems to burrow into as well as climb the hill. In the rear, on the side where its boards were unpainted and unplanned, certain knots had been converted into knot-holes by the initiated.

Sissy was already on her knees, her eye glued to one of these apertures. All she could see was a short curve of empty seats, a man's shoulder and another's hat, a long space, and then the

passing of a neat, long pair of women's gaiters unhidden by skirts, and soon after the nervous following of a smaller pair of women's ties.

"Why," she said, with a deep blush, fixing one eye upon the company, while

the other blinked from the strain put upon it, "they're women! It's a women's walking-match."

"Sure," said Cody, without withdrawing his attention for a moment from the view

"It is n't respectable, Sissy," he called to her. "No ladies go. Your aunt would n't like it."

This was fatal. At his voice Sissy hardened, and with a gulp of disgust she reso-



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"'HERE WOULD I REST,' CHANTED SISSY"

inside. "The big, long feet belong to the one they call La Tourtillotte. She's French. The German one's Von Hagen."

"I think it's a shame," gasped Sissy. "Let's go home, Sprint."

Sprint, at her own particular knot-hole, affected not to hear. But Crosby Batterman, perched in the elbow of some long scantlings bracing the building, took heart at Sissy's words.

lutely turned her attention to her knot-hole. In fact, as Crosby reiterated his advice, she felt called upon more spectacularly to ignore it, and seeing a more commanding and spacious knot-hole farther up, she mounted upon a big dry-goods box, and from there seated herself in a lone poplar, the apple of the proprietor's eye.

This was better, and in a sense it was also worse; for Sissy could plainly see La

Tourtillotte, a gaunt, businesslike creature in short rainy-day skirt and sweater, her long, thin arms going like pump-handles, her dark, tense face set upon a goal which seemed ever to flee before her as her weary feet carried her slowly and still more slowly around the circular track.

In spite of her shocked sense of propriety,—and the lawless young Madigans had very strict ideas as to the conventions for adults,—the ardor of the struggle, the uncertainty of the issue, seized upon Sissy. She heard a swift call from Irene, some distance below, and was vaguely aware that the group, skirted and otherwise, was beating a retreat. But the smaller of the two contestants, on the other side of the knot-hole, had just come within the field of Sissy's rude lens. It was pitiable to see the haggard look on the German woman's plump face, the childish breakdown imminent behind the woman's staring eyes that met the bored glance of the male spectators doggedly, though her stout little body was still being carried resolutely, sluggishly, painfully along.

Sissy's hands flew to her breast. Something hurt her there, cried out to her, threatened her. She was furious with rage and choked with sympathetic sobs. She wanted to hurt somebody, and Jack Cody's insistent whistle, which kept sounding the retreat, so irritated and confused her that she fancied it was he that she would have liked to beat, as a representative of his cruel sex. But when she looked down, at

last awake to the world on this side of the knot-hole, she saw Crosby Batterman on the box at her feet, and knew who it was that she longed to punish for his own sins and every other man's.

"Quick—quick, Sissy! He's coming!" he cried, tugging at her skirt.

"Who—go 'way!" Sissy stamped viciously, as she stood clinging to a limb; yet in that very instant she had seen that all the Madigans and their train had fled, save this poor servitor at her feet.

"Jan Lally—oh, hurry!" gasped Crosby.

Around the corner of the opera-house came a short-legged, bald little German, so stout and so loosely put together that, as he ran, his jelly-like flesh shook as though it was about to break the loose bag of skin that held it. It was Lally's opera-house, and Lally was come to catch trespassers in the act of seeing without paying.

Sissy's heart jumped to her throat. In the course of their maraudings, the Madigans were not unaccustomed to a stern chase and a lively one, yet now it seemed to her that

strategy was the watchword. Perched high up in the tree, hidden by its foliage, who would notice her—if only Crosby would go away!

But Crosby would not budge. He begged, he implored, he became confused in trying to explain to her her danger, and at last burst into bitter tears as he felt Lally's fat, moist hand upon his collar, and saw a hereafter peopled with wrathful



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SHE WALKED A STEP OR TWO
WITH HIM"

motherly faces in various stages of disgust and despair.

"You come vid me. I gif you to Riddle. He lock you oop, you bat boy!"

A suppressed giggle of pleasure, at the thought of neat little Crosby in the hands of the constable, shook Sissy, perched snugly like a malicious little bird in the tree. It served him right, she said to herself gleefully, ascribing the basest motives to Crosby, as one loves to do when one's friends are not in good standing with one's self. He had had no business to hang around and point the way to her hiding-place!

"Oh, I say, Jan, let me off!" begged Crosby, white with terror of the jail—and his lady mother. "I 'll never peek again, sure I won't!"

"Nu! You come vid me. And *you*, too!"

Sissy looked down. Was it possible there was another laggard whom she had not seen?

"I say—you, too!" bellowed Lally. "Vill you come now?"

In the very certainty of security a sudden panic fell upon Sissy. If she only dared to move, to reassure herself! Of course it could n't mean herself—oh!

She felt a sudden tug that almost dislodged her. "You t'ink I don't see—huh?" shouted the perspiring Teuton below. "What for you leave dis trail hang down den—hey?" And he tugged again.

With a sickly remnant of dignity Sissy stepped down and out. She had forgotten her train—the train that had been at once her pride and her undoing.

"We—I was playing lady," she explained, trembling.

"Oop a tree—huh? Peeking troo knot-holes—yes? A fine lady! I fix you."

A glow of defiance came to Sissy's cheeks. "I don't care," she cried, stamping her foot as she stood enthroned on the dry-goods box, her train about her. "It's a nasty, cruel show, anyway, and you could n't hire me to come and see it. You ought to be ashamed, Mr. Lally! How 'd you like it if your wife was staggering along in there without sleeping or eating for six days?"

Mr. Jan Lally's purple face looked as though it had been slapped. What had Mrs. Lally, with all her babies and busy housekeeping, to do with business? He

was so astonished and perplexed by the sudden onslaught that the wriggling Crosby managed to slip out of his grasp, and got to a safe distance before Lally realized it.

"Nu!" he grunted. "I cou' n't hire you—no? Vell, you come mitout hire. I show *you*."

Sissy felt herself lifted down without ceremony and dragged off. Her round face was white, her heart was beating like the stamps at the Chollar pan-mill. Yet her train trailed after her still in mock dignity. So did Crosby, at a respectful distance, fearing to follow, yet, though helpless, incapable of desertion. But at the entrance to the opera-house the door was shut in his face.

Sissy and her captor entered. The stage had been built out over the pit, and in the very first row of the dress-circle, the rim of which was the boundary of the contestants' suffering feet, Jan Lally sat down, with Sissy at his side.

Ah, to sit in the front row of the dress-circle! To feel the opulence of one's enviable position, as well as the artistic delight of being properly placed where one could miss nothing, while the brass band outside the opera-house played its third and last quick, jubilant invitation to pleasure—so tantalizing to the outsider, so gratifying to the fortunate one within!

Many and many a time had Sissy Madigan waited, during first and second bands, for some miracle to place her where she now sat! Many a time had the third selection been played, the players with their instruments filed into Paradise, and the poor Madigan peri remained shut outside.

But now Cecilia hung her head, shamed by being caught; shamed by punishment; shamed trebly by the fact that, apart from those poor sexless, half-maddened machines tottering feverishly around and forever around, she, Sissy Madigan, the proud, the pure, the proper, was the one thing womanly in the house!

It was not a full house by any means, and only the men immediately next to her seemed aware of her presence. Yet, with a consciousness that seared her soul and humbled the pride of the childish prude as with a stain upon her purity, Sissy felt the compounded, composite gaze of man upon woman out of place. It withered, it scorched, it stung her.

But finally Von Hagen, the little German

woman, going the round of her maddening treadmill, reached the spot where Sissy sat. The sight of a child there, of a bare, bowed, neat little head in the midst of that inclosure of men's cold eyes, seemed to be the last touch needed to overthrow her tottering reason. She stopped, swaying from the unaccustomed cessation of motion, and held out her arms, smiling vacantly and babbling baby-talk in German as though to a dearly loved little *Mädchen* of her own.

Swift horror piled on Sissy. She had never looked into eyes from which sense had fled, and the sight stamped itself upon her brain with terrible vividness as food for future nightmares. So frightened was she that she was not aware of Jan Lally's relaxed hold upon her arm, which ached from the tight grip he had had upon it. But when the overtaxed body of the German woman fell in a heap almost at her feet, fright became action in Sissy. She flew past old Jan (his one concern now being for his walking-match), past the knees of the staring men, up the interminable center aisle, her poor train switching behind her as she stumbled, yet ran on, so absorbed by her suffering that she was unaware of the attention her queer little figure attracted, till she was out at last in the free air.

"WELL, punish me!" she said, when she found Aunt Anne waiting for her at the head of the long steps fifteen minutes later.

It was a good deal for a Madigan—the nearest they ever got to *mea culpa*: they were not Christians.

Sissy's arrival was hailed by a populous nightgowned world, sent, like herself, supperless for its sins to the purgatory of early bedtime. Sprint came stealing in from the other room, bringing Frank along that she might not cry and betray her elder sister's movements—a successful sort of blackmail the youngest Madigan often practised. And later, Kate, looking most conventional and full-dressed in this nightgowned society, brought succor for the starving. They munched chocolate and camped, three on each bed, while Sissy told her adventures. When she came to the description of Von Hagen's fall, though still shuddering at the memory, she acted the incident so dramatically that Frances set

up a howl, which was, however, most fortunately drowned by the ringing of the front-door bell.

Sprint started to answer it, but her nightgowned state gave her pause. "Perhaps father 'll go," she suggested.

Kate shook her head. "He did n't come to dinner; he's been shut up in his room all day."

"What's the matter?" asked Sissy. An old look, that washed all the self-satisfaction from her round face, came over it now.

Kate shrugged her shoulders. "Something he and Aunt Anne talked about to-day," she answered, as she went out into the hall with the air of a martyr.

Sissy looked owlshly after her. Though Francis Madigan rarely ate anything that was prepared for the family dinner, she could remember the rare times when he had absented himself from it, and feel again the usually ignored undercurrent of the realities upon which their young lives flowed full and free.

But things happened too quickly at the Madigans', and to be preoccupied to the exclusion of one's sisters was one of the forms of affectation not to be tolerated. Sprint threw a pillow at her head, and the fight was in progress when Kate called for volunteers to bring in a big box from Ireland, left by a drayman who was fiercely resentful of the extraordinary approach to the Madigan house.

Like a lot of white-robed Lilliputians, they tugged and hauled till they got it into the parlor. But when they had lighted the tall, old-fashioned lamp that they called "the lighthouse" they were disgusted to find that the box was addressed to "Miss Madigan, Virginia City, Nevada, California, U. S. A."

"Some people don't know anything about geography," sniffed Sissy.

"Well,"—Kate had been thinking,— "I'm Miss Madigan."

"Whoop—hooray!" The shout came from the twins. They were off into the kitchen for Wong's hatchet, and when they pressed it obligingly into Kate's hand, that young lady saw no way but to make use of it.

"Girls—it's clothes!" she exclaimed, her starved femininity reveling in the quantity of made-up material before her.

"Boys' clothes," said Sprint, holding up a full-kneed pair of knickerbockers and a

belted jacket. "Well!" With a philosophical grin, she began to put them on.

"And ladies' clothes!" cried Sissy, dragging forth a long black cape. "'Here would I rest,'" she chanted, draping it about her and lugubriously mimicking Professor Trask as the Recluse in the cantata of "The Flowers."

"Let's do it! Let's sing 'The Flowers,'" cried Irene, shaking herself into some Irish boy's jacket.

"Not much!" Sissy planted herself against the door, as though physical compulsion had been threatened.

"Oh, yes, Sissy," begged Fom. "Bep and I can sing the Heliotrope and Mignnette. Frank can be a Poppy, and we can double up and—"

"I'll be the Rose," put in Kate, quickly. She had a much-feathered hat on her head and a crocheted lace shawl about her shoulders.

"I'll be the Rose." Sprint, corrupted by her body's boyish environment, stretched her legs apart defiantly. "You can't sing it; you know you can't, Kate. You never could get up to G. If I'm not the Rose—"

"Oh, well," said Kate, drawing on a pair of soiled, long, light gloves she had pulled out of the box, "I'll be the Lily, then. Come on, Sis."

"I won't," said Sissy, almost weeping. She knew she would. "I won't be the Recluse! I won't be the Recluse every time, just because you two are so greedy and—"

"You know," said Kate, smothering a giggle, but not very successfully, "no one can do it as well as you."

"And it's really a very important part, and the very first solo," chuckled Irene. "Else why did Professor Trask take it himself?"

"If it's so important," put in Sissy, grasping at a straw, "you'd better take it yourself. Why must I always take a man's part? And I can't sing, anyway."

"Why, Sissy!" Sprint's tone was flattery incarnate, but the irony in her eye made her junior dance.

"You know I can't," she sniffled.

"But my voice and Sprint's go so well together in the Rose and Lily duet," said Kate, putting the book of the cantata upon the piano-rack and opening it persuasively.

"You promise me every time," waived

the downtrodden Recluse, reluctantly moving forward, "that I won't have to be it the next time."

"Well, you won't next time," said Kate, generously. "Will she, Sprint?"

"Well, I won't sing it this time," declared Sissy, seating herself at the piano, yet making a last stand at the very guns.

But Kate and Irene burst forth in the opening chorus with all the verve in the world. The Madigans never scorned expression when it was understood that they were acting. And the twins, still pulling stage properties out of the box, and even Frances, fantastically decorated with a torn Irish lace fichu over the bifurcated, footed white garment she still wore o' nights, joined joyfully in:

"We are the flowers,
The fair young flowers,
That come at the voice of spring—
DING-DONG!"

It was a familiar old Madigan joke, always greeted with a shriek of laughter, to shout out the two notes of the accompaniment that punctuated the musical phrases. Its observance now put even Sissy in good humor, so that when the time came for the Recluse to make his appearance, she left the piano, and stalking miserably about with the preliminary cough with which the unfortunate Professor Trask was afflicted, she sang her doleful recitative.

The Madigans were never literalists. They were of the impressionistic school, which requires of the audience, as well as of the artist, high imaginative powers. And here the audience of one moment was the actor of the next, whose duty it was not to mind too closely the letter that killeth, but to mimic irreverently, to exaggerate, to make of themselves caricatures of the mannerisms of others, to nickname, to seize upon every peculiarity with their quick, observant, cruel young eyes and paint it in flesh-and-blood cartoons.

Thus, when the Rose, that "gentle flower in which a thorn is oft concealed," sang her duet with the Nightingale (Sissy trilling weakly on the piano, while Frank fluted her fingers rememberingly as she had seen it done that memorable night) it was done in the hollow, throaty tones of the elder Miss Blind-Staggers, who had created the

rôle; while the Lily sang through her nose, which she wiped every now and then in a manner unmistakably that of Henrietta Blind-Staggers.

The cantata of "The Flowers" was never brought to a glorious completion by the Madigans, even though they skipped uninteresting and difficult parts, and, like the early Elizabethans, permitted no intermission between acts. It was very often laughed to death. At times it became a saturnalia of extravagant action, and it frequently ended in a free fight, when the Rose and the Lily hinted too openly at the Recluse's incurable tendency to sing off key. But that night it might have dragged its saccharine length of melody to the coronation of the Rose and a quick curtain if Miss Madigan had not walked right into the thick of it.

"Golly!" gasped Sissy, while Irene dodged behind Kate, who quickly turned down the lamp, and a hush fell upon the rest.

But Miss Madigan had been writing, or rather rewriting, letters. She had completely forgotten the heinous offense of the afternoon.

"Will you mail a letter for me, Sissy, the first thing in the morning?" she asked, still preoccupied. "Why are you in the dark?"

"We're just going to bed," remarked Sissy, with soothing demureness, taking the envelop from her aunt's hand and falling in with her mood, as one does with the mentally afflicted.

When Miss Madigan, fatigued with the labor of composition, had gone back to her room, Kate turned up the light again. "Same thing, I s'pose?" she asked. "Circumstances-letter—huh?"

"I s'pose so. 'T ain't sealed," said Sissy, with resignation. "But she always forgets to seal 'em." Then, suddenly inspired, she caught up Professor Trask's pencil lying on the piano, and on the vacant half-page at the end of Miss Madigan's letter she wrote in her best school-girl hand:

You—whoever you are—need n't bother to answer this. None of us Madigans wants your

help or annybody else's. It's only that Aunt Anne's got the scribbles, and we'll thank you to mind your own buisness.

Sissy Madigan.

She read her composition to the startled but, on the whole, approving Madigans, sealed the letter, and was ready for bed.

They were all scampering through the long hall playing leap-frog—a specialty of Sprint's which her present costume facilitated—when Francis Madigan, candle in hand, came out of his room on his usual tour of nightly inspection. His short-sighted eyes fell upon Irene, a pretty, lithe, wavy-haired boy, before she and the twins bolted.

"What boy have you got there?" he demanded. "Send him home."

Kate took Frances up in her arms and covered the retreat; she knew how much the better part of valor was discretion.

Sissy remained standing, looking up at him. When she was alone with her father she was conscious of her poor little barren favoritship, though she dared not impose upon it. In the candle-light his harsh, rugged features stood out marked with lines of suffering.

"It's all right, father," she said, with a quick choice of the lesser irritation for him. "He'll go—right away. Good night."

"Good night, child."

But she walked a step or two with him, slipping her hand at last into his, and pressing it tenderly.

"Is—anything the matter, father?" she whispered.

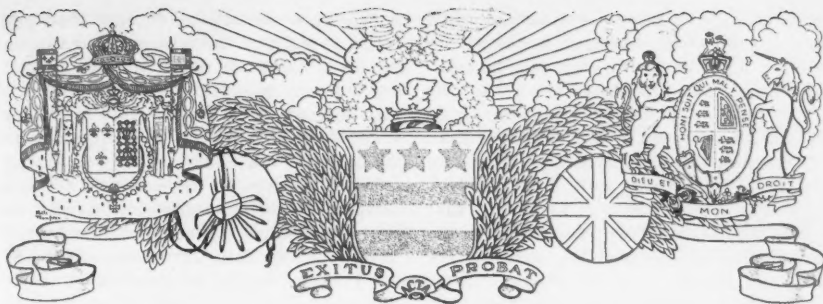
He threw back his head as though some one had struck him. It was not difficult to guess from whom the Madigans had inherited their fanatical desire to conceal emotion.

Sissy was terrified at what she had done, yet the vague trouble lay quivering before her, though still unnamed, in his working face.

"Father—I'm sorry," she sobbed.

He pushed her from him, but gently, and she crept into her bed and pulled the clothes over her head, that the twins might not hear her strangled sobbing.





THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON

Told in the form of an Autobiography

By S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.

Author of "Hugh Wynne"

VII



On the 21st we entered the colony of Penn, and on the 30th June dropped down from the hills to Stewart's Crossing on the Youghiogeny. Here St. Clair, sent on in advance, had cleared the ground for a camp.

We had been all of ten days in marching twenty-four miles. Day after day, as Croghan and I uneasily hung about the flanks and the rear, we saw the long line of red-coated, cumbered men, sweating in heavy uniforms, with waggons and cannon, slowly moving through the silent woods, so full, to our minds, of peril.

I had been ill for some days, but at the Youghiogeny River I fell of a sudden worse with a fever and pain in the head. The general was most kind and at last ordered me to remain, leaving me a guard and my dear Dr. Craik. Colonel Dunbar's division had been left behind, to his great indignation, and was to follow slowly with the baggage-train. I was in the utmost gloom at my detention, being in a way responsible for the new movement. The chance to be, by ill luck, laid up while a battle might take place much disturbed

me. I wrote my brother Jack I would not miss it for five hundred pounds.

While I lay in bed most impatient, the detachment went on, and soon after I had this letter from Christopher Gist, who was acting as guide:

RESPECTED SIR: We are moving along as solemn as a box-turtle, one day two miles, which any smart turtle might compass. The pickets are doubled, and men sleep with their arms, for, good Lord! if a branch cracks they give an alarm, and if a poor devil strays there is a scalp gone, for every step of our march is watched. Still I am sure there are no big parties out, for I have been off in advance and been within half a mile of the fort, and came nigh to losing my hair, but with decent good fortune we have the place. I should be easier with a few hundred of our own people in the advance and on our skirts, but they are kept in the rear, the Lord knows why.

Captain Orme also wrote to me of frequent night alarms, and of the general's confidence at being now but thirty miles from the fort. Here two days' halt was made to await fresh supplies from Dunbar.

On July 4, being stronger, I started in the rear of a party of one hundred men just come up from Colonel Dunbar with provisions. I was set upon going with them, but was too weak to ride a horse and must needs use a waggon. As the road was

much cut up, my bones were almost jolted through the small cover left on them. On the 8th I reached the camp, now but thirteen miles from Duquesne.

My journey took me through the Great Meadows, near where was my little fight, and past the ruined palisadoes of Fort Necessity. I saw them with great interest, and felt some sense of gratification that now I might pay up my score against those who had both humbled and insulted my king and myself.

Once as my waggon approached the rear-guard we came upon a dozen or more stragglers. Some had fallen out tired, and some were loitering to gather berries. I cried out to warn them of the danger they were in, and, in fact, about a quarter of an hour later they ran after us, crying, "Indians!" They may have had cause, but all the strange noises of the woods alarmed them, and this time the rangers said it was a wildcat.

The sound of distant martial music from the camps which we were come near to seemed to revive my mind, and I was able to cast off the feeling of gloom and converse with Captain Shirley, the military secretary, who had rode back with an order. He said to me that we had been a month in marching less than a hundred miles. Captain Morris, who was with him, said it was true, but all was well that ended well, and we had the fort at our mercy and would attack next day. I advised my friends, as I had before done, that it would be well if the officers could be dressed in wood colours, like our scouts; but Captain Shirley replied that the general would never allow of it, and, indeed, when next day I got rid of my fire-red coat and put on a fringed buckskin shirt, I was no little jeered at, and Colonel Gage made some comments, which, I trust, he came later to regret. I am of opinion that the absence of a gaudy red coat saved me from many balls and enabled me to be of use when the other aides were wounded. I was much of Mr. Franklin's opinion that if fine feathers make fine birds, they also make them an easier prey for the fowler.

Indeed, the learned Postmaster-General made himself very merry over the queues and the stiff stocks and the bright scarlet uniforms. He thought the officers only needed corsets, which I was told they did often use at home.

When, in the afternoon, very tired and weak, I reached the tent made ready for me by the kindness of my brother aides, I lay down to rest, and, as Captain Morris was now on duty, I asked him to tell me what was to be our mode of approach to the fort. I was able easily to recall the general features of the country, for the camp was now set about twelve miles from Frazier's former trading-station, where I stopped on my return from my mission to the French. We lay some ten miles to the east of the Monongahela River, and, as was said, thirteen from Duquesne as the crow flies.

As I rested and we talked, came also Captain Shirley and Captain Gates of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, with Stephens, Hamilton, and Stewart of the Virginians. Of all of them I was the only man not killed or wounded in the next day's battle. I may well entertain my brother August's belief that the conspicuous hand of Providence was over me, and he must be worse than an infidel who lacks faith in it.

No thought of to-morrow troubled our council of war, and we discussed with spirit what our superiors meant to do. I drew on a piece of birch bark a rude sketch of the country. The fort lay on a high bluff in the angle made by the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. We were, as I said, some ten miles to the east of the latter stream and on the same side as the fort. Between us and it lay the deep, rugged ravines of Turtle Creek and the brooks which run into it. The country beyond it was densely wooded and without any road. To cross the creek and cut a road to the fort would be the most direct way; otherwise we must march to and cross the Monongahela, a fordable river, and afterward along bluffs three or four hundred feet high, and follow the stream for five miles. We should then descend to the water and arrive at a second ford; having crossed it, we should be again on the same side as the fort. Then there would lie before us a slope, and, some two miles distant, hid in the woods, the bastions of Duquesne. Having made clear to my fellow-aides the localities, we considered the two routes, with some differences of opinion in regard to which was the better, until they were called away, and I was left alone.

Soon after came Sir John St. Clair, sent

by the general with a kind message. I then learned that some effort had been made to cross Turtle Creek, but that it had been found impossible to get the artillery over and that the engineers pronounced it impracticable. Upon this the general had given orders to change the route, so that we should follow the traders' horse-trail, on which we had made our road, and should march to the river. There we were to ford the stream as I have said, move on the further bank some miles, and recross by the second ford to the east side again, where the lay of the land allowed, as was supposed, of an easy approach to the fort.

I was still weak, but although I could have desired more rest, I walked at dusk through the great clearing made for the camp, to report myself at once to the general's headquarters. I had been sorry for his obstinacy and the rudeness he showed in laughing at our way of fighting, but I had been told by Sir Peter Halket that he had said that Mr. Franklin and Colonel Washington were the only trustworthy people he had met in the colonies. I thought this foolish and as showing poor judgment; but he had been most kind to me, and now, in spite of all his blunders and our own failures to supply him promptly, which were with some justice to be complained of, we were, as it seemed, on the point of success.

When I presented myself, the general asked most pleasantly concerning my health, and if I was well enough to serve as aide. I assured him I was, but I was really at the time feeble enough. When I ventured to make him my compliments on the near prospect of success before him, he laughed and asked where had been the need for our rangers and the tribes of Indians, and then made me a very fine speech, which I must admit to having been pleased at. I ventured to ask leave to go on in the advance with the Virginia wood-rangers, so as to secure the pioneers and road-makers from an ambuscade. He replied shortly: "Oh, damn your half-drilled rangers! I shall keep them as a rear-guard." I rose and apologized, feeling that I had been too forward and had better have held my tongue. Indeed, I excused myself as well as I could, and upon this his face cleared, and he said: "Colonel Gage is to have the advance, and what would he say to the

best regiment of the king being protected by a mob of squatters and border farmers. No, sir; I desire you as my aide." I said no more, and returned to my tent.

I have never found that the coming of decisive events kept me awake when I was myself the person who had the duty of decision; but this night, whether from great fatigue or not, for that does keep a man from sleep, or that I was still fevered, I lay awake long, unable to free my mind from anxious thoughts.

I regretted that I had not asked Mr. Franklin why at night we heard so many sounds in the woods which are not heard by day. No doubt he would have found an explanation. Long after the camp was at rest I remained sleepless, hearing the quick waters of the creek and the noises of the wood, with the hoot-owl's cry and the chipmunks gamboling over the canvas of my tent, and such stir of the camp as never quite ceased. The way we were to march troubled me and others, especially Sir Peter Halket, who had forebodings, concerning which Dr. Mercer had some superstitious ideas, such as my mother often had, but which I never entertained, or if as to any, it is in the way of dreams.

I had reason for my fears, for the two fords we were to cross could be easily disputed by a small party. I concluded that to leave all baggage and artillery to come later by the fords, and to make a quick and direct march over the creek and along a ridge leading to the fort, would be the better way.

Having settled my mind as to what I would have done had I been in command, I disposed myself for sleep, but with no good result until so late that I heard no reveille sound, and was waked by my orderly.

I do not pretend, even now, to be acquainted with all the reasons which influenced the general; but having made up his mind, we broke camp on the 8th and marched southwest along a little stream the scouts called Long Run, and so about eight miles towards the river Monongahela, being thus at least two miles from the ford he meant to cross the next day.

When, in the afternoon about six o'clock, I was released from duty, I walked through the camps with Sir Peter Halket. The men were cleaning their guns and brushing their clothes and soaping queues and pipe-

claying, all as if for parade and very needless.

Sir Peter, a man of excellent parts and a good soldier, had expressed himself in the council as averse to the plan of march. When he asked after my health and if I had again regained my strength, I replied that I was fit for duty but had been better if I had been able to sleep. He said with gravity that many would sleep soundly to-morrow and that he was sure he himself would be killed. This seemed strange to me, and I could only reply that I did not think I should be killed, but that we might both be wrong; and yet both of us were right, for these matters are in the hands of the great Disposer of Events, and have never troubled me on going into battle. One of my aides in the Revolutionary War, Colonel Scammel, to whom I was much attached, did always believe he would be killed, as indeed happened, at last, to my sorrow, at Yorktown.

Dr. Craik was with me that evening and found me chilled and full of aches; but notwithstanding a potion he gave me, I slept ill again, and was aroused in the morning by my good doctor. He advised a glass of rum, for which I felt the better, and when I had eaten and was in the saddle I repaired to where was General Braddock, a short distance from the shore. He was in a gay humour and very kind, asking if I felt well and would drink with him to the king that evening in the French fort. I could do no more than reply that to do so would give me great pleasure. I was presently sent down to the shore with a message, and there saw Colonel Gage crossing the shallow ford to some open meadow-lands on the further side. He was to secure the two fords by which the whole force following him was to cross and then recross, so as to be again on the same side of the river as Fort Duquesne. After him, about four o'clock, came Sir John St. Clair, with carpenters—or, as we should say, axemen—and engineers, some three hundred in all.

I lingered a few moments and saw the last of the advance, as they marched up from the further bank of the river and their red coats disappeared into the forest beyond the ford, which was, I thought, well chosen and shallow.

Before I went back, Gist, the trader, and Captain Croghan came to speak to

me. I remarked that we had done well to come so far without more trouble from the Indians. Gist laughed and said: "They have never left us since we dropped you at the Youghiogheny." Then Croghan cried out, "There they are," and there was a sound of musketry beyond the river. It proved to be a small body of savages, easily dispersed by Gage. It being then about six o'clock A.M., the signal to fall in, which we call the "general," was beat, and the main body fell in with fresh cartridges.

The officers were in full uniform, and so, with fixed bayonets and colours flying and the drums beating the Grenadier's March, they waded the stream.

I sat in the saddle with the two aides, Captains Orme and Morris, and with the interest of a young soldier watched this fine body of men fall in with perfect discipline on the further side and disappear in their turn. This being the main body, the staff followed with the general, and I was sent back to hasten up the rangers, who had the rear. I found them about two hundred and thirty strong, moving slowly, most in hunting-shirts and fur caps and moccasins. A part were thrown out far to right and left in the woods. Ensign Allen and an officer whose name I forget appeared to be in command, and were vainly endeavouring to keep up some of the military order they had been teaching. I thought them wanting in sense and wished I had the rangers at the front. I gave my message and left them. Then I made haste to ride back to the ford, which was still held by a small guard. Here I waited, as I was ordered to do, to see the rear well over and into the woods. After crossing the ford I found that a rough road had been cleared by the French along the bluffs, and hurried through the woods beside the moving column to report.

It was noon before we got to the second ford, where, after much delay with the artillery, we got over, I think a little after one o'clock, as fine a sight as ever I saw. Here, before us, were some open meadows about a quarter-mile wide, and, twenty feet above, the ford, with a fair road leading upward over a little stream called Frazier's Run, and into the woods. Very quickly, the aides carrying messages at need, the men were got into marching orders. For a full quarter of a mile there were bottom-lands in two easy rises, and beyond these

the ground rose more abrupt amid long grass, very dry, and thick bushes, great rocks, and trunks of fallen trees, which the garrison must have felled for fuel.

Long afterwards I rode over this field and saw better the trap into which we fell. On both sides of the road, which was broad and much used, the ground rose, and here, where the wood was more dense, amid thick underwood, were ravines, some very deep and others only five or six feet. These gullies lay among great trees, pines and gum, and a tangle of grape-vines, brambles, and Indian plums. One long and deeper ravine was the bed of a little creek, and on the right of the road the ground rose quite steep. Further on, as I saw at the time, for the advance was slow, I observed that the woods seemed to show a series of low hills, and beyond them a greater rise of land to the fort, which was hid some two miles away on the bluff, nor did we ever have sight of it.

Meanwhile we of the main body, halting now and then, marched slowly up from the ford towards the deeper woods, watching the advance as it entered the forest, and quite ignorant of the ravines, or of an enemy, so hid were they in the underbrush.

The main body halted in the mid-space, where the battle was later engaged, so that we lay for the time just on the second bottom. By this time Colonel Gage was far in front with guides and engineers, engaging in the woods, and Sir John St. Clair, with his working-party of pioneers, axemen, and grenadiers, followed. All was very orderly, with flanking-parties thrown out on both sides, but not, to my mind, far enough. Orme wrote me afterwards, when he had learned better, "It was all as if for a fine review in St. James's Park."

At this time, as I said, I was with General Braddock on the upper bottom. I considered that between the narrow road, where the three hundred men of the advance were entering the woods, and the ford, might have been about six hundred perches. I took out my watch and saw that it was ten minutes to two. As I turned to look forward, heavy firing broke out in the woods and among the rocks and bushes. I knew too well the Indian yells. I could see men falling and others dropping back. Orme rode forward to get some account

for the general. In a few minutes he returned, badly wounded in the left arm. Sir John still advancing, the general ordered Colonel Burton, of the main van, forward with eight hundred men. There was now thick smoke about the advance on the edge of the deeper wood, and amid yells and cries the whole of what was left of the pioneers and their guard fell back out of the woods, at first a few, and then many, and down the upper slope, somewhat disordering Sir John's supporting party.

Sir Peter Halket was told to remain with four hundred men as a baggage-guard, and the general rode forward himself with Colonel Burton's eight hundred men, ordering a bayonet charge of a party up the hill on our right, whence came so hot a fire from unseen enemies that the officers were at once killed, and the men fell back at a run.

For some time Sir John's force behaved with great courage and let the broken pioneers pass through their lines, but could never be got to go further, and stood stupidly firing into the wood. At last, as the officers fell, the advance became more broken and began to retreat slowly, but at last running, until they were mixed up with Colonel Burton's reinforcement.

I never saw in my later warfare worse confusion nor a hotter fire, nor men better hid, for the savages and French lay in the ravines among the brush and picked off the mounted officers, or fired into the masses of men with no need to take accurate aim.

It is my opinion that even then if the general had remained on the cleared ground below and there rallied the men, where was open space and on the sides little cover, the day might have been saved, as the small French and Indian force would never have left the woods. He, however, pushed on in person, urging an advance, and sent Captain Morris to order up Sir Peter Halket and the rear-guard. We were now caught on both sides among ravines, great rocks, and trees, where on our front and on both flanks the enemy spread out in the woods. The more of our force came up from the rear, the easier was the slaughter. For a time I was with the general and implored him to order the men into the woods. Whether he heard me or not, I cannot say. What with our regulars shooting at random, the replies from the ravines and woods, the orders of officers, the

yells of the Indians, and the cries of the wounded, there was a confusedness fit to turn any man's head. When the men tried to take wood shelter, as was proper and reasonable, the general and their officers cursed them for cowards and struck them with the flat of their swords. The poor dogs tried to obey their leaders, and again and again formed into platoons, facing to left or right, making them only the easier to kill. I saw Captain Orme of the artillery fall dead as they rode up with the cannon, and the engineer, Captain Henry Gordon, dropped wounded, but got up and did, I believe, succeed to reach the ford:

The men with the swivels stood to it well in giving some shots, and then gave way, most of them tumbling almost in heaps. Seeing this, I dismounted with two other officers, and made a man hold my horse, and aided to fire into the ravine on the right; but the few men left who should have helped to serve the piece soon dropped, hurt or dead, and seeing I could no further assist, I mounted again and turned out of the broken ranks to meet the Virginia rangers, who were running up the slope and spreading out to right and left, taking shelter wherever was a tree or rock, all most gallant and well done. Although the turmoil was such as I cannot describe, there were many brave efforts to rally and to carry the high ground above our right. All this lasted fully an hour or more, for at times, discipline prevailing, orders were given to storm the flanking slopes, and constantly failed to be effectual, for, as the officers were picked off, the men ran back to the main body.

The smoke was by this time so thick as somewhat to obscure all things at a distance, but a sudden wind, arising, cleared it away, and I saw that we were giving way more and more, the whole body of the force moving slowly down the slope. As I looked about me in despair, my horse fell and rolled over dead. By good fortune I had learned in fox-hunting how to fall clear. In a moment I was up, and saw that the troops were scattered in detachments and firing at random, or vainly trying in groups to follow their officers, who were shot down mercilessly. I saw Captain Shirley, the general's secretary, fall dead. He was quite close to me, and amidst all this tumult his horse stood still, and, to my amazement, began to eat the grass. I

caught the beast and mounted. I hardly knew what to do. The Virginians were being shot by the regulars, who knew no more than to fire wherever they saw smoke from behind a tree or bush. As to orders, there were at this time none, and, indeed, until just above the river, no sufficient space to move in without taking to the woods.

I tried to help the general and the few left of the officers in their efforts to effect an orderly retreat. I have heard that five horses were shot under him. This I was told by Captain Morris, and it is no doubt true, for the horse was a large object and easy to hit. Few officers were left alive, and those who were unhurt could not get the regulars to obey a command. What was left of twelve hundred men were huddled together in groups in and out of the woods, like as I have seen sheep in a storm.

The general showed great courage, and made many efforts in person to rally the men or get them to retreat in an orderly way. He was carried down the slope with the rout, but remained as obstinate as ever as to the way of fighting, insisting on the men re-forming. Sir Peter Halket, Morris, and I vainly entreated him to order the soldiers to take shelter as the rangers did. As Sir Peter spoke, he fell dead. His son, the captain, dismounted to help him, and fell dead on his father's body.

I have never seen a man who could describe what took place in the midst of a battle, nor can I pretend to greater accuracy. I remember that after an hour or more I became suddenly sure that all was lost. The whole disordered mass now broke and ran as sheep before hounds, leaving artillery, provisions, baggage, and the wounded and dying—in short, everything. When finally a dozen gallant officers threw themselves in front, they were knocked down and trampled on. We had as little success as if we had attempted to stop the wild bears of the mountains, or torrents, with our feet. It was quite useless.

At this time General Braddöck was under a great oak near to where we left the waggons. I was beside him and heard him cry out, "They have got me." Captain Stewart, of the Virginia light guard, caught him as he reeled in the saddle, shot through the right arm and lung. The men ran past us, refusing to help; but another officer aiding us, he was somehow got on to a tumbrel and was carried along in what

was now a mad flight to get to the ford. I heard him cry out, "Let me alone. Let me die here."

The waggoners in our rear near the ford cut loose the traces and, mounted their horses and fled. In spite of the immense courage shown by the officers, who in camp were drunken or seemed to be effeminate or lazy, all who were of mind to resist were swept away by a mere mob of panic-struck men. Men caught on to my stirrups, and even the horse's mane, but somehow I got free and out again to one side. Instantly my second horse staggered and went down. I saw Dr. Craik, near by, with the utmost devotion, although himself wounded, helping a disabled officer to walk away. I was now afoot, and, as I saw how complete was the rout, I began to fear that our brave Virginians would none of them escape. They held the fringe of the woods with wonderful courage, using their rifles, and keeping back the French and Indians. Nothing else saved the troops of his Majesty from complete massacre.

As I stood still a moment I heard Croghan call loudly to me to take to cover. I took his advice, and God alone knows how I escaped death. I had four balls through my clothes.

The leaders of the rangers now saw how great was their peril. The regulars were by this time near the ford, in the river, or across it. A few brave men in groups were retreating slowly, firing useless shots. The enemy, yelling in triumph, were crawling or leaping nearer from time to time. Now and then a painted savage ran out from cover and fled back, shaking a bloody scalp.

The rangers had lost heavily, but those who were left slipped from one shelter to another, and at last, when there was little cover left, ran down to the river, and I with them. Few would have got away except for the desire of the Indians to plunder the dead and the baggage and to collect scalps, and that the French were too few in number to venture on pursuit.

I got over the ford in haste, and standing still on the rise of ground beyond the river, looked at my watch. I could hardly believe it to be as I saw, five o'clock. Most of those who were unhurt were now safe, and with Captain Croghan I began to gather the wreck of our poor rangers. One company was almost all gone; an-

other lost every officer and many men. As to the regulars, seven hundred, nearly half of the force, were dead or wounded. A part of what was left of this fine army was soon scattered beyond the two fords, and later was starved in the woods or got at last into the camps.

About a hundred men were gathered by the officers a quarter of a mile beyond our first ford. There Lieutenant-Colonel Burton rallied some hundreds of men, and later about eighty, under Colonel Gage, joined them. To my relief, and greatly to my surprise, there was no pursuit.

That night the parties and sentinels thrown out deserted in an hour. Although very weak, I sat up beside the general all night. Dr. Craik, who had cared for his wound in the lung, assured me that he would certainly die before dawn; but he lived longer than was expected. I never remember having been more disturbed in mind than during that night.

We all sat up, armed, in or about the rude shelter which held General Braddock, and talked in whispers sadly of the battle. Captain Montresor and also Captain Gordon of the engineers, who gave the first alarm, and who was severely wounded, declared to me that so complete were the shelters that they never saw so much as a half-dozen of the enemy. We could only lament the fate of the wounded left on the field, for the French made later no return of prisoners. Every moment I expected to hear the yells of the Indians.

At break of day we rigged a kind of litter and got away, being soon joined, to my relief, by Colonel Gage and his eighty men. I caught here a stray waggon-horse and rode him, with a rope bridle and no saddle but a blanket.

As we pushed on through the woods, Colonel Gage talked with me at length of the disaster. He made many excuses for the soldiers, as that they had been worn out by labour on the way, had no rum, and were disheartened by the tales our rangers had told them of the Indians.

Indeed, I fear it was true that the Virginians amused themselves with talk about legions of rattlesnakes, bears, and scalping. Croghan said the regulars were babes in the woods and quite as helpless. I made answer to the colonel that but for our rangers few of his Majesty's men would have seen their homes, and that the soldiers

had behaved like poltroons. He said that was true, and after this we walked our horses on through the woods in silence, the rangers ahead.

I met this officer again in 1773, when, being a general, he was entertained at dinner by the citizens of New York. At this time the freedom of the city of New York was presented to him in a gold box having on it the arms of that city, and below, those of the king.¹ Our final intercourse was by letter, when he was besieged in Boston and I felt it needful to remonstrate upon his treatment of prisoners.

So many officers were wounded that, the day after the battle, although very weak, it fell to me, having at last been better horsed, to carry orders to the force we had left forty miles in our rear.

With a half-dozen horse I rode on all night in a drizzle of rain, and so all the next day, very melancholy and ready to drop with fatigue. Indeed, I fell down as I dismounted when I rode into Colonel Dunbar's camp, and was only revived by a little spirits and a good meal. The whole force we had left here had been scared by our runaway waggoners and were with difficulty kept from flying.

The provisions and waggon needed for the general were made ready during the night, and at break of day, with two companies of grenadiers, I rode back again, hardly knowing if I should drop on the road. I met the general at Gist's cabin, some thirteen miles away. On our return we halted half a day at Dunbar's camp, and then hurried on with his force to Great Meadows, where we camped on the 13th of July. There were, as some of us believed, still men enough, if fitly handled, to return and surprise the French; but, as Gist said, these men were already defeated, and no one of those in command meant to try it again. Indeed, Dunbar intended for Philadelphia and to wait there for reinforcements. Even Governor Dinwiddie would have had him make a new campaign; but they had all of them had, as Dr. Craik said, a big dose of Indian medicine, and a council decided with the colonel. The governor was much troubled when he heard of this decision, and, as he told me later, wrote to Lord Halifax that he would have now not only to guard the border, but to protect the counties from combina-

tions of negro slaves, who had become, Governor Dinwiddie declared, audacious since General Braddock's defeat, because the poor creatures believed the French would give them their freedom. My wounded general's proud spirit gave way when he heard of Colonel Dunbar's intention. He lived four days after the battle, having been brought in much pain, and still more distressed of mind, to the camp at Great Meadows.

For the most part he was silent and only now and then let a groan. Dr. Craik told me that he cried out over and over: "Who would have believed it possible?" Once he said to Captain Stewart: "We shall know better next time; but what will the duke say? [That was his Grace of Cumberland.] What will he say?" On the morning of the 13th Dr. Craik said the general had made his will and desired to see me. When he was aware of my coming into his hut, he put out his left hand, saying, "That is the only hand which is left," for the ball had gone through his right arm. He was said to be a great wit, but that a man about to die should have spirit to use his dying breath in a jest much astonished me.

He said: "I want you to take my horse and my man, Bishop. I have told St. Clair." Then he said: "I should have taken your advice. Too late; too late." After this he closed his eyes, and again, after a little, opened them and said feebly: "If I lived I should never wish to see a red coat again. My compliments to the governor." He spoke no more, only, "How they will curse me!" and I went out. In fact, I was too weak to endure the deadly sorrow with which this brave man's miserable end afflicted me, to whom he had been so kind a friend.

I endeavoured to distract my mind by examining the remains of the fort I had here made. To my amazement, I saw, as I moved about, that there was little discipline, and I observed that where there is too much drill and mechanical order a defeat does away with it entirely. The colonials it was hard to instruct; but as every man was used to rely on himself at any minute, and not to look all the time for orders, they suffered less during disaster, and on a retreat knew how to care for themselves. Now the few that were left looked on with wonder at the stupid de-

¹ Now in the possession of Lord Rosebery.—EDITOR.

struction of waggons, provisions, and even artillery. Many of the officers were disgusted, and protested against these disgraceful proceedings.

But Colonel Dunbar meant to move on to Philadelphia, as he said, for winter quarters, and yet now it was only July, and he had men enough left to guard the frontier or to return and take the fort.

I felt sick and worn out, and soon went to my shelter among the Virginians. I threw myself down and fell into a deep sleep, and indeed never stirred until Captain Walter Stewart had to shake me to wake me up. I must have dreamed, for he told me I had called out "Indians" twice.

When I was well awakened, he said: "We are to move at once. Every frog that croaks and every screech-owl is an Indian for these whipped curs. The general died at twelve o'clock. He is to be buried in the roadway, so that the red devils may not dig up his scalp. Colonel Dunbar asks that you will read the service."

I thought the request strange until he reminded me, as indeed I knew, that the chaplain, Mr. Hamilton, who had behaved with good sense and courage in the action, was badly wounded, and that the colonel, who was the proper person for this sad business, was occupied in arranging for the march and in destroying what had been gathered at such great cost.

It was just before break of day I went out after Stewart, feeling a kind of satisfaction that the coward in command was not to commit to the grave my poor general, whom, being dead, every one would abuse.

If I had the pen of a good writer I should incline to describe what I saw. There were great fires burning, and all manner of baggage and stores thrown on them. The regulars were chopping up the artillery-waggons and casting ammunition into a creek.

About a hundred yards away from my hut, in the middle of the road, a deep grave was dug. A few officers and men were gathered about it, and on the ground lay the general's body, wrapt in a cloak, but no coffin. I looked about me, not knowing how to conduct the matter. Then an orderly handed me the chaplain's prayer-book, with a marker at the funeral service.

As I was about to begin, Lieutenant-Colonel Burton came forward with a flag

and laid it decently over the dead man. Then he placed on it his sword, and fell back, and all uncovered. After this I read slowly, for the light was yet dim, the service of the church. This being over, the men lowered the body into the grave and filled it up with earth, and cast stones and bushes over it. No guard was ordered, and no volley fired, lest, as was said, it might be heard by the enemy, which appeared to me foolish, for there was noise enough, and at any minute one hundred men in the woods would have routed the whole camp.

Dunbar made haste to get away, and I was not less pleased to be out of an ill-contrived business.

This affair was a serious blow to the belief in the colonies as to the high value of the king's soldiers. It became like a proverb in Virginia to say a man "ran like a regular."

Mr. Franklin said to me long afterwards that this disaster gave us the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the powers of British regular troops had not been well founded, and indeed I am assured that when Lord Percy's and Colonel Pitcairn's force was put to flight at Lexington the older farmers on our own frontiers, when they knew what had been done, were less amazed than the minute-men of Massachusetts.

We reached Wills Creek on the 18th, as Morris said, the worst-beaten army that had not been in battle. Colonel Dunbar did not require my aid, and my general being dead, my service as a volunteer was at an end.

The march to the settlements was most disgraceful—all in cowardly haste to get out of the wilderness. I am satisfied that no troops are so given to pillage as a retreating army, and certainly none was ever worse conducted by the officers or more disorderly than Colonel Dunbar's force. The settlers and outlying farms near Fort Cumberland suffered much; men and women were misused, and chickens and cattle stolen. I heard afterwards that in their march through Pennsylvania Dunbar's men plundered and insulted the farmers still worse, and were quite enough, Mr. Franklin said, to put us out of all patience with such defenders.

I bade good-by to the aides of the general, and would have had Orme and Morris go home with me to be cared for by Mr.

Craik, but they preferred to go on to Philadelphia. They were much dispirited, but had only warm praise for my Virginia rangers. I was in no better humour, and felt, as I rode away, that we were on the edge of an awful crisis for the border counties. The favourable sentiments Sir John St. Clair and Colonel Burton were pleased to express respecting me could not but be pleasing; but the situation of our affairs was, to my mind, so serious as to put me into one of my melancholic moods and to make me feel, as I often did in the greater war, that, what with want of patriotism and lack of spirit, only that Providence in which I have always trusted could carry us through a great peril. As usual, a brisk ride jolted me into a more hopeful state of mind.

I lay for a day at Winchester in a poor tavern, cared for by the general's man, Bishop. There, to my comfort, came Lord Fairfax, who had the kindness to bring with him a good horse, which I was the better pleased to have because what became of the horse the general would have had me have I never was able to hear. His lordship insisted that I rest at Greenway Court until I was more fit to travel. I had here many letters; one that I was given up for killed, and there was come a long story about my dying speech. My mother was in a sad worry about me, and when she received my letter contradicting my death, and that I had never composed any dying speech, she declared I was always making her anxious and had no right to distress her by doing things that gave her occasion to think I was dead. His lordship overcame my objections, and I remained with him at the court several days, well pleased to be at rest.

When alone with Lord Fairfax, he showed me the affection and concern which, like myself, he was averse to displaying in company. After I had been made to give him a full account of the march and the battle, he said: "You will be wise to write and to say little of what took place, and to let others say what they will. The men who, having done something worthy of praise, do not incline to speak of it, are sure to be enough spoken of by others."

This was much as in any case I inclined to do, so that until now I have nowhere related this matter at length, and, as to the

diary kept on our march, the French had it, and I saved only two or three letters.

What his lordship wrote of this disastrous business and of me to his friends in London, I do not know, but I was soon aware that both in England and in the colonies I was more praised than I deserved to be.

In 1758 a second British force, under Colonel Grant, was defeated in like manner as Braddock had been, but this was at the outworks of Fort Duquesne. In November of that same year I served under General Forbes and saw once more this disastrous neighbourhood. The hillside where we suffered such disgraceful and needless defeat was a miserable sight, for there were here scattered bits of red uniform and the bones of men and horses bleached in the sun.

At this time the garrison had fled, after succeeding in part to burn the fort, but no great damage done. I myself raised the flag of his Majesty over the ruins which had cost the lives of so many brave men.

I lingered longer at Greenway Court than was needful to repair my broken health, for what his lordship had to say of men and of passing events I found instructive, and the counsels he gave to agree with my own disposition.

I received here a letter from my mother, entreating me not to engage further in the military line, but giving no good reasons, so that I had to reply that she should more consider my honour and what duty I owed to my country than to grieve over what might not result in misfortune, or if it did, was to be accepted as better for me than to have failed to be worthy of the esteem of just men. When I spoke of this letter to Lord Fairfax, he said I had answered with propriety, but that all of our family and many of our friends were aware of my mother's peculiarities.

I reached Mount Vernon, as my diary shows, on July 26, at 4 P.M., a poorer man for my campaigning, and, I feared, with a good constitution much impaired.

Soon after I returned I received several letters congratulating me on my escape unhurt, and expressing a general satisfaction that amidst so much cowardice and ill management the rangers behaved with spirit and courage.

Among these communications one which afforded me more than ordinary pleasure was from Mr. Benjamin Franklin. Besides

what he found fit to say of me, were certain reflections which, at this distant day, seem to nourish my inclination to look forward now, as he did then, desirous, as all must be, to discern from the present what the future alone can surely disclose.

Indeed, as I have descended the vale of life I have had increasing need to consider what the years would bring about, for to endeavour to forecast the future is one of the duties of a statesman.

Mr. Franklin, when in his last illness, said to General Knox, who spoke of it to Mrs. Washington, that I possessed the capacity to look forward in a way which, he said, was one of the forms of imagination, but that I had not the gift of fancy. I am not assured even now that I fully understand what he desired to convey by this statement.

The letter which gave rise in my mind to these reflections contains one of those light statements which I have never found myself able to employ, and which do not assist me to understand the affair in hand, or to comprehend any better what is desired to be conveyed.

Philadelphia.

To Colonel George Washington.

RESPECTED SIR: I am the richer for having had the opportunity of making your acquaintance, and I ought not to conceal from you the pleasure I have had in learning of late that your conduct in the humiliating defeat of General Braddock was such as to be a matter of just pride to the colonies.

Affairs with us, and indeed with all the colonies, are in a condition greatly to be deplored. We are, as it appears to me, much in the same state as a man I knew who, having married four times, had as a consequence four mothers-in-law, all of whom were of opinion that they had the right to meddle in his family affairs. These are, for us, the King, the Parliament, the Lords of Trade, and the Governors. For all of them we are a family of bad little boys. We, on the other hand, entertain the belief that we are grown-up Englishmen, who believe that we inherit certain rights. Soon or late mischief will come of it. The eggs of trouble are slow to hatch, but they do surely hatch soon or late and are never addled.

It would be worse than folly to conceal from you my fears as to the future. There are limitations to what men like our colonists, accustomed to a large measure of individual freedom, will endure. We seem to me to have gone back a century and to be at the commencement of just such a struggle with the crown as then occurred.

I was interested in what you said of the great coldness of a spring at Mount Vernon. I will, when opportunity serves, send you a good thermometer, when I think you will find that your wells have near about what is the average heat of the air for the entire year.

I hope to hear from you at your convenience, and, believe me, I shall feel myself honoured by any such mark of your attention, and that I am, with respect,

Your ob'd't humble servant,

Benjamin Franklin.

P.S. I venture to enclose one of my almanacs. *B. F.*

I gave this almanac and the letter to be read to my Lord Fairfax. He returned them, saying that what was said of the way of governing the colonies was true, but that Mr. Franklin overstated what was to be feared in the future; and as to the almanac, damn the man's little maxims! They smelt of New England.

THIS account of my youth I have for the present put aside to be considered later, whether to destroy it or not.

I discover in writing these remembrances that I have found pleasure in recalling many small circumstances which I had forgot. I also observe that, as I have written very little but letters in my life, the habit of writing as if for another's eyes than my own has prevailed, without intention on my part; but this can do no harm, seeing that all this has been set down only in order that I may for my own satisfaction consider as an old man what judgment I should pass on my acts as a young one.

As I shall retain for a season what I have written, I desire that, in case of accident to me, these pages should not for a long time be allowed to come to the general eye. The letters left among these leaves I intend to restore to their proper files.

DIARY—DECEMBER 7, 1799

RAINY morning; mercury at 37. Afternoon clear and pleasant. Dined with Lord Fairfax at Belvoir.

In the evening felt somewhat a lowness of mind, and am reminded, as I write, that I have never had the inclination to set down in my diary other than practical matters. To distract my thoughts, I began to run over what was wrote last year and to consider of what has passed since I wrote,

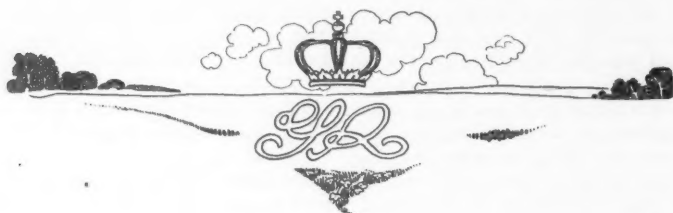
and of what must be done with what was written. My late brother Charles dying in September, I am the only male left of the second marriage. We are no long-lived people, and when I shall be called to follow them is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes, I shall endeavour to obey it with a good grace.

I have had much anxiety during the past two years concerning my country, and especially as to the indignities inflicted on us by the French, and a certain relief not to be again called, at my age, into the

field. I may have been too anxious, but a bystander sees more of the game than they who are playing, and I believe I have had cause to feel uneasy. But the Ship of State is afloat, or very nearly so, and, considering myself as a passenger only, I shall trust to Heaven and the mariners, whose duty it is to steer us into a safe port of peace and prosperity.

[The general died on December fourteenth of this year, seventeen hundred and ninety-nine.]

THE END



GLAMOUR

BY LULU WHEDON MITCHELL

I HAVE read so long in the Book of the Brave,
 I hear the tramp of their feet
 In the quiet village street.
 I catch the sound of an echoing cheer,
 Blown down the night wind, faintly clear,
 And the drums' unfaltering beat.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
 Their flags go streaming by,
 Sharp comes the sentry's cry;
 The shaded light of my study lamp
 Seems a low glimmer from some still camp
 Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the Book of the Brave,
 I march where the heroes are;
 On my breast I feel a scar.
 I turn to gaze on the rayless night;
 The gloom is cleft by a beacon-light,
 And behold—the bivouac star!

LOVE AT LONG DISTANCE

BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY JOHN CASSEL



JACK EMMONS loved Miss Daisy Lampson to the verge of distraction, and longed to make her acquainted with the fact. Seven times, by actual count, had he made up his mind to propose to her, and seven times had he failed. Perhaps, after all, he was not to blame, when one considers what manner of maid Miss Daisy was. A moderately courageous man—one who, for example, would unhesitatingly spring in front of a runaway horse, or club a mad dog, or grapple with a burglar in the dark—might feel his courage oozing and his determination getting limp in the presence of a girl so particularly pretty and so gaily light of heart as Miss Daisy. To march up to such a maid and say: "I love you. Will you be my wife?" requires courage of a high order. Miss Daisy's dimples alone might serve to daunt such presumptuous courage. For any man with a decently modest appreciation of himself, viewing those dimples, would feel that he was asking for a great deal in comparison with the very most that he could give in exchange therefor. But add to the dimples the roses in her cheeks, and to the roses the snow of her brow and the cream of her neck, and add to these the curve of her lips and the wave of her hair, and you have such a formidable array of defensive charms as might cause any modest man to tremble. And when to the sum of all these powerful defenses you add the incomparable battery of Miss Daisy's eyes, even a much braver and much less modest man than Mr. Emmons might be pardoned for feeling what folly it was to try to take the citadel within the walls—Miss Daisy's heart.

It was her eyes, indeed, more than any-

thing—her eyes and the laugh on her lips—that were responsible for Mr. Emmons's repeated repulses. One might march up to those eyes and that laugh with ever so brave a heart and with ninety-five per cent. iron in one's determination, and after five minutes' exposure to the pitiless battery retreat in disorder. At least, such was the experience of Jack Emmons.

But such experiences begin to wear on a man after a time. Seven iron determinations, succeeded by seven ignominious failures, are sure to have their effect; and this effect is pretty certain to be depressing. Mr. Jack Emmons began to grow moody—that is, as moody as a man of Jack's naturally sunny temperament can grow. He did not lose flesh, and he did not stop smiling altogether, though his smiles were not quite as constant and joyous as of old.

"If only I did n't have to face those eyes and that laugh I believe I could propose to her," reflected Jack, with a look on his round face as nearly gloomy as any he had ever worn. "But that's what bowls me over every time—especially her eyes.

"The nearest I ever got to an actual proposal," reflected Jack, "was that night when we'd been up to West Point and got back about midnight. It was n't even moonlight that night,—just dim starlight,—and Daisy and I were sitting on the upper deck all by ourselves. I could n't see her eyes much, and I could n't see her wavy hair and dimples very well, and I came mighty near proposing. That shows that I could propose to her—at least, I think I could—if I could n't see her while I was doing it. It was her laugh that knocked me out that night. Something funny struck her, and she got to laughing. Of course you can't propose to a girl when she's

laughing. I wonder if she knew I was going to propose, and laughed just to head

pose, just the same. Maybe if she could n't see me I'd have more courage. But how's a fellow to propose, and keep himself hidden while he's doing it? Some fellows write their proposals; but I'm no hand at writing. I should n't know what to say, and should be sure to write something that would make her reject me. If I could write a decent proposal, and say just what I meant and nothing more, I'd do it. But I can't, and I don't dare risk it. Now, if I could only talk to her, and not have those eyes of hers looking at me, I believe I could propose; but a fellow can't get behind a screen at such a time, and he can't wear a mask."

As he ruminated thus gloomily, Jack's glance rested on the telephone standing on his desk, suggestively near his elbow. It seemed to say: "Well, what am I here for? Have n't I served you many a time in the past, and served you faithfully? This is a delicate piece of business, I know; but can't you trust me? I'm far better than a screen. I'm the very medium you've been wishing for, and I'm most cheerfully at your service, sir."

"By Jove! I wonder I had n't thought of it before!" exclaimed Jack. Without giving the impulse time to cool, he took the receiver from

me off? Perhaps just being near her makes me afraid of her. If that's the case, it would n't make any difference whether I saw her face or not; I'd be afraid to pro-

its hook. "Hullo, Central! Give me 'Pink, double one, four, two,'" he called. "Eleven forty-two, Pink," came the answer, and Jack settled back in his chair, the receiver



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A HALF-SUPPRESSED GURGLE OF LAUGHTER WAS BORNE TO HIS EAR, AND JACK HALTED"

to his ear. That his heart was beating a pulse or two faster than usual must be admitted; but otherwise Mr. Emmons was calm. This eighth attempt at a proposal seemed to possess such elements of possible success that he even smiled as he waited.

"Hullo! Eleven forty-two, Pink. Is Miss Lampson there—Miss Daisy Lampson? Oh, hullo, Daisy, is that you? Who? Bessie? Oh, I thought 't was Daisy; your voices sound so much alike. Is n't Daisy there?"

"Wait a minute while I call her; she's up-stairs," said the voice. "It 's Mr. Jack Emmons, is n't it?"

"Yes," Jack answered.

"All right; wait just a minute," called the sweet girl tones in his ear, at once remote and near; and with a fluttering heart the wooer waited.

In another moment a voice equally sweet and equally intimate and remote was saying to his left ear: "Hullo, Jack! Did you want to speak to me?"

The supreme moment of determination number eight had arrived; but though, naturally, he was somewhat flustered, Mr. Jack Emmons had no thought of retreating. The flash and dazzle of the masked battery at the other end of the wire did not daunt him.

"Yes, Daisy," he answered, "I want to speak to you a minute. There 's something I 've been wanting to say to you for a long time, but I never could seem to get just the right opportunity, so I thought I 'd call you up and say it over the wire. You know, Daisy, we 've known each other for a long—" A half-suppressed gurgle of laughter was borne to his ear,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING?"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"FROM A REMOTE PART OF THE HOUSE A RIPPLE OF SILVERY LAUGHTER
REACHED THEIR EARS"

and Jack halted. If the battery of her eyes was now powerless, the long-range power of that merry laugh was still effective; and Jack hurriedly considered if he might not retreat, after all, and hope for better luck at the ninth attack. If left to himself he might have ordered a retreat and tried to think up some way of proposing in which he could neither see nor hear Daisy during the trying period; but he was not left to himself.

"Yes, Jack, we've known each other a long time," the silver tones cooed. "What was it you wanted to say?"

"I—er—" began Jack, more discomfited than ever by the seeming weakness of the resistance. He paused, the speech which he had so often practised now quite forgotten in this moment of direst need.

"Yes, Jack. Hullo, Jack, are you there?" came the far-away voice.

"Yes, Daisy; I—"

"Oh, yes; now I hear you, Jack. I thought they'd cut us off. What was it you were saying?"

Entrancingly sweet, invitingly soft, sounded the voice, and retreat was out of the question. He must storm the heights at any cost, and take the citadel if possible.

"I wanted to say—I wanted to tell you—" desperately he began, "that I—that I've known you a long time, Daisy, and that I love you, and—and always have, and always will; and that I'm telling you now, this way, because—because your beauty always frightens me when I try to say it to your face. And, Daisy, don't despise me for being such a coward; for if any one's to blame, it's you, with your beauty and your wit. I love you, Daisy; I could n't say how much if—I had all the telephones in town to tell it with. Don't laugh, dear. I'm terribly in earnest, and mean every word I say. I love you more than I ever loved any one in all my life—a thousand times more; and I—Daisy, I want you to marry me. I know I'm asking for a million times more than I can give, but I want you—not because I deserve you, dear; not because I ever can deserve you—but because—because I love you, and always have, and always shall. Will you be my wife?"

Jack was not quite sure whether a ripple of silvery laughter came floating over the wire or not. Perhaps, after all, he had only

imagined it: it would be quite natural for him to do that, since Daisy's laugh was the only weapon of hers he had to fear at this distance. He waited, listening intently for some other sounds; but the mysterious murmurings of the long-distance wire was all that he heard.

"Hullo, Daisy!" he called, but received no reply; or was there a suspicion of a choking gurgle at the other end of the wire?

"Hullo, Daisy! Hullo! Hullo!" he repeated, his face reddening with mixed emotions.

"Hullo, Jack! Hullo! Are you gone?" came the voice.

"No, I'm here. Did you catch what I said?"

"What?"

"Did you hear what I said?" he repeated.

"Yes; the wire does n't seem to be working very well, but I can hear you now. What was it you wanted?"

"I said," began Jack, and then he stopped, groaning inwardly. This telephoning a proposal was n't, after all, quite what his fancy had pictured.

"Yes?" The silver voice in his ear was soft and inviting. He must go on, whether or no.

"I said would you be my wife, Daisy?" he answered, in perspiring desperation.

"Yes? Hullo, Jack! Hullo! Are you there? I don't hear you," called the voice in his ear.

Jack groaned. He took the receiver from his ear and gazed at it reproachfully, frowningly; then he put it back.

"Hullo, Daisy!" he called. His voice was calmer now.

"Hullo, Jack! I thought you'd gone," came the answer.

"No; I'm still here. Will you be at home this evening, Daisy?"

"Yes," came the answer, prompt and clear.

"All right; I'm coming out to see you. I have something to tell you that I can't say very well by telephone. I'll be out on the eight-thirty train."

"All right; I'll be here, Jack. Good-by," the voice answered.

Mr. Emmons put the receiver back on its hook and for several minutes industriously mopped his brow. Then he began to pace the room.

At eight-thirty-five that evening he mounted the steps to the Lampson home, and found Daisy sitting on the piazza alone. She greeted him cordially, and suddenly he felt that, in spite of the disconcerting dimples and the battery of bright eyes, this was going to be better than the telephone. But there could be no shirking now. He had told her he had something to say, and he must say it. He started in abruptly, fearing perhaps the effect that the dimples and bright eyes might have if he dallied.

"I came out, Daisy," he began manfully, "to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. I should have said it long ago if I had dared; but you frightened me with your beauty, and—and I could n't. That's why I tried telephoning. I thought 't would be easier; but it was n't. You must have heard part of what I said, though, and had some idea of what I was coming out for, and you would n't have let me come if your answer was to be no. It is yes, is n't it, Daisy? Don't say it is n't."

"Yes, Jack dear, of course it is 'yes.' But what in the world do you mean by saying you tried telephoning, and that I must have heard part of what you said? I did n't hear anything. It was n't I at the telephone, Jack."

"It was n't you! Who was it?"

"Why, Bessie. She said you tried to tell her something, but she could n't hear very well, and so you would be out this evening to see me. What did you say? Did you really propose over the wire, Jack?"

"Yes, Daisy; that is, I tried to."

"Then I'll wager that the little imp heard every word you said. She's been giggling about something all the afternoon."

"Well, dear, never mind if she did. I don't care as long as you love me, Daisy, and are going to marry me. Bessie's all right, anyway; she told me to come out to-night, so I'll forgive her."

And just then, from a remote part of the house, a ripple of silvery laughter reached their ears.



DAYS COME AND GO

BY MADISON CAWEIN

LEAVES fall and flowers fade,
Days come and go:
Now is sweet Summer laid
Low in her leafy glade,
Low like a fragrant maid,
Low, low, ah, low.

Tears fall and eyelids ache,
Hearts overflow:
Here for our dead love's sake
Let us our farewells make—
Will he again awake?
Ah, no, no, no.

Winds sigh and skies are gray,
Days come and go:
Wild birds are flown away.
Where are the blooms of May?
Dead, dead, this many a day,
Under the snow.

Lips sigh and cheeks are pale,
Hearts overflow:
Will not some song or tale,
Kiss, or a flower frail,
With our dead love avail?
Ah, no, no, no.

CONCERNING MY AUNT ELLEN

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON



ELLEN HOLINSHED was my aunt. My name is Edward Holinshed, but as a rule she called me Mr. Man. She was a young lady, and I was a little boy. Her father was dead, and mine was stone broke. Ellen had fifteen hundred dollars a year, and a voice. I had several vacancies for teeth, and freckles on my nose. Ellen wished to study singing abroad. She took me with her to be her comrade and her knight. She kept a spasmodic journal, and I shall begin this narrative by quoting from it.

ELLEN'S JOURNAL

Paris, Friday. Behold, we have been with the great teacher of singing. We called five times before he would see us, because he is said to hate American voices. Finally I suppose our persistence wore him out, for he had to let us in. His work-room is a large, square place with tall windows, three pianos, bare floors, and hideous things on the mantelpiece. The creature was sitting at a table, with his back to us. After we had looked at his back for some time, he said, "Well?" and turned round in a la-de-da manner. I suppose he must have liked our looks, because the moment he saw us his whole manner changed, and he hopped to his little chisel-shaped feet and bowed and scraped.

"Bon Dieu, mademoiselle!" he cried, "is it you that I have kept in waiting? I wish I may do a million years of penance in purgatory!"

"Never mind," I said. "I'll forgive you, if you'll teach me to sing and not make it too horribly much."

"You wish to sing?" he said. "I shall be proud to give you lessons."

We exchanged pleasant remarks for some time, and then he sat down at the piano and tried my voice. I was horribly frightened, but I did my very best, because it meant so much to me. After he had tested my voice thoroughly, he swung slowly round on his stool, and looked up at me with disappointment written in large letters all over his face. I nearly cried, and presently he *did*.

"I cannot give you lessons," he said.

I tried to be cheerful.

"Is it as bad as that?" I said.

"Yes," said he; "it is as bad as that."

"You think I can never learn to sing?"

Then he stood up on his little feet and began to shout and stamp.

"Sing!" he cried, "sing! *Ciel!* you can sing! But I cannot teach you, since you have nothing to learn. It is for that I weep!"

I could have kissed him, but I did n't. When he had calmed down, he asked who my teachers had been, and after I had told him, he wrote their names down in a book. Then he made me the prettiest little speech.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "once or twice in a century a human throat is made like the throat of a nightingale. Such a throat had Lisette the Gipsy, who died in giving birth to a child, before even she had sung to the world; and such a throat have you. My ear, which has been tuned by the greatest voices of the age, can pick no flaw in your singing. I would rather listen to your notes than be given pearls. You have only to go where Frenchmen are gathered together, and sing the littlest song, to find their gold, their watches, their rings, and their hearts thrown at your feet. Will you not sit at the piano now and sing a little

song to this old professor, who is at once happy and unhappy in that he can teach you nothing?"

I sat down, of course, as I always do when anybody asks me, and sang him a song. I sang him the "Suwanee River" just as well as I could, and he began to cry again.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "there is so little that I can say." He wiped his eyes with a handkerchief that had so much cologne on it that it must have made them sting; then he talked very seriously to me, and wisely, I thought. He told me to wait a year or two before going on the stage. He said that, if I insisted, he would get me a position at once, but that he would advise me to wait. He told me that, to begin with, I had not come to my full strength, and that, to end with, my French was execrable.

"Were I you," he said, "I would spend a year in Tours, where the best French is spoken, and a year in Italy. I would practise with all my heart, but not too much; I would learn many rôles, and finally appear to the world at the very best that was possible to me. You are too young," he said, "too young."

Then he said:

"Mademoiselle, I pray that you will always consider me your friend. The goodness which is so evident in your beautiful face has given me nearly as much pleasure as your voice. If"—and the little fellow blushed very nicely—"you have not money enough to do what I recommend, I will gladly be your banker."

Mr. Man and I had to stop on the stairs to give each other a hug, because we were so happy. Mr. Man seemed to understand everything we said (though he does not know any French except the word for cream-puff), and laughed for joy.

Hôtel de L'Univers, Tours, Monday. Mr. Man is the dearest little man, and when I don't want to cry over him I want to laugh. Whenever the waiter helps him to anything, he bows his sweetest and says, "Mercy! Mercy!" which he conceives to be the French for "Thanks." This hotel is kept by two sisters, as pretty as possible, and ever so kind. They are doing everything they can to help me find a nice little house cheap,—because I am going to keep house, now that I have the chance,—and it is perfectly charming to hear them wheedle

and scold the various landlords. The hotel has a gravel courtyard, a fountain in the middle, and quantities of tame white doves. They may be pigeons, but I think they are doves. I have already engaged a tutor. He is a wee little man with a large bulbous head and the tiniest feet, which he keeps pressed close to each other, in order, I think, to give the impression that he has at least one foot of normal size. Everybody says that his French is very beautiful and that he is a great scholar. Here French is talked slowly and largely, like English, and there is no clipping of quantities.

Tuesday. We have a house. It is No. 10 Rue des Guetteries, or Rue des Guetteries dix, as they say here, a quiet little street running for a block at right angles from the big boulevard, and losing itself in front of a cobbler's shop. It is a wee bit of a place, but ample for us two and a servant. It has a little oblong back yard surrounded by an ivy-covered wall, floored with broken flints, and containing two trees large enough, so Mr. Man proceeded to demonstrate, to climb.

Sunday. Other people may be happy, and I hope they are, but Mr. Man and I are the happiest people in the world. The only cloud was Mr. Man's career at the Lycée, which, thank God, has terminated. It seems that the brute of a master tried to punish him for sticking a pen in the calf of the boy in front of him, who promptly shrieked and told, and that Mr. Man, resisting punishment, burned his bridges and threw the ink-well into the master's face. The master, it seems, ran shrieking from the room, to get the help of some one higher in authority. The other scholars drew back from Mr. Man as if he had the smallpox, and probably prayed to their saints, while he, nothing daunted, gathered his books together, drew a picture of a donkey on the blackboard, labeled it with the master's name, and came home. The Lycée is a dreadful place: (a) the rooms are not ventilated, (b) the masters are unjust, (c) the boys are sneaks, (d) the food is vile, (e) the tone is immoral.

EDWARD'S NARRATIVE.

EVERYBODY was happy in those days—at least, I was. There was always fun to be had or an adventure. We got to know all

the English and American colony well, and many charming French families. Especially we loved a truly beautiful and great French lady to whom it must have been an everlasting solace to know that her name was Madame la Vicomtesse de La Montaigne Solaire. She and the archbishop were the richest people in Tours, and the most charitable. De La Montaigne himself was dead, and madame had dedicated her eternal youth and beauty to black, in which she was bewitching. Her brother was Claude St. Anne, the chocolate king, of whom everybody with even the most paltry interest in magnates has heard. We heard a great deal about him from the vicomtesse, and there was nothing for it but that he should come to Tours and see Ellen. The vicomtesse insisted upon it. She wanted to make a match, and to Ellen's laughing protests she turned a deaf ear and an insistent spirit. "Let him merely set eyes on you," madame would say, "and the marriage is made."

Then she would say how good and beautiful he was, and how young and rich; how he had three great houses that had belonged to kings, and an estate in Canada that was about as big as France, and, she would add pitifully, nobody but himself to do the marketing. Then she would tell, strictly for my benefit, how much chocolate her brother's factories turned out in a year, a month, a day. I forget the exact statistics, but I am inclined to the impression that the year's output would have made a rod six inches in diameter of triple extract of vanilla, yellow label, from Paris to the moon.

One day the vicomtesse took a letter from her blotter and waved it triumphantly at Ellen.

"It is enough," she said; "he is coming. Hear now what he says, and if I have done wrong, scold me." Then she read:

"Whenever I hear from you, dear sister, I feel as if an angel had written to me. But how shall I thank you for this last letter, written as it is by one angel and containing the picture of another—"

She paused.

"I sent him your photograph, Ellen," she said defiantly. "I know that I had not the right. Now scold me!"

For some reason Ellen did not scold. Madame read on:

"I return the picture, because I have not the right to keep it; but I shall not let it be long out of my sight, for in three days I shall be in your house and at the feet of it. Commend me to the original, for whom I have already the most profound admiration.

"That is enough for you to hear," said madame. "You see he is coming, and the marriage is as good as made."

Ellen lay back in her chair and laughed; but I think, in her heart, and in spite of herself, she was somewhat excited at the prospect of St. Anne's visit.

But the third day arrived, and no St. Anne. The vicomtesse did not seem in the least disturbed, and said, "Affairs—affairs"; but Ellen, who should not have been, was, bless her heart! I think the sly rogue had been building a little romance about the chocolate king—a very little one; but she laughed about it, and called him names to his sister. She spoke of him as her faithless lover and a wrecker of hearts.

M. Carrière, Ellen's tutor, came every morning, at nine, and occasionally of an afternoon paid her an unprofessional visit. He was a dear little bushy man, as gentle as a pigeon and very learned. One day Ellen said to me: "Mr. Man, what do you think can be the matter with monsieur? He came to teach me this morning, and when he left said that he had something to say, and when he tried to say it, burst out crying. He said something about being obliged to stop teaching me, and jumped up and ran out of the house."

"Perhaps he's in love with you, too, Ellen," I said, for I was getting worldly wise. You could n't help it, living with Ellen and seeing the heads turn. Usually when I said things like that Ellen called me a prim little goose and laughed at me; but this time she seemed prepared to discuss the matter seriously, and in the very middle of the discussion who should ring and be admitted but M. Carrière himself? He brought a large bouquet of roses with a stiff collar of paper lace about it.

"Dear young lady," he said, bowing and breathing hard, but otherwise very possessed, "I have come to say what I was unable to say this morning. I have come to say good-by. I shall not be able to teach you any more. I have been called to the chair of French in the University of Montreal. That is why I was so troubled this morning, for it came over me all of a sudden that we

had had our last lesson together, and I am a lonely old man with no wife or little ones, and I had come to regard you and p'tit monsieur as something very sweet and good that belonged to me. I have for you two young people the feelings of a father, and in saying adieu to you, I beg your acceptance of this insignificant bouquet of roses, and may I add, in the delicate phrase of your so great Shakspeare, 'Nymve, een thy oresons be all my seems remember.'"

Ellen mothered the little man, and patted him on the back, and buried her face in the roses, and said all the sweet things she could think of. Presently Eugénie brought in tea, and to this day I think I can see little M. Carrière, a cup and saucer in one hand, a slice of bread with one bite gone in the other, his little feet pressed closely together, his funny tall hat on the floor beside him, and a glistening tear in the corner of each eye.

"As for further lessons in French, dear young lady," he said, "I have spoken to my very great friend, Monsieur Langeais, and he will call upon you in the morning at"—he gulped—"the usual hour. He is one of the truest scholars in France, and I feel confident that you will like him. He is not old like me," he added wistfully.

When he had finished his tea, the little man asked Ellen to sing him one song for the long good-by. And when she had done, he gave her one look of anguish and adoration, and left the house.

Ellen was prepared to hate the new tutor.

As I came home from school the next afternoon, I found the vicomtesse's carriage drawn up in front of Rue des Guet-teries dix, and the vicomtesse in the act of dismounting therefrom. She was in great good humor and boxed my ears for me. We went in together and found Ellen at the piano. She was not playing, however, but dreaming, and her eyes were on the bouquet of roses which poor little M. Carrière had given her. Ellen jumped up with a little glad cry as we came in, and kissed the vicomtesse.

"My dear," said the latter, "I have heard that Monsieur Carrière has been obliged to leave you, and I have come over at once to give you the name of another

French professor who has most excellent credentials."

"That is very sweet of you," said Ellen, "but I have already engaged a tutor."

Madame seemed disappointed.

"You *are* a devout student!" she exclaimed. "And who is the lucky man?"

"A Monsieur Langeais," said Ellen.

"Langeais," said madame, "Langeais," as if the name conveyed nothing—"a little anemic man with side-whiskers?"

Ellen laughed.

"He's very big and strong," she said.

"Now I place him," said madame.

"But, my dear, he is so young!"

"Awfully," said Ellen.

"But is it—quite proper?"

"Of course it is," said Ellen; "and, besides, I have Eugénie."

"Still," said madame, "a young tutor. I am not sure that I should permit myself one. Would n't you better dismiss him and try my man?"

"But I've engaged him," said Ellen.

Madame insisted.

Ellen became stubborn.

"My dear," said madame, "you display too much interest in this creature. You stand up for him as if he were an old and tried friend."

"Why," said Ellen, "he's got the manliest and most honest face I ever saw. I'd trust him anywhere. He's the soul of courtesy, and a gentleman every inch of him."

"My dear," said madame, "people will talk; be advised."

"I am here to study French," said Ellen, "under the best master I can find, and if people talk, they may. I'm sure I don't care."

Madame rose.

"Of course," she said, "if it is a question of the best master, I have nothing to say. By the way," she added, and there was a twinkle in her right eye and a slight closing of her left, "do you happen to know the name of the *best* master to study under?"

We were unable to answer this enigmatical question, and madame, assuming the manner and voice of a woman of the people (a thing she could do with inimitable humor), sang blatantly the refrain of Nicholas:

"Le voilà, Nicholas. Ah—ah—ah!"

and, laughing, left us.

ELLEN'S JOURNAL

Wednesday. My new tutor is an excellent young man, and speaks the most beautiful French, and sings and plays charmingly. He is very big and has brown hair and brown eyes, and is clean-shaven, which is very rare in a Frenchman. I feel very sorry for him; he is an orphan, and has no money except what he can make by tutoring. The vicomtesse tries to tease me about him. I am beginning to think she is a very flippant woman. Yesterday they both came to tea, and she treated him *de haut en bas*, which I have never known her to do to any one before, and which I thought in very bad form. Why is it that just as soon as you think a certain person is perfect he or she proceeds to disclose a cloven hoof? Mr. Man is devoted to M. Langeais, and they have been for several excursions together of an afternoon. M. Langeais knows everything, and is a splendid comrade for Mr. Man. He has learned more French on their few walks than in all the time he has been here. And as for me, my progress really astonishes me, or else M. Langeais flatters. But I don't think so, because he is absolutely indifferent to me. I know this because I have gathered from his conversation that he is in love with some girl and they cannot get married because they are poor. The *question d'argent* is a beastly thing. I have always wished to be very rich, and now I am beginning not to care. I think money is a very sordid consideration, and I think there could be just as much happiness in a little tiny *ménage* as in a marble palace.

EDWARD'S NARRATIVE

EVERYBODY that I have ever spoken to has been corralled. I am the most-talked-of person in Tours, and the population thereof wishes that I had choked before ever I left my native heath and crossed the boisterous Atlantic. I am expected to be responsible for as many deaths as the Colt revolver, or the poison of the Borgias, and I do not care a hurrah. It is a fine time to find out who one's real friends are. Madame la Vicomtesse de La Montaigne Solaire has sent to Paris for an expert. We are waiting his arrival. Now he enters with the local doctor and beholds me in all my loathsomeness. He is a big jolly

man, and he smiles at me, and I do my best to smile back, but the doctor has been so much heralded that I am sore afraid.

"Vous voyez, monsieur," says the local doctor.

"Si, je vois," says the expert, and suddenly clapping his hand upon his colleague's shoulder, he bursts into a house-shaking peal of laughter. He calms himself, and addressing Ellen, Langeais, Eugénie, the local doctor, and me, speaks as follows:

"In the current of my practice, it happened, ladies and gentlemen, that this morning I was to deliver a duchess of an infant, to dress the festering finger of the President of the French Republic, and to give a lecture on the esthetics of medicine. I was also on the point of administering an ice bath to a general who is suffering from pneumonia, and I was engaged for luncheon with my best friend. In the face of these interesting events I received a telegram from my dear friend the vicomtesse. It read:

If you don't come to Tours by the next train to attend a case of smallpox in which I am interested, I will never speak to you again.

It was enough; I came. This little gentleman"—and he pointed at me—"what is his name?"

"Pat-à-Pouf," said Langeais, firmly.

The great doctor winked at me.

"This little Monsieur Pat-à-Pouf," he said, "is not suffering from smallpox, but measles."

Langeais gave a shout of laughter.

The great doctor winked at him,—indeed, there seemed to be an understanding between them,—and turned to Ellen.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "you have been drinking too much coffee."

"It was to help me keep awake," said Ellen.

"There is no longer any need," said the great doctor, "and I advise you to go back to—chocolate."

ELLEN'S JOURNAL

Thursday. I have burned my bridges, given up all idea of going on the stage and becoming famous and rich. I am going to marry a Frenchman who has n't a cent in the world and be happy all my life. The wretch did n't even have to ask me twice. When he proposed, I wanted

to throw my arms around his neck and say yes; but habit got the better of me, and I started in to beat about the bush and be tentative, and put him off. But when he said that he would never trouble me again (and he meant it), I simply gave in, and I have been laughing and crying ever since.

Friday. I had to tell somebody and get advice (not that I had the slightest intention of taking it, if it went against my wishes), and so I ran at once to the vicomtesse, and before I could tell her she knew.

"You have suddenly grown up, my dear," she said. "I hope you will be very happy."

Then she made me come and sit on the arm of her chair, and she put her arm around me, and we had a long talk, and she was the dearest, sweetest thing.

"Are you very sure of yourself, Poosy" (I think she means Pussy), "and have you considered the difficulties, the dangers, and the renunciations? Frankly, I like your young man, but from the worldly point of view, Poosy, what are we to say of him? He is nearing thirty—what has he accomplished? Is he a breadwinner—a man likely to get on in the world?"

I told her that I thought we could live on what we had even if my dear did n't get on and was n't successful, and she smiled at me a long time.

"Pretty Poosy," she said, "I had hoped for you for my brother. Ah, if he had only come!"

"That fickle man," I said, "who admired my photograph so much that he would never come near me."

"It would have been so beautiful," she went on, without hearing. "So much money, such looks on both sides, so many establishments, so many things to do, so large and charitable a life it would have been—the world made easy!"

"I think the world is easy enough as it is, and very beautiful," said I.

"But your religion," she said suddenly. "Have you thought of that? Can you give that up? For this Langeais is a Catholic, is he not?"

"I suppose something can be done about it," I said.

"My dear," said she, "you need a strong arm to lean on."

"I have," said I.

"I mean of an older and wiser man," she said.

"Other men may be older—" I began rather sharply.

"Will you go to the archbishop," she said, "if I give you a letter to him? He is very great and wise. And he will tell you what you must do in this matter."

Saturday. I sent my letter in to the archbishop, and he said that he would see me. I marched up to the palace as bold as brass, but very much frightened and awed, I don't quite know why. The archbishop was walking in his garden. It was quite warm out of doors, and, late as it is, there were a few roses blooming and some violets. There is a little mossy tank in the garden, full of carp, and the archbishop was feeding them with bits of bread. There were a number of pigeons about his feet, and he was feeding them too. The priest who was accompanying me whispered something to the archbishop, and left us. The archbishop brushed the crumbs from his hands, and turned to me with the quaintest and most courteous little bow. I don't know how old he is, but his hair is white, his face thin and wrinkled and rather austere; but when he smiles, there is something very charming and young about him.

"You should see my garden in spring," he said, "for then it is nearly as beautiful as you. Shall we walk, or do you prefer to go indoors?"

"I love it out here," I said.

"I am glad," said the archbishop; "so do I. Shall I show you my famous carp?"

We stood side by side at the edge of the tank, and the archbishop pointed out the various fish and told me their ages and characters. All the while I stood there I kept thinking that I was his daughter.

"Louis passes," said he, and he pointed to a great, slow-moving, mossy fish with dull eyes. "He has the letters L. R. carved on him," he said, "and they are supposed to stand for Louis Rex, and to have been carved by the Grand Monarch himself. These fishes, as you are doubtless aware, live to an incredible age. This Louis of mine, like the great king for whom he is named, is vain, proud, and selfish."

And he ran on, talking, laughing, and explaining, and saying pretty things to me until I could have kissed him. Then quite suddenly he began to talk gravely about the things that count, and then about me and my affairs.

"You have come to me on a grave



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE . . . GATHERED HIS BOOKS TOGETHER, DREW A PICTURE OF A DONKEY ON THE BLACKBOARD, LABELED IT WITH THE MASTER'S NAME, AND CAME HOME"

matter, daughter," he said, "and I have been thinking what to say to you. Just what your religion means to you I have no way of knowing, and you must tell me; for

were not church-going people. I do truly believe in God," I said, "but what the difference may be between your religion and mine, I'm sure I don't know."

"You do truly believe in God?" said the archbishop.

"I do," said I.

"Then there is no difference between your religion and mine," he said. "If different sects the world over believed more in God and less in themselves, there would not be so much quarreling."

"But," said I, "I've got to join the church that my husband belongs to, and I don't know how to do it."

"You do truly believe in God?"

"I do."

"Then already it is as good as done."

"But are n't there certain forms to go through, and things to learn, and books that I must read? I've heard so."

"I will appoint a good and wise man to give you instruction."

I thanked him. Then he took my hand and patted it.

"Is it good to be young?" he said.

I called him "mon père" and told him that I was so happy that I could n't be sure whether my feet touched the ground or not.

"Many years ago," said the archbishop, "I was as young as you. I lived in a land where there was always sunshine and flowers. At about a league from my father's farm there was another farm, about which all my thought and youth centered. When my day's work was ended, and I had come back from the fields, I would put on my Sunday blouse,—it was of blue stuff and very handsome, I thought,—patiently comb my stubborn hair before the little cracked mirror in the room of my mother



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"M. CARRIÈRE, A CUP AND SAUCER IN ONE HAND,
A SLICE OF BREAD . . . IN THE OTHER"

and father, and stride off through the meadows, knee-deep in poppies, to that other farm. She was not so beautiful as you, but there was something lovely about her face that, for me, is beyond description. I began going when I was a little boy; I kept on going till the day of her death.

even a religion lightly held by is not to be given up lightly. Are you strong in faith and in the articles which you have been taught? Or is your mind open to persuasion and earnest to understand?"

"I'm afraid," I said, "that I have never thought very much about it. My people

"I'm afraid," I said, "that I have never thought very much about it. My people

"It was a lovely evening. They told me that she had come in with her arms full of flowers, and that for a long time she had sat silently with the flowers in her lap. Then she had said to her mother, 'Mother, my head hurts me' ('*Ma tête me fait douleur*'), and then suddenly and hurriedly, as if she feared that there would not be time, she said in a clear voice, 'Almighty God, be good to Jean!' and one by one the flowers slipped from her lap, and she died.

"A little later I came striding through the meadows, and it seemed to me that my heart was in flower. Her old father met me, and led me to the house, saying over and over, for he was very old, 'My boy, have God in your heart—have God in your heart.' Then we pulled off our caps and went in.

"They left us alone together. They had brought in her bed and laid her upon it, with the flowers about her that she had gathered. They were poppies, red poppies, and already they had begun to fade.

"I sat by her side, and held her cold hand, all that night, and no one came to interrupt us. Just before the first flush of the morning I seemed to see a great green meadow full of poppies, and standing in the midst, God, and she was kneeling at his feet and praying to him for my immortal soul. Then God, stooping over her, said: 'Will it make you happy, dear, if I save Jean's soul?' And she said that it would. And God said: 'But I cannot save Jean's soul all by myself; he must help me.' And then, with lovely tears in her eyes, she promised for me that I would be good.

"That, my daughter," said the archbishop, "is why I am an archbishop, and why your face, so beautiful and full of love, is such a solace to my old heart. The old priest has never spoken of this before—but something in your face . . . You should see this bush," he said, "when it is covered with camellias."

He walked all the way to the gate with me, and made the sign of the cross on my forehead.

"Have God in your heart," he said, "for there is some one waiting for you."

Then he looked quite a long time into my eyes, and tears came in his.

"Also for me," he said, "there is some one waiting."

EDWARD'S NARRATIVE

MADAME LA VICOMTESSE, in her great and well-known graciousness, asked Ellen to bring Langeais and me to tea. We went. Madame was very nice to Langeais, and showed him all the pretty things in her house. She also told him how she had sent Ellen's photograph to her brother, and how she had hoped to kindle a match by so doing. She talked more of her brother than she did of Langeais and Ellen, which, under the circumstances, seemed a little forced. Finally she told Viridique to get down *les albums de monsieur*. Viridique brought the fat volumes, and madame selected one of them. "Ellen," she said, "if you and Pat-à-Pouf will sit beside me, and if monsieur will look over my shoulder, I will show you some pretty pictures."

She opened the album, and we saw a vast and shining house that stood upon a bluff which had its granite feet in a river. A sea-going steam-yacht tugged at her moorings, and made two long streaks of white in the current.

"That is my brother's place in Canada," said madame—"an infinitesimal portion of it. It is on an island which even a good woodman cannot make the length of under three days. The house has upward of a hundred rooms, and there is a stable containing forty horses."

She turned the page.

"The deer-park. There are," she said, "five square leagues inclosed in wire, in which dwell deer of all kinds, elk and moose and bison. But they are pets; my brother does his shooting in the wild, and enters here only with his camera."

There followed a series of wonderful pictures of wild animals, over which I nearly went crazy. Madame turned page after page, until your mouth fairly watered to have such a place of your own. It beat any king's place I ever saw: there were wild woodlands, huge trees, barrens, splendid stretches of shore and river, and over all an atmosphere as clear as crystal and intoxicating like champagne. The last picture in that album was of a sunny place in the woods. At the back was a perpendicular rock out of which sprang a curved rod of foaming water that filled the prettiest little round basin at the foot of the rock. Off to the left, half hidden among the trees, was a low rustic structure with



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'BUT JUST ONE PICTURE MORE,' SAID MADAME"

a gabled roof. A board walk led from it to the edge of the pool and terminated in a workmanlike-looking spring-board.

"Over the fireplace in the bath-house," said madame, "there is engraved a verse which is familiar to you all. You may each have one guess. Ellen?"

Ellen had been trying very hard not to be interested in the pictures.

"Well," she said, "if that water is as cold as it looks, I think the verse ought to be:

*'Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra.'*"

Madame laughed. "And you, Pat-à-Pouf, what do you guess?"

But I, being put upon, could only giggle and stammer. Indeed, even if I had been perfectly calm and alone with Walter or Maurice, I doubt if I should have remembered any apt poetry about bathing.

"There is," said Langeais, "only one verse in Canadian literature—and I take it that your brother will have drawn from Canadian literature to inscribe his Canadian place—which is suitable." And he hummed:

*"À la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvée l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner."*

"You have guessed correctly," said madame.

"It was not guessing," said Langeais, "but certainty."

"How certainty?" said madame.

"Why, look at the picture," said he.

Madame smiled and closed the album, while Ellen sent an adoring glance at the sagacious lover.

"It must be pleasant," said Langeais, "for a man to give such presents to the woman he loves."

"Far pleasanter," said Ellen, "for him to think that he can make her happy without giving her anything of the kind."

"The chocolate-works," said madame, opening a second volume.

"I won't look at any more pictures," said Ellen, laughing; "you are trying to make us envious, and you are a naughty lady."

"But just one picture more," said madame. She took up another volume and turned over the leaves rapidly until she found the picture she wanted. It represented upward of a hundred little children with caps and dresses just alike. They looked like so many happy little lambs, and six sisters with gentle faces stood among them. I happened to look at Langeais and saw that he was blushing violently to the roots of his hair.

"Being unmarried and having no children of his own," said madame, "it pleases my brother to have good care taken of these little orphans."

Ellen bent over the picture (she was so easily moved by little children); then she said:

"He must be a very good man."

Madame closed the book.

"One more picture," she said.

She arose, and crossing to her writing-desk, returned with a photograph, which she placed in Ellen's hand.

"My brother," she said.

Ellen gave a little cry.

I do not know quite how, but I was in the next room with madame, and she was laughing softly.

"But why, then," said Ellen, "have we leased Rue des Guetteries dix for five years?"

"We have not leased it," said the chocolate king; "we have bought it. And hereafter no one shall live in that house."

The next day the man who, as Langeais, must have felt all the time as suppressed as a butterfly in a cocoon, began to spend money.



THE REAL DANGERS OF THE TRUSTS

WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO REMEDIES

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

Professor of Political Economy at Columbia University

IN the midst of a Presidential campaign, while the trust question is being debated with the heat of political partizanship, it will be no less interesting than instructive to read the conclusions as to the real dangers of the system, by one who has given the subject profound and disinterested examination.—EDITOR.



WHAT is a trust, and what have we to fear from it? Is it really the "octopus," that it can reach in every direction and crush whatever it reaches? Is it the embodiment of power, omnipresence, and ferocity? Superficially it looks as though it were so, and there was a time when people seriously believed that the monster was as dangerous as it looked; but that time has passed. We are more than ready to perceive the good qualities of the trust, in so far as it has them, and to make a reasonable estimate of the dangers that its presence portends.

To some extent the trust has the traits that were at the outset imputed to it, for it is in fact a predatory animal, endowed with subtlety as well as strength. It comes before the public with reassuring words. It is, if you will believe it, no ravenous beast, but, like the considerate lion of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," only Snug the joiner, pursuing his trade in a new and modern way. What it seeks is economy and not monopolistic profit, and when, by combining all the mills of a kind under one management, it has saved wastes and expenses, it will charge the public nothing for the service. It has no intention of raising prices. It is the consummate product of industrial evolution, the greatest

of workers, and not a destroyer. And the public would be right in believing a certain percentage of this; but few people believe it all.

THE DANGER-LINE AS TO PRICES

THE trust fools only a small part of the public all the time. It can make good some of its claims, but fully deserves some of the accusations which are current. It does not utterly destroy competition, because this is impossible; but what it would do if it had a clear field and could proceed without let or hindrance, is a subject for speculative guesses, and the probability is that it would crush rivals and oppress laborers and consumers in a way that would force them to take radical measures. It has not a clear field, however, and has been itself the first to find this out. The trust early discovered that it cannot safely charge monopoly prices for its goods and cannot safely shut up as many of its mills as immediate interest would prompt it to close. If it were to do this, new competition would be evoked. The experience which the greater trusts went through in the eighties abundantly showed them that they must be conservative if they are to possess their power in permanence. They may charge high prices, but not the highest, and they

have learned, in practice, to locate the danger-line in this direction, and to carry the policy of product-reducing and price-raising to that line, and there to stop.

THE SAVING GRACE OF "POTENTIAL COMPETITION"

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the power of the trusts was beginning to show itself, and the natural limits on the exercise of that power had not appeared, the public had a period of positive alarm. It knew then that the trusts were greedy, but did not know that it was fatal to themselves to be too greedy. The monopolies quickly found this out to their cost; the public soon came to share the knowledge, and everybody now knows that "potential competition," as the phrase is,—the competition of the mill that is not yet built but will be built if the trust becomes too extortionate,—holds these commercial monsters in check. A trust moderates its demands in order to forestall and prevent the building of this mill. What we need to find out is whether the check which is thus put upon the trust's action is a sufficient protection for the public. Where is this danger-line which the trust cannot overstep? Can it double the price of its goods without passing the line? If so, though it may not get as much as it may like, it can get enough to put a terrible tax on the country where it operates.

If it cannot make so radical an advance as that,—and as a rule it cannot,—can it add a considerable and burdensome percentage to what the public would otherwise have to pay for goods or for services? To this latter question, if we judge by probabilities, we can safely answer, Yes. An unchecked monopoly the trust never has been, but, acting with all the checks that nature has put upon it, it can have no small measure of monopolistic power; and this involves a great injury to competitors, consumers, and laborers, and grave danger for a democratic state.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION THE GREAT DANGER

WHEN we speak of dangers of this kind, we do not think first of any steady tax which, day after day and year after year, the people are compelled to pay for goods; for, though such a tax would be an evil, it would not necessarily be a danger. If

people were willing to go on paying it, political institutions would be safe enough. The peril comes when people become conscious of the cause of their sufferings and propose to end them in a summary way.

They are already trying to do something of this kind, according to their lights—feeble and flickering ones, it must be owned. Many States have taken drastic measures for the repression of the monopolies. Politically as well as economically the people and the trusts have come to a clash, and the thing that endangers the republic is the way in which this conflict is carried on. The main object of the trust's existence is not political. Its teleology is severely simple, for it is working for "its own pocket all the time"; but it is impelled to corrupt our political life by the manner in which it pursues this supreme end. The political peril that it entails on the state is, as it were, a by-product, the unavoidable result of its effort to baffle the people, who on their part are trying to baffle the monopoly. The people must use the government in order to curb the trusts, and the trusts, in turn, must try to manipulate the government if they expect to keep their full power of extortion.

It is foreordained that the trust should be a chief corrupter of national and State politics, as local corporations which resemble it are chief corrupters of municipal politics, and this is the basis of the dread that one class of intelligent men have of them. Persons of this class would prefer to let corporations grow and multiply *ad libitum* if their owners would leave politics honest and democracy secure. But we have come to a pass in which the policy of consolidated capitals prevents them from doing this. They cannot leave politics alone. They must thwart the will of the people if they mean to accomplish their purpose in business, and they must do this through political organizations. They must "own" the bosses, and though they cannot greatly fool the people, they have thus far baffled them most of the time.

ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE TRUST AND THE BOSS

THE first bad and dangerous combination which the trust makes is that with the so-called political machine. Both the machine and its manager, the boss, existed before.

The trust did not create them. The men who made politics a trade had already acquired the power to cajole members of regular political parties and lead them whither they would. For carrying on this policy they came to need much more money than they at first commanded, and the corporations had it in readiness. A party that has money and needs power is in a position to make a speedy bargain with one that has power and needs money. The original machine backed by the modern trust, or the trust with the power of the old machine put bodily into its hand—here is a combination to be dreaded. Shade of Lincoln! Alas for the faint echoes of the Gettysburg speech! It takes historical enthusiasm now to make an orator repeat in sincerity the phrase concerning government of, for, and by the people. Democracy itself is becoming an antiquated word no longer accurately describing what it designates. The government which is described by this term is in danger of becoming more and more a rule for and by the sinister combination of wealth and conscienceless political leadership. Goethe has said that "the word freedom sounds so sweet that we could not be without it even though it indicated an error"; and neither could we be without the phrase, "government for and by the people"; but alas for the reality of the thing so described!

NO MYSTERY AS TO WHAT SHOULD
BE DONE

THERE is no mystery as to what the people ought to do. It involves some machine-smashing, of course, but it also involves changes legal and, in the end, constitutional, which will take from the corporation and the boss their power for evil, and leave to both of them their normal power for good. Big and powerful as they are, the people, when they are united, are more powerful, and they will make the dreaded things their servants whenever they themselves become earnest enough to make a great effort and intelligent enough to carry through some difficult feats of law-making.

It is claiming much to say that if the people will only act wisely the danger from trusts will become almost *nil*, and yet something like this is the fact; and, more-

over, there is far less doubt than there recently was as to what action is wise. A few specific things stand in the foreground as unquestionably needing to be done, and the general line of policy that must be pursued is clearly in sight. There will be differences of view as to details, but as to the main features of the policy which will tame the trusts and make them good servants of the public, there is every year a closer agreement among people who have mastered the facts of the problem.

The grand and redeeming fact in the entire situation is the limit which is now placed on the exactions of the trusts. It is put there by nature and not by legislation, and has acted very efficiently from the time of the formation of the first great trust to the present. It is the result of that potential competition—that mere possibility and fear of competition—which has been referred to. If the trusts raise prices too much, new mills are actually built and prices go down; therefore it does not put the prices high enough to call the new mills into being. It is deterred from much extortion which, in its own interest, it would otherwise practise by the competitors who do not now exist. *If only they will surely appear whenever prices are unduly raised*, the public is as safe as it would be if they were already in the full, and competing vigorously with the great corporation.

The question that gravely interests the people is, How closely are the trusts actually limited by this influence? Can they safely put up prices, say, fifty per cent., or only ten? The power of potential competition may act vigorously after prices have become quite high, but may act scarcely at all before that. If this is so, the aim of the people should be to make it act earlier. The limit on the exactions of the trusts should be a narrower one. The people want these corporations to make a profit, but not an extortionate one. They will gladly let them make all that they can by sheer economy, for that is a gain that no one loses; but taking a further profit out of the people's pocket is another matter.

THE DANGER OF "TRUST-SMASHING"

TRUST-SMASHING is out of the question, for it is as impracticable as it is undesirable.

Nature is against it as clearly as it is in favor of trust-regulating. What is as necessary as it is natural and, with intelligent action, practicable is action that will cause the power which already holds monopolies somewhat in check to limit them more closely and protect more completely the interests of consumers, laborers, and independent business men. This will make people safe, not by killing the predatory beasts, but by training them for useful service. With enough of this insured, the public may thrive on the régime of consolidation, and come to rejoice in the possession of enormous aggregations of capital. This possibility, however, depends on making potential competition really effective, and this can be done only by means of law. Such legislation will, of necessity, be objectionable to the monopolies whose power it will curtail, and will be fought in its original discussion, in its enactment, and in its execution. All subtlety will be used to keep a proposed law in the shape in which it will seem drastic and be really impotent. The prohibitory statute which never can prohibit will be relatively harmless, and may be once and again accepted and used as a "sop for Cerberus." Let the people continue in that line, and though the trust will be not quite comfortable, it will be comparatively safe. If ever such statutes were rigorously executed, the result would be a disaster that would bring the people themselves to terms and cause the laws to be repealed, and there is therefore no permanent danger to the trusts from this prohibitory policy. On the other hand, there is every danger from a policy that shall skilfully appeal to the natural force of potential competition. Do this wisely enough and you will accomplish the full purpose that you ought to have in view, for you will convert the monsters that threaten you into agents for serving you. Behemoth will then do your work in as docile a way as does any draft-animal and will give you the benefit of his far greater strength.

FOUR THINGS TO BE DONE IN REGULATION OF TRUSTS

We know of at least four things to which we must put an end if we are to convert the trusts into friendly agencies. First, we must stop discriminations by railroads.

Favoring the big shipper has to commend it the plausible argument that he makes the railroad less trouble than does the smaller shipper, for a given amount of freight; but this argument becomes shallow enough when it is made to justify a policy of helping the big shipper to crush the small one. Equal rates for car-load lots of goods of a common kind will have to be established.

Another thing that will have to be stopped is flooding a particular locality with goods offered at cutthroat prices for the sake of crushing a competitor who is there operating. Economists point out difficulties in the way of this policy, and lawyers point out others. The policy is indeed a difficult one, but if it were an impossible policy, we should have to make a way to success in adopting and enforcing it; and there is very little doubt that, with wisdom and determination, we can do it. There is also the plan of selling one kind of goods at a cheap rate for the sake of crushing competitors who make only that kind of goods, and forcing them to sell their plants to the trust on its own terms. Putting an end to this by law may be even harder than stopping the cutthroat competition which acts locally, but it will have to be done if we are ever to be completely free from the evils and the perils that monopolies bring.

Finally there is the "factor's agreement"—the refusal by the trust to sell goods to a dealer at a living price unless he will promise not to buy any similar articles from a competitor. The trust may say to a merchant, "Buy exclusively from us, and we will give you a discount by which you may make a moderate return. Buy anything from another source, and we will give you a discount so small that you will have to sell at a loss everything that comes from our shops." If these shops are turning out things that he must have, he will come to terms and buy only from the trust, and the independent mill will find it hard to reach the public with its tender of goods. Less difficult, on the whole, than the preceding measures will be the suppression of the factor's agreement, and yet even this will be difficult enough. It is a hard and uphill road that democracy must travel in its efforts to regulate trusts; but there is no possible doubt that it must travel by that route or go farther and fare worse. There is socialism as an ever-present alternative.

Does the *must* in this case mean *can*? Is it enough to know that the people are forced to do a thing in order to conclude that they will be able to do it? It certainly is so if all that they need in order to be able to do it is united action. It would take a longer article than this one can be to show exactly what kind of statutes will be effective in suppressing the monopolistic policy of trusts, and some persons will continue to doubt whether any laws will do it. The kinds of law-making which will probably succeed have, however, been often pointed out. The three or four props of monopolistic power are well known, and there is little real doubt that the people can take them away if they will only act unitedly. It is a question of will and not of ultimate power.

TWO IMPOSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

THE real danger in the case consists in the possibility that the people may not unite. There are now two parties advocating opposite policies, neither of which would lead to a tolerable result. There are the rigorous individualists, who hope, against all reasonable hope, to keep the old-time sort of competition alive. They are in the field with their prohibitory statutes, or stern laws against consolidation—bulls against the comet, one and all. There are the men who perceive the futility of such efforts at prohibition, but have no faith in the policy of regulation, and these men are drifting into the camp of the growing socialistic army. One of the greatest of the dangers that trusts portend is this abandonment of a hard but sound policy for an apparently easy one. It is choosing the broad road to destruction, rather than the strait one that leads to safety, and the danger is that many will take it. Whatever may be said in support of the belief that the distant millennium will be a time of universal socialism, there is little doubt as to what that plan of living would mean with men as selfish and short-sighted, and with governments as imperfect, as they now are. If it could be made to work at all, it would mean the slow reduction of all the people to a dead level of extreme poverty.

Grant that the policy of regulation is hard and discouraging, shall we give it up

and take the consequences? Yes, if that course corresponds with and expresses the kind of fiber that the American people are made of. The regulation of monopolies is not possible without a definite victory of the people over political machines backed by consolidated wealth. This is an appalling fact, but whether it renders men supine or determined depends on their quality. There is a kind of man—it is to be hoped that he represents the typical American—to whom the injunction, "Do the impossible," comes as an inspiring command.

Simple enough are the essential facts concerning the trusts. These corporations are here to stay and will further multiply. They are monopolies whose power is somewhat limited, in a natural way, by potential competition. They will oppress the public if they can, since they exist for gain, and there is danger that their power of extortion will increase. They will try to terrorize their would-be competitors and to keep them out of their business fields.

The people can prevent this if they act intelligently, but this will require difficult legislation, which the trusts will try to block, as well as efficient administration, which they will try to baffle. In defending their present advantageous positions the monopolies will pervert our politics, for they will make terms with bosses and take much of the life out of our democracy. Their exactions will fall heavily on working people in fields where trusts have not been formed, and farmers will be among their principal victims.

HONEST WEALTH AND HONEST LABOR AGAINST MONOPOLIES

THEIR own employees may not suffer, since the trusts may placate them by letting them have some share of the plunder that they get from the public. That public is an enormous body of laborers, farmers, professional men, and independent capitalists, so that, big, able, and rich as the trusts are, there is a majority of numbers, intelligence, and even wealth against them. Will this majority unite and act as its interests dictate? If it does so it will win, and in winning it will redeem the trusts themselves. They can thrive without grabs, though they will never do this of their own accord. They need to be forced into a state

of honesty and beneficence, and with union the public can bring them to this state. The ultimate danger from them comes solely by reason of division of thought and effort, which it may take time and hard experience to end. In the interim the country may suffer both industrially and politically. There is coming a long, hard fight in which honest wealth and honest labor will be on one side, and monopolies on the other: and the powers of honesty are the greater. The peril will be great if this majority tries only to prohibit consolidation, or if, after a failure to prohibit and in despair as to the practicability of regulating, it shall revert to schemes of general nationalization of industries. The

peril will also be great so long as the public does nothing that is effective. It will become small when people generally perceive and follow the course that is marked out by nature. That is the policy of keeping alive the essential power of competition. It is letting prices, wages, and profits be governed by the play of the forces which formerly acted freely in the industrial arena, but which have become somewhat inefficient because the government has not enforced the rules of the ring.

We need a fair field and no favor for all would-be competitors. It will be hard to get it, but if we once get it, economic life will be free and democracy will be secure.



"THEY GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH"

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

FRANCESCO LUCCA, by the city's gate
Crying his lentils, said that God was good.

"The proof?" scoffed one who near to Lucca stood.
"Broken with toil, not years, early and late
You bend above your little patch of earth,
Scorched by siroccos, shriveled by the frost,
Its hopeful sowing at the harvest lost,
With Plenty dying in the lap of Dearth.
The year has many days; not one is yours
To be at ease in, one wherein you trust
Your God to keep your body from the dust,
And your soul soul. Only your toil secures
The dragging chain of days the sad years bring.
Your children cry for bread—have you not heard?
Seen in the fowler's snare the fluttering bird?
God marks the fall of each, but will it sing,
Or sweep again the untracked, ambient ways?
Futile the goodness that but marks and goes,
That leaves the thorn still to begird the rose.
If this is living, why give God the praise?"

"The proof? This, that I live," said Lucca. "I
 Grant all your claim, yet hold it all untrue,
 A book read backward. Why should one man sue
 God but for gain, or ask the reason why
 His wheel still turns one high, another low?
 It turns so. God is good; I ask no more.
 The lark builds on the earth, but it can soar,
 And just this morning, as I saw the glow
 Of day burn white above our low brown hills,
 I heard one, unseen, singing overhead,
 A joy turned sound. 'That 's like the soul,' I said.
 'Hedged in by mortal clay, harrowed by ills,
 Something—God, love—moves it, and lo! it soars
 Above the earth on strong, triumphant wings,
 And beats the darkness from it while it springs
 To regions where the sunlight round it pours.'
 I toil for little, suffer—all that 's true;
 But I have heard the lark, and I have seen
 My little field, some dawn, a sudden green
 With God's own promised harvest springing through;
 And I have wondered at the high, white stars,—
 Star upon star set in the quiet deep,—
 And I have felt my baby's fingers creep
 Over my face at night. No darkness bars
 That little hand from me. There 's my lark's song—
 These little things that carry up to God.
 He set me here a delver in the sod,
 Through spring and harvest, winter, whole year long,
 Walking the treadmill for the daily bread
 We pray for daily, and but hardly gain;
 And I have dreamed vain dreams, and felt the pain
 Of shattering defeat, seen Hope lie dead,
 And Envy slink beside me through the night,
 When, lo! some little thing (the lark's song now)
 Stirred me, and up to heaven quick turned my brow.
 So while I have but my faint candle-light,
 My crust of bread, my cruet, and my song,
 I question not God's purposes with me.
 As far as my lamp throws, thus far I see:
 The things that lie beyond to him belong."





"I WAS COUNTIN' MY MONEY ON THE BRIDGE"

JATHROP LATHROP'S COW

BY ANNE WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



JATHROP LATHROP was that build and style of young man whom one might naturally expect to see take a kicking cow in full settlement of a good debt. Having taken the cow and brought her home, it naturally devolved upon his mother to do the milking. At the first trial the kicking cow kicked Jathrop Lathrop's mother so effectually that she went to bed forthwith, and the hastily summoned doctor put her broken leg into a plaster cast at once. Jathrop had brought the cow home at dusk the night before, the cow had kicked Mrs. Lathrop about 7:30 A.M., the plaster had been cast about ten o'clock, and when the next-door neighbor appeared in her friend's bedroom door it was noon.

Miss Clegg was out of breath as a consequence of rapid walking and a terminating flight of stairs. She therefore stared and gasped for nearly two seconds before ejaculating:

"Well, I never 'd 'a' believed it o' Jathrop!"

"'T wa'n't Jathrop," said Mrs. Lathrop, with a feeble heave in bed; "it was the cow."

"I know it was the cow 's kicked you, but strikes me 't Jathrop 's much to blame 's the cow. More too, for the cow kicked anyhow, an' did n't come of her own accord. This mornin' when I was 'way over the other side o' the crick collectin' rents, I hear you 'd done it. Mr. Sperrit 'n' his wife was drivin' by, 'n' I was countin' my money on the bridge, 'n' they stopped 'n'

told me. You c'u'd 'a' knocked me over with nothin'. I see you walkin' out with the milk-pail jus' 's I was tyin' my bonnet, 'n' to think that was your last walkin'! How did Jathrop ever come to be such a fool, do you suppose?"

Mrs. Lathrop made a vain attempt to adjust the plaster cast to a change of position. Miss Clegg twisted a chair around beside the bed and sat down.

"The minister thinks it 's a judgment on you for gettin' a cow of your own," she continued, without further following out

dozen, however you work it. I s'pose mebbe it 's naturel for you to think right now 't twelve childern 'n' two legs 's better 'n one son 'n' one leg; but a broken leg is a deal sight easier to support 'n twelve childern, 'n' I 'll wager the minister 'd come hoppin' on one foot if you 'd give him a chance to change with you."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a piteous twist.

"Are you tryin' to turn over?" asked her friend. "Because, if you are, you can't. That was one o' the things 't I hurried over to tell you, 'cause you ought to know



"'HE WAS WHEELIN' 'EM TO-DAY, 'N' DRAWIN' LITTLE JANE AFTER HIM IN A' EXPRESS-WAGON'"

the subject of Jathrop's folly. "I see him 's I was comin' back towards town. He feels real bitter about it, for he 's got the sense to see that with a cow next door I ain't goin' 'cross the whole c'mmunity for milk. I told him it was n't you bought the cow, 'n' then I did n't say nothin' more on that subject, for, Lord knows, the minister must have mercy shown him—he ain't never been the same man since them twins come. He was wheelin' 'em to-day, 'n' drawin' little Jane after him in a' express-wagon. He says his wife 's doin' nicely, only she can't decide what to name the baby. He says he don't thank no one for talkin' 'race suicide' when he 's aroun'."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a slight groan.

"I don't see 's you 've got no call to say nothin', not even now," said Miss Clegg. "You ain't got but one child; 'n', even considerin' the cow, one ain't no

right in the beginnin' 't you won't turn over for six weeks. You see, I remembered mother's tellin' me how she visited a cousin once in a plaster cast. It was when she was a girl, 'n' there was some fam'ly idea o' his marryin' her. In the end she married father, who had the full use o' his arms 'n' legs then. But after father was paralyzed mother told me about that cousin, 'n' I remember pertickaler about the plaster cast. She said he went 'most wild wantin' to lay on his side for three weeks, 'n' then his bones set a-knittin', 'n' he saw it 'd all been child's play up till then. Mother said it was awful. So, you see, you must n't begin to fuss now. The time 'll come soon enough 't you 'll look back 'n' wish it was to-day again. You 're all right; it 'll jus' be a nice rest these first days. I c'n run in 'n' out 'n' keep you cheered up, 'n' when I ain't here you c'n always think how much

worse things might be. Suppose both your legs was broke; or suppose when Jathrop goes to milk her to-night she breaks both his legs. There 'll be trouble to pay *then*, you 'll be thinkin'."

Mrs. Lathrop looked distressed.

"I don't want Jathrop to go near that cow," she protested.

"But he must," said Miss Clegg. "She 's got to be milked, 'n' so it 's him or me or the butcher; 'n' I must say, where Jathrop brought the cow into the fam'ly, I don't see no good 'n' sufficient reason why he should n't milk her. I must say, if it was n't for you 'n' me bein' such good friends, I should n't mind seein' Jathrop get some sense kicked into him. Whenever I see him, I can't help feelin' that if you was cut out for a mother, it was a' awful pity that you got through at Jathrop. If it was n't for hurtin' your feelin's, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'd tell you, as I always does every one else, that, frankly speakin', I don't regard him as no credit to you a-tall. If you 'd taught him not to go roun' with his mouth open it might 'a' helped some, but if you come right square down to it, who but a born fool would buy a kickin' cow 'n' then set his mother down close to her hind legs? Still, Mrs. Lathrop, when you think o' that, seems to me you was nigh to mad yourself, for you was old enough to know that only the head half o' kickin' creatures is safe, 'n' with a strange cow you can't be sure, for mebbe they gore. Does she gore?"

"Oh, I dunno," sighed Mrs. Lathrop.

"Well, anyhow, I 've got to go home 'n' get suthin' to eat 'n' take off my bonnet 'n' lock up this money till afternoon. I 'm goin' down to put it in the bank this afternoon. I did n't have time to do nothin' but talk after your kickin'." She rose as she spoke. "Now, do you want me to turn you a little before I go?"

"I guess I 'm all right," said Mrs. Lathrop.

"I guess you are," said Miss Clegg. "I do wonder 'f you 'll have to have your head shaved. Mother's cousin's hair all wore off, 'cause, his head bein' the only thing 't he c'd move, he never quit movin' that till he looked so comical that they shaved it to give him a fair start all around."

Mrs. Lathrop shut her eyes.

"I 'm goin'," said Susan, moving toward

the door. "You lay still 'n' think of pleasant things until you drop off into a nice nap. Nothin' else can happen to you jus' now unless the house catches fire. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

It was about seven that evening when Miss Clegg came to the fore as a comforter of the sick again.

"Well, did you like your supper?" she demanded as she walked into the bedroom.

"Supper! I ain't had no supper," said Mrs. Lathrop, turning her eyes toward Susan. "Did you send me any?"

"Did I send you any! I sent it over an hour ago—give it to Jathrop with my own hands. A nice hot supper on a tray, all tucked up in a napkin. I was jus' goin' to bring it over myself, 'n' I see Jathrop peekin' in 't the cow, 'n' so I called him 'n' trusted him with it. What under the sun do you suppose he did with it?"

"Mebbe he ate it," suggested Mrs. Lathrop.

Miss Clegg gave forth a little screech.

"Ate it! Do you mean to say 't Jathrop Lathrop 's bein' fed by me? I never would 'a' believed it. No more would I 'a' fed him if I 'd known it. There was two eggs in that scramble, 'n' I biled the tea good 'n' hard to try 'n' keep your strength up. But laws' sakes, Mrs. Lathrop, how that cow does moo! Can't you hear her? Why don't Jathrop feed her or suthin'?"

"He 's gone for the butcher."

"Gone for the butcher, has he? 'N' left his mother for me to feed after eatin' up her supper. Do you feel hungry?"

"No, I don't."

"I don't see no sense in goin' an' cookin' you another supper, then. If you live high, fever may set in, 'n' I want to talk, anyhow. 'N' then, too, I 've washed my dishes. You know, I never was like you—I can't no more see dirt aroun' than I c'n fly. 'N', besides, I 've got suthin' real serious to say to you, 'n' I want to say it right off 'n' while you 'n' me 's alone. Have you made a will?"

"A will!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Yes, a will. You see, when I was downtown Lawyer Weskin stopped me 'n' said it was a' important thing for you to consider right now. I told him that you had n't done nothin' but break your leg over a



“‘DOES IT FEEL ‘S IF THE CAST HAD BEGUN TO EAT IT UP ANY YET?’”

cow's foot; but he said he knew a man once that stepped on a rusty nail 'n' caught blood-p'ison from it 'n' died 'n' left his property all wrong, from not knowin' better. I told him I did n't see no likeness between a kickin' cow 'n' a rusty nail, but he said I did n't get his meanin' a-tall, an' mebbe I did n't, for I think, when it comes to a lawyer, you generally don't. I guess, anyhow, a man 'd be only a poor lawyer 'f he c'u'd n't argue a cow into a rusty nail, 'f he felt so inclined, 'n' I 've always thought that Mr. Weskin was a pretty smart man ever since he proved 't the mill was the other side o' the crick from where it is jus' by provin' that the mill-race run round behind it.

"An', anyhow, he wants to know about your will. He says, even if you ain't got nothin' but this house 'n' Jathrop, you want to leave 'em legally to each other. I told him I 'd tell you, an' now I 've told you, 'n' you c'n do what you please. Mrs. Macy come up while we was talkin', 'n' she 's terrible exercised over your havin' your leg set by young Dr. Brown. She says she 'd 'a' died afore she 'd 'a' risked that. She says no one thinks he knows enough to set a leg, 'n' she said for me to ask you 'f he had you hang on to anythin' while he gave your leg a hard jerk, 'cause she says that 's the only real way to set a leg. She says everythin' comes right into place so. 'N' she wants to know about

the plaster cast, too. She says 's near as she c'n figure, you ain't in no proper kind of bindin'. She says young Dr. Brown says right out he did n't have no windin' apparatus, 'n' so he put your leg into the solid plaster until he could send to Meadville. She says you 'd ought to be done round 'n' round in stripes instead of bein' in one solid lump.

"She says plaster put on like he 's got it put on you is a good deal of a risk, to her way of thinkin'. She says, a-cordin' to her ideas, plaster put on like they 've got you plastered 's very likely to take the skin right off, 'n' there you 'll have to lie with no skin between you 'n' the plaster, 'n' you 'll be bound to suffer a lot. I asked her where the skin went to, 'n' she said the lime 'd eat it up. 'N' when you come right square down to it, I don't see no good 'n' sufficient reason why that plaster cast can't eat your leg up 'n' you never know it. It 's a pretty serious matter, 'n' one that you want to get to thinkin' over pretty quick. A real leg c'n have a false foot 'n' no harm done, but I never heard of a real foot on a false leg, 'n' I don't believe it can be done. How does your leg feel right now? Does it feel 's if the cast had begun to eat it up any yet?"

Mrs. Lathrop looked alarmed.

"I c'n feel the plaster all up 'n' down when I try to move," she said.

"Then you 're all right so far. But I 'd

keep a sharp watch, 'n' if you ever feel your leg numb, I 'd have that whole thing right off, no matter what young Dr. Brown says. What do you care 'f you do hurt his feelin's? You 're a fool to lose a leg on a 'count o' any doctor, Mrs. Lathrop. An', to be real frank with you, I ain't none too much time to tend you, 'n' 'f I can't trust Jathrop even to carry dishes back 'n' forth, I 'll have to be on the jump more time 'n' I c'n well spare. I 'm sorry for him, though, when it comes to that cow to-night. Sounds like she 'd tear the barn down. Can't you hear her mooin'? I was jus' ready to come over to-night, 'n' she was makin' such a ' awful racket that the minister could n't make me hear the front door 'n' had to come round to the kitchen. He was takin' Liza Em'ly 'n' John Bunyan 'n' Henry Ward Beecher 'n' Felicia Hemans 'n' the twins up to take tea to Mrs. Brown's, 'n' seems he 'd heard about Jathrop's bein' out huntin' the butcher, so he knew you 'd want milk again, 'n' he stopped to ask how many pints while you was sick, 'n' to say that he felt 't it was no more 'n' Christian to say that, though he *had* been hurt at your buyin' a cow of your own, still he would n't say nothin' about chastisement at the hands o' the Lord now that she 'd kicked you. He said he 'd 'a' come to call on you, only he saw Jathrop down-town, 'n' knew 't there 'd be no one to open the door. I told him you was too busy with a plaster cast to have time for anybody yet awhile, 'n' the cow was n't no doin' o' yours, for you did n't want her, even afore you was kicked. The cow was mooin' like mad, 'n' the childern wanted to see her, so I took 'em over 'n' we lifted 'em all up to peek. Felicia Hemans was awful scared, 'n' the twins, too, so I took 'em all into the kitchen 'n' gave 'em a cooky all aroun'. The minister took his six childern 'n' went, 'n' Lord knows his enemies ain't got no call to wish him anythin' more 'n' what 's bein' dealt out to him right along."

Mrs. Lathrop made an uneasy movement.

"Does it hurt much?" her friend inquired.

"No—it don't hurt; but I 'm gettin' so awful tired o' layin' on my back. I 've laid like this ever since ten o'clock this mornin'."

"'N' to think that you 've got to lay

there for six weeks! I declare, I believe if it was me I jus' could n't stand it! But then, if you get out with your leg, you won't care about nothin' else when it 's all over. I 'd be so worried over that eatin' up, though, 'f I was you. It 'll be awful, the day that he unwraps your leg, 'f he don't find no leg a-tall when he gets to the middle.

"A one-legged woman is so sort of outside of everythin'. She can't say she was a brakeman or lost it in the war. You won't be able to do much o' anythin' with a wooden leg, 'n' when the wind catches you you 'll look jus' like a scarecrow. Mrs. Macy says she can't see what ever did possess you to have young Dr. Brown. She says if you wanted to help him along, why did n't you wait until some time when there was n't nothin' the matter with you? She says young doctors is so dreadful anxious to show off that they want to do everythin' to nothin'. She says if she was you she 'd wait two or three days 'n' then send over to Meadville 'n' get Dr. Carter to come over 'n' see what 's really the trouble. She says mebbe that cow compound-fractured you, 'n' if she did, all them little splinters is fannin' out every way inside o' your leg. 'Course young Dr. Brown ain't prepared for no such doin's, 'n' if he 's countin' on jus' one break 'n' there 's a hundred, why, his dyin' noses is all wrong 'n' you 'll lose your leg, teachin' him a lesson. I 'm sure we all wish young Dr. Brown well, 'n' I mean to call him in myself sometime when I know jus' what 's my trouble 'n' jus' what I 'd ought to take for it; but I tell you, Mrs. Lathrop, no young doctor gets a chance to walk off with one o' my legs. 'F one was to try, I 'd serve him worse 'n' the cow served you. 'N', by the way, when *is* Jathrop comin' home to do suthin' for that—Lord preserve us!"

Something swished madly by outside. Susan jumped for the window, looked out, and jumped for the stairs. Mrs. Lathrop screamed, but the banging of the front door was all the answer which she received.

After long waiting she fell asleep and knew no more until morning.

MISS CLEGG was very prompt with her friend's breakfast, and both she and the breakfast were very welcome.

"Jathrop did n't come home, did he?"

asked the female Samaritan, as she set down the tray.

"I don't believe he did. I ain't heard nothin'. Whatever did happen? I worried for ever so long, 'n' then I fell asleep."

"I know. I come in here when I come home, about eleven, 'n' you was sound asleep, so I blew the lamp out 'n' left you."

"But where *is* Jathrop?"

right towards the bridge, 'n' the minister was jus' gettin' home with them six children, 'n' the five children at home was all come runnin' out to meet 'em, an' the cow charged right in among 'em, an' the minister 'n' every one o' them eleven children is laid out, 'n' there won't be a thing young Dr. Brown won't be able to do once he gets 'em all pieced together again. All



Howard Chandler Christy

"'BOBBY 'N' JOHN BUNYAN HAS GOT SUTHIN' THAT KEEPS
'EM YELLIN' ALL THE TIME'"

"I dunno. He 's gone off somewhere for a while. I guess it 's just as well; they was ready to lynch him last night."

"Lynch him!" cried Mrs. Lathrop, sitting suddenly upright. "What for?"

"On a'count o' the cow," explained Susan, busily setting out the breakfast. "You start right in now while it 's hot, 'n' I 'll tell you everythin' while you eat. You see, she broke her halter 'n' squeezed out that little door into the chicken-yard, 'n' then she tore out all the nettin' 'n' run away. That was her that I jumped to see. I heard the noise, 'n' I thought 't it was Jathrop 'n' the butcher; but the instant I got a square look I see it was n't Jathrop nor yet the butcher, 'n' I run, too. It 'pears she jus' raced to town 'n' right through town 'n' out on the mill road afore any one could stop her; 'n' even then no one could n't stop her, 'n' she went like mad

that 's saved is the minister's wife 'n' the new baby.

"The minister's wife was sittin' up in the window for the first time, 'n' she see it all. She thought he was killed sure, 'n' then, when she knew 't he was n't, the shock sent her right straight back to bed. The minister 's got a broken nose. Liza Em'ly's got her arms sprained. Henry Ward Beecher's ear was 'most took off. Bobby 'n' John Bunyan has got suthin' that keeps 'em yellin' all the time; but when young Dr. Brown tries to find out what it is, they yell so much louder that every one says let 'em alone. Felicia Hemans had the twin that was n't cross-eyed in her arms, carryin' him, 'n' the cow hit her behind so hard 't their heads cracked together, 'n' his eyes crossed right away, 'n' young Dr. Brown says he would n't like to make no rash assertions, but he *thinks* Felicia He-

mans 'll have to be trepanned. But you ain't eatin' anythin'," said the narrator, suddenly interrupting herself; "go on an' eat. You must keep up your strength, Mrs. Lathrop, for I ain't half through yet. You see, the cow run over the minister's fam'ly, 'n' even then she had n't had enough, 'n' she jus' lit out for the bridge. Mrs. Macy was on the bridge, an' *her* story is that she heard a horse gallopin' behind her, an' turned quick to see, 'n' was so frightened when she see it was a cow that she scared the cow itself. Anyhow, the cow went off one side, 'n' it was pretty dark, 'n' she was probably not thinkin'; for, anyhow, she fell right into the mill-race 'n' was carried right down 'n' into the mill-wheel, 'n' her halter caught in the wheel, 'n' it went up, 'n' she had to go up, too; 'n' up towards the top she kicked 'n' wedged 'n' mooded some, 'n' kicked some more 'n' wedged some more, 'n' bust the mill-wheel, 'n' died."

"An' Jathrop?" cried the mother.

"Jathrop 's gone off somewhere on a train. Mr. Weskin gave him five dollars 'n' told him to, 'n' I guess it was pretty good advice or he 'd never 'a' give him five dollars to help him take it. My, the town was half mad last night! Young Dr. Brown was so busy that there was some talk o' electin' him mayor next time. He was jus' tearin' aroun'. I said seemed like the cow 'd left him her sperrit. But if you ain't goin' to eat no more, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'm goin' to take the tray home 'n' go down-town, 'n' then I 'll have a lot to tell you 't noon. How do you feel? I forgot to ask before. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Mrs. Lathrop.

MISS CLEGG brought her own dinner over with her friend's at noon, that they might enjoy a social hour together after the "mornin' down-town."

"Has any one heard anythin' o' Jathrop?" was the invalid's first question.

"No; but I found out what he was sent away for."

"What for?"

"The miller 's goin' to bring suit for damage to the mill-wheel, 'n' as Jathrop did n't own nothin' but the cow, 'n' 's she 's hung up there dead, in her own damage, there wa'n't no advantage in Jathrop's stayin' round. He only complicated everythin', 'n' with him gone they can sue you—"

"Sue *me!*" cried Mrs. Lathrop, af-

frightedly. "I did n't have nothin' to do with the cow except her breakin' my leg for me."

"I know," said Susan; "but I 'm jus' tellin' you the town talk. If I was you, though, Mrs. Lathrop, seems like I 'd be glad to pay any money to know 't that cow was safely dead. It 's awful to think o' how she might 'a' got loose jus' 's I was goin' home an' murdered *me*, perhaps. 'N' you laid up 'n' not able to tend me!"

Mrs. Lathrop's face had been too unhappy before to express any great advance in active misery over this latest idea presented to her mental vision.

"What does a mill-wheel cost, do you s'pose?" she asked sadly.

"I dunno. But you surely ain't lookin' to pay no damages, are you? I 'm a rich woman, 'n' I know 't I would n't pay none. There is n't a foolisher thing to do than to own up 't you 've damaged any one. A person 't begins to be sorry for anythin' wrong 's they 've done 'll end up only jus' able to wiggle aroun' beggin' every one's pardon right 'n' left. If I was you, I 'd stand square on my own two feet 'n' swear up 'n' down 't that was a new halter bought on purpose for this cow."

"But I can't stand on my own two feet with one leg laid out in a plaster cast," wailed Mrs. Lathrop.

"No, o' course not. I was only usin' what lawyers call a figure o' speech, 'n' the p'int I was makin' was this: Stick to it that you 're innocent, no matter what your cow 's done, 'n' let 'em contradic' all they please. You can't make nothin' in law nor nowhere else ownin' yourself guilty, so it 's always safe to stick to bein' innocent. I don't see how no one can blame you for the cow's gettin' out through the chicken-coop while you was up-stairs in a plaster cast. No one but a lawyer 'd ever dream o' blamin' a woman in bed for a loose cow gettin' into the mill-wheel, anyhow. 'N' there 's another thing to consider: 'f you pay the miller anythin', the minister 'n' his eleven childern is all goin' to want damages, too—'s if they was n't damaged enough already; 'n' then young Dr. Brown 'll perk up 'n' want you to pay *his* bill, in place o' bein' just everlastin'ly grateful to you for all you 've give him a chance to learn. Why, I hear 't if Felicia Hemans has to be trepanned, he 'll



"SOME GOES TO SEE THE MINISTER FIRST 'N' THE COW AFTERWARDS"

have two, an' mebbe three, other doctors in consultation; 'n' if it had n't been for your cow he could n't in reason have consulted any one for years to come. But I must say you don't eat much, Mrs. Lathrop; you won't have a mite o' strength to knit your leg 'f you don't eat more. It don't pay me for carryin' the tray back 'n' forth. 'N' I hurried home so to fix up a good dinner, too. I did n't want to come home a bit—it's just like a fair down-town; an' the crick road, what with the cow in the mill-wheel 'n' the minister's broken nose, 's jus' gay.

"Some goes to see the minister first 'n' the cow afterwards, 'n' some takes the cow first. The minister is laid out on the parlor sofa jus' like a President, with Mrs. Allen's Polly to show people in 'n' out. He 's glad of company, because he can't read—seems young Dr. Brown never had a broken nose before, and he bandaged it so big that the minister can only see out sideways. He don't know what hit it, but he 's terrible worried over what he 'll look like the rest of his life. His wife says she don't believe she 'll ever be able to say 'The Lord's will be done' *this* time. She says 'f jus' *one* child had been left to run errands. She says the minister kept her awake half the night sayin', 'All thy waves 'n' billows have gone over me.' I told her, to my thinkin', it 'd 'a' been more truthful if he 'd said, 'Jathrop Lathrop's cow has

gone over me'; but then, a minister can't come down to plain English ever, I suppose. She says she don't know *what* to do; seems like she ought to get up, 'n' then when she thinks of all them childern to tend, seems like she jus' *can't*. Little Jane is turnin' black 'n' blue all over, 'n' she feels awful over the other twin's eyes gettin' crossed. She says they 'll both have to be side-face in pictures till they die. I told her she c'u'd console herself by thinkin' that the minister 'd probably have to sit full-face in pictures till *he* died. Billy's collar-bone is broken, 'n' young Dr. Brown thinks 't he 's cracked a rib; but he says there ain't nothin' to do. He says there 's no way to get in behind collar-bones 'n' ribs 'n' pry 'em out to place again. But *I* think it 's just he 's tired settin' bones. He—"

Mrs. Lathrop's fork fell from her fingers; her face blanched suddenly.

"What 's the matter?" her friend exclaimed, hastening to her side.

"I can't feel my leg!"

"You can't feel your leg?"

"No, I can't feel it at all."

Susan looked frightened, but her presence of mind did not desert her.

"We 'll have to get the plaster right off," she said.

Mrs. Lathrop looked mightily white and perturbed.

"I can't in conscience say send for young Dr. Brown," said Susan; "he 's too

busy to come, anyhow; an' if he did, stands to reason he ain't goin' to advise takin' off to-day what he lathered on yesterday. Perhaps you 'd better wait a little. Your leg would n't be gone afore to-morrow, anyhow. You lay here quiet this afternoon, an' mebbe towards night you 'll feel it again. Can you move your foot any?"

"I c'n move my foot, only it feels funny."

"Well, stands to reason if you can move your foot, you must have your leg yet, although they *do* say 't after a man 's had his leg cut off he c'n feel his toes, so I don't know jus' *what* to tell you." Susan frowned and shook her head. "But, anyhow, I can't stay here all the afternoon. The butcher 'n' the man 't mended the church steeple is goin' up in the mill-wheel together to see if they c'n get the cow loose, 'n' the whole town is goin' to watch, 'n' I want to go, too. I ain't seen so many cows cut out o' mill-wheels in my life 't I can't take no interest in lookin' on. I 'm only sorry 't you can't go, too. It 's a awful pity."

Mrs. Lathrop gave a great twist in bed, and then a scream.

"What is it now?" asked her neighbor.

"I do believe I 've broke my plaster cast! I forgot about it an' turned sideways."

A very slight examination into the circumstances of the case proved Mrs. Lathrop's prognostication to be true. The cast was wrecked from end to end.

"Well, I don't think much o' young Dr. Brown's plaster-casting," said Miss Clegg, with unfeigned disgust. "Only held one day. Howsumsoever, now 't it is cracked, let 's take it off 'n' look at your leg."

"I c'n move it all aroun'," exclaimed Mrs. Lathrop, delightedly. "I c'n pull it up 'n' down. I think he 's a pretty good doctor, myself, to mend a broke leg 's quick 's that."

"Try standin' up," commanded Susan.

Mrs. Lathrop was out of bed in a jiffy.

"I 'm a little mite stiff," she said; "except for that, I c'n walk 's good 's I ever could."

Miss Clegg's features struggled in the throes of many and mixed emotions.

"It was n't never broke a-tall," she exclaimed at last.

Mrs. Lathrop paused in her pedestrian exhibition.

"Think not?" she inquired.

"O' course not. No broken bone could grow together overnight; it takes 's long 's that for glue, which is jus' nothin' but mendin' itself, to set. 'F I was you, Mrs. Lathrop, I 'd put right on my bonnet 'n' go down with the rest of us to see the cow; 'n' 'f young Dr. Brown makes any fuss over your not stayin' where he put you, I 'd jus' up 'n' tell him to his face 't one fool 's sufficient for one town. I guess he 'll think twice afore he trepans Felicia Hemans after seein' one o' his own broken legs runnin' all over town the next day after it was set."

"Do you s'pose he 'll send a bill?" asked Mrs. Lathrop, seeking her shoes and stockings.

"Well, 'f he has the face to, I 'd never pay it in kingdom come. 'N' to think o' me goin' back 'n' forth to feed a woman with legs 's good 's my own! But when you come right square down to it, Mrs. Lathrop, I expect 't young Dr. Brown saved your life, after all."

"Saved my life! How?"

"Why, 'f he had n't put you in that cast I ain't a mite o' doubt but 't that cow would 'a' killed you. I ain't no lawyer, but I 've been thinkin', with Jathrop gone off, 'n' got no property, anyhow, 't you c'n lay the whole blame on him, 'n' never bother about nothin' yourself. People that ain't got no money, 'n' live somewhere else, 's always to blame for everythin' in this world, anyhow, 'n' it 's Jathrop's duty to do whatever he c'n for you, 'n' he c'n easy do this, for it don't make him have to do nothin', 'n' that 's the only kind o' doin' 't he was ever able to do well. Come on now, 'n' hurry up, 'n' we 'll go down 'n' take a look 't the minister, 'n' then spend the rest of the mornin' with the cow."

Mrs. Lathrop reached for her hair-brush.





HIS mother speaks:

Three o'clock. Where on earth is that boy? Dick! Dick! (*Looks out the window.*) Dick! Richard! Oh, you heard me perfectly the first time I called. A minute more, and you'd have been out the gate. You know what I want as well as I do. I want you to practise. No, you can't run over to Will's for a minute. I don't care if you did promise to take the bat back. Well, let him wait. It won't hurt him. What? Well, if the nine can't play without it, let them do something else. You come right into the house this minute and begin practising! It does n't make a bit of difference if you did say you'd bring it. No, I say! No! Richard Everingham, if you don't stop muttering and march right into this house, I'll speak to your father. No, you can't whistle to Will. You come in this minute or I'll know the reason why.

What did you say? You did n't practise all afternoon yesterday—anything of the kind. You practised just fifteen minutes, and you promised to practise an hour this afternoon if I'd let you go. You know you've got to play that "Cradle Song" at the recital. I don't care a bit whether you want to or not; you're going to play it. Well, let the boys laugh if they want to. You're not the only boy that's going to play. Harold is n't a sissy. He's a lovely boy, and I wish you'd try to be

like him. What? Don't stand there arguing with me, Richard Everingham. Go right in and begin to

practise. (*A pause.*)

Dick! Dick! Oh, well, be quick about it, and mind you use plenty of soap and don't just dab at them with the towel. The soap is right there in the dish. Never mind if there is n't any hot water. What did you say? Well, they'll be clean enough. I suppose it's on the rack where it belongs. If it is n't, take a clean one from the drawer. The top drawer, of course, where they always are. Take any one you find. No, you don't need my orange-wood stick. I don't care if they are grubby; your



fingers are clean, and I want you to practise. What is it?





Well, it was n't too sore for you to play ball with this morning. It is n't a particle swollen. No, I won't put a thumb-stall on it. You don't need it. There is n't a thing the matter with it. You go into the parlor this instant and begin to practise.

For goodness' sake, stop twisting that piano-stool! What? Get the dictionary, then, or a sofa-pillow. I suppose it's in the cabinet, where you put it; it has n't walked off. Look for it. Take all the time you want. Your hour won't begin till you are ready to practise. I said an hour. Why, Harold practises two. No! No, I say. Well, if you'll work really hard, I'll let you off in half an hour. It's a quarter past three now. No, the kitchen clock is exactly with my watch. No, you can't take the watch. Stop winding it! You'll break the mainspring. Don't lean out of the window that way; I don't care what the city hall clock says—my watch is right. Did n't she tell you what piece to work on? Well, you ought to remember. Take the five-finger exercises first. No, you can't open a window. It is n't at all too hot. You can see perfectly well with the shades as they are. Let them alone, I say. Let the pedal squeak if it

wants to. You can't oil it. The keys did n't stick this morning. No, I dusted it myself. Don't bang so, Dick, and play evenly. Well, where's the clean one I gave you this morning? Don't stop to look for it. They're in the right-hand corner of the second drawer. The second from the top, of course. Why, I put six there this morning. Well, the left-hand corner, then. Stop blowing your nose, Richard Everingham! You have n't a cold, and you need n't snuffle that way. (*A pause.*)

Stop hitting your feet against it! There's plenty of room for them. Yes, you can, too. You don't have to beat time with your feet. No, you don't need the metronome. I don't know what's the matter with it. Let it alone, I say. Is that the "Cradle Song"? Well, suppose you don't like it? I don't care if you do know it backward. Stop drumming that march and practise the "Wiegenlied." That's what it means in German. What mark? No, I don't want to see it. Repeat. Well, repeat from the beginning to the place where you were when you began to repeat. Repeat the whole thing, then. She did n't tell you *andante* means loud.

Well, get a drink, then; but be quick about it. No, you can't get some ice. Take some from the tap. What is it? Well, let it run. Dick! Well, it's as cold as it's going to be. It does just as well as ice-water. You don't need another book. I don't care if the dictionary is too high.

Well, take it off, then. There are two pillows on the sofa. I don't care which. No, it is n't half-past three yet. Well, put it on top the piano, but don't knock it off. Of course it's going. That vase does n't rattle enough to hurt, if you'd stop banging so. What is it? You could n't possibly sprain your thumb turning it under. I don't want to see it; I know. Well, count up and find out. If it's an *e* it's on the third added line above. Well, play *c*, then. No, you can't play "Bedelia." Play that "Cradle Song" over till I tell you





to stop. Well, if she said to play it that way, play it.

You 've just this minute had a drink. I don't care if it is hot. There is n't a

fly in the house. If you say fan again, I 'll attend to you, young man. No, the half-hour is n't up yet. You can't go to the window if it *is* Will. You can take the bat home when you finish. Well, you can leave it, can't you? Somebody 's sure to be at home. Now don't let me hear another word out of you. Practise, and I 'll hear about that afterward.

No, it is n't the fire-engine; it's a scissors-grinder. You sit right there on that stool and don't you budge! You can get

it sharpened another time. Well, if this one does n't come, there 'll be others. Richard Everingham, if you say another word, I 'll certainly speak to your father! No, he did n't practise, and you ought to be glad you don't have to live on a farm, as he did. Yes, he would have been glad to, but he could n't. Well, it will be a great deal of use to you. You can be forty detectives if you want to, but you 've got to go on taking music lessons. Stop talking!

Well, let him bark. I don't want him in the house. No, the cat is n't chasing him. The Hampson dog has n't been in our yard this week. There 's nothing in the world the matter with him. What are you playing? Well, it does n't matter if it does limber up your fingers; it is n't your lesson. If you 'd play it right you would n't be sick of it.

Nobody 's going to touch the bat. The screen door 's fastened. Yes, it is. The bat 's perfectly safe. Well, what is it? Yes, if you 'll play it all over without making a mistake, I 'll let you go, but you 'll have to practise a whole hour to-morrow.

There! That 's it. I can't for the life of me understand why you fuss so about practising when you can play like that. I mean to ask your teacher to give you a new piece immediately. It's getting to be a real pleasure to hear you practise.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

CANDIDATES AND THE PLAIN VOTER

THE plain voting citizen—the citizen whose interest in an election is not complicated by official duties in connection with a political organization—is apt to find

a political campaign, in certain of its bearings, extremely trying to his spirit. Even if, in his exercise of the franchise, he is not called upon to make a "choice of evils" as to candidates themselves, he is apt to be troubled by a choice as to the associates

or prominent supporters of candidates. For the months of an important campaign constitute a season of special importance for the professional politicians, many of whom are persons whose reputations debar them from ordinary decent society, while their political influence makes them supposedly of peculiar value as vote-getters, and therefore persons it is hardly safe for candidates to snub. The independent voter has to hold his nose while reading in the papers that this or that malodorous politician is hobnobbing, apparently on the pleasantest of terms, with his favorite candidate or his managers. He may—reading between the lines—credit the candidate, or the manager, with the identical action of nose-holding during these widely proclaimed interviews—proclaimed widely by the malodorous ones; but this does not console the voter for the sordidness and the menace of the association.

A decent man in politics, as a candidate or otherwise, is always compelled to put up with associations not agreeable from either the esthetic or the ethical point of view. Politics is rough work. Even reform politics has pretty rough edges. And as for the good man in "regular" politics, in connection with the established parties, he is to be pitied for much of the company he is obliged to keep. Such a man will find his consolation, however, in the discovery of diamonds under a good deal of the roughness. A sense of humor, also, will help him to bear up; he will enjoy the effort of bringing a certain degree of limberness into tough consciences; and he will be sustained by a hope for, and even by the actual attainment of, better conditions through his efforts.

Such a "good man" in regular politics will philosophize on the situation; he will perhaps accept as inevitable the fact that much of the legitimate and necessary work of politics is done by men lacking in moral fiber. He may even say to himself that a certain degree of optimism, of social compromise,—though not moral compromise,—is desirable. He may think it right to strain a point in order to remain "regular," so that he may continue to be useful to the city, State, or country through the advantages of associated effort, as represented by the leading political organizations. He will endeavor to avoid becoming finicky and morbid; he will set

himself to do a man's work, in a man's way, in a man's world.

The over-anxiety of candidates to avoid giving offense to the big or little leaders of organizations is based largely upon respect for the power of the machinery of politics. This power is evident; it is enormous. But candidates are in danger of immensely overrating this power, or at least of underrating other political powers—for instance, the vague, subtle, undeterminable force of public opinion. As a matter of fact, elections are more often than otherwise determined by waves of sentiment, of impulse. Against the strength of an idea, working freely in the minds of men, the ordinary manipulation of the unscrupulous politician is as chaff in the wind. False ideas can do wonders in affecting public opinion; but let a truth get going, it will perform miracles which make the mere machine man helpless and silly.

The plain voter will be apt to think that his admired candidate of one or the other party is taking risks in one direction while avoiding them in another. While avoiding the risk of alienating "the machine," he may be running the risk of alienating the plain voter. For, after all, there is a point where compromise in politics must cease. A candidate for mayor, or governor, or President, has the right to say to his expert political advisers: "I have put up with this, that, and the other; over and over again I have held my nose; but I must stop somewhere. My reputation is worth something to you, my managers; don't put it to too great a strain. I don't purpose to be mixed up with petty, personal, party factions; but this case is not a question of faction, but of crime. Don't ask me to compound a felony with political burglars. It is bad morals; and you may find out that it is, in the end, mighty bad politics as well."

WANTED: A HIGHER STANDARD OF PUBLIC MANNERS

IT has been said that New York has a club for every idea and a society for every emotion. If there were need for another, it would be for an association to promote a high standard of politeness on the part of the public and of those whose function it is to serve the public. This is painfully evident to the returning traveler, who finds the "Step lively!" and the "Shine,

boss?" in humiliating contrast to the respectful treatment received abroad. Nor does one note merely the absence of the substitutes for *monsieur* and *madame*, for *signore* and *signora*, to which one has become agreeably accustomed; more noticeable is the ungente and aggressive accent which robs the politest forms of their meaning. Even a well-intentioned car-conductor demands a fare in the tone of a footpad. The untrained telegraph- or messenger-boy whistles loudly in the vestibule while waiting for admittance and keeps his cap on after entering. On the other hand, the restaurant waiter receives his tip with wordless indifference, as part of a ceremony that has lost its significance by having lost, in both parties, its graciousness and good will. In street travel noise and confusion, and indifference to others, are characteristic of city life, and the principle of deference—to age, to women, and to position—is no longer what it was. Is it that our self-consciousness makes us ashamed of the conspicuousness of good manners? To be sure, we have learned to rise at the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and to take off our bonnets at the theater, and not to chatter in our box at the opera, and in a street-car the woman with a baby is still always sure of a seat; but the old-time gentility that had the flavor of individuality is prominent in public places only by its rarity. Looking back twenty-five years, it must be confessed that our public manners are deteriorating.

Society is known not merely by its code of courtesy for its own members, but by what it endures from others without protest, and in this regard the long-suffering society of New York has much to answer for. It has no time to complain of the petty annoyances of impoliteness, and the perpetrators are thus left without the grace of discipline. The corporations and large establishments that serve the city might easily improve the manners and character of their employees by a few simple rules. Think, for instance, of the influence upon a raw messenger-boy of an exaction that he should not enter a private house without doffing his hat, and that he should address the inmates with the customary titles of respect. This is not a small matter, but a fundamental one. These young fellows—the errand-boy in the office, the caddy on the golf-links—get their education in what

is important in manners from their intercourse with their employers, and an easy-going treatment of such questions is perilous. In such matters those that serve will not be slow in conforming to right standards firmly insisted on. Our large cities are growing in the lower order of foreigners by the hundred thousand, and in this era of decay of respect for many things we owe it to ourselves and to them to see that their manners do not suffer at our hands. Often their manners are very far from being bad; indeed, in the quality and control of the voice, in suavity and simplicity, and in downright good will, they do not suffer by comparison with our native population. Many of their customs, derived as they are from a time when their countries gave manners to the world, are worthy of general imitation.

There is one beautiful foreign custom in particular which we might well adopt—the salute to the dead. The doffing of the hat is the beginning of respect. Stand in front of the Roman Catholic cathedral in Fifth Avenue and note the number of foreign-born coachmen who take off their hats in passing—a reverence to the Host. And yet when hearse after hearse conveying bodies of victims of the great *Slocum* disaster filed down the same thoroughfare through ranks of Americans, hardly a hat was raised. Not so the passage of the charred wreck of that vessel to its new moorings, along the tenement house side of the city. The event was thus reported in a morning newspaper:

Crowds with heads bowed and uncovered, holding their hats in their hands, lined both sides of the East River as the wreck was towed, aided in her passage by the swift ebb-tide. . . . The *General Slocum* eleven days ago sailed from the Third street recreation-pier with flags flying and the band playing popular airs. The same pier yesterday was thronged with at least two thousand persons. As the blackened hulk was towed slowly past the pier Patrolman Essig of the Union Market station, on duty at the pier, cried out, "All hats off in respect to the death-ship!" Off came every hat, and while the hulk was passing every man, woman, and child in that vast throng stood with bared head.

In these days of murderous losses in war and of other great calamities, respect for human life necessarily suffers by sheer familiarity with such things. The solemn

nity and dignity of death can be enforced in no more effective way than by this simple tribute, which in France and other foreign countries is an essential part of good breeding.

Better than an association, which might easily be made ridiculous by zeal without judgment, would be a small group of ladies and gentlemen who, acting informally, should respectfully and gently remind citizens of all classes, and especially municipal authorities, those in control of street-railways, messenger companies, etc., of the desirability and importance of furthering polite intercourse. Such an agency would do more eventually for public morals and

public safety than many an institution that is dealing with these problems by direct attack. At least it is worth while to ponder one's responsibility as an exemplar of outdoor as well as indoor courtesy.

ERRATUM

AS we particularly desired to give proper credit to the architects of the World's Fair buildings pictured by Mr. Castaigne in the August number, we have special regret in discovering that the design of the Palace of Education was there attributed to Mr. Link, and not to the actual designers, Messrs. Eames & Young of St. Louis.



Professor Lose-It's School of Forgettorry

REMEMBERERS, attention! Why suffer longer when there is a cure for you? Thousands of victims of the Memory Habit find Relief!

Try Professor Lose-It's Wonderful System.

Assist 'em with The System

is our motto.

Many a sufferer from a severe case of chronic memory has been permanently cured. The System is heartily indorsed by numbers of our New Rich, pretty summer girls, and dress-makers.

Treatment: Forget three times a day, before meals.

Easy lessons for beginners. To forget injuries you have done others may be learned in one lesson. To forget injuries others have done you may also be learned by persevering study. To forget undesirable appointments guaranteed in two lessons.

Forgetfulness of unfortunate love-affairs a specialty.

Come one, come all.

Forget and you will be happy.

How many lead miserable lives because they cannot forget!

Forget if you would be forgotten.

Send for booklet entitled "Get and Forget."

Address Dr. Lose-It,
Cor. Lethe Avenue and Poppy street,
Philadelphia.

Read the testimonies of grateful hearts who have proved the worth of our marvelous system.

Dr. Lose-It.

DEAR SIR: I have given your Forgettorry System a faithful trial, and wish to report that in my case it has proved a complete success. After only a month's practice of your invaluable rules, I am now able to forget the tailor bills I owe with comparative ease, and repeated duns have no effect on my memory.

Yours gratefully,
John Smith.

Dr. Lose-It.

DEAR SIR: I must write to thank you for your great discovery. I have long been a sufferer from acute memoritis, but a short course of your inestimable system has enabled me to forget with the ease and grace of a dull school-boy. After a few lessons I was able to borrow a book and forget to return it, and I have learned to forget to take a contribution to church. Especially helpful is your new version of a well-known poem, "Lest we remember, lest we remember." I have already forgotten



THE POINT OF VIEW

MISS GUEST: Do you think that mineral water is good for the health, Jonas?
 JONAS: Oh, yas, 'in. When some gemmen fust comes heah, nuffin' don't satisfy 'em, an' at de end ob a week dey 's foreber tellin' me to *keep de change*.

the original. Let me thank you once more before I forget it.

Gratefully yours,
Sarah Jane Dobbs.

Professor Lose-It.

DEAR SIR: For years I have suffered from frequent attacks of memory. I have been kept awake at night because I was utterly unable to forget some unpleasant occurrences of the day. I tried Lethe Water without success. At last I heard of your marvelous system, and it has worked like a charm. Already I have forgotten everything I ever knew. I can't even remember "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and only by the greatest effort can I remember the *Maine*. I have strings tied round all of my fingers to remind me of some errands for my wife, but I have forgotten what they are.

Yours in deep gratitude,
A. Freeman.

Carolyn Wells.

Ballade of Perplexed Authors

We have studied the sinks and the slums;
 We have pictured society's reign;
 We have plucked from the plains all the
 plums;

We have dipped, we have
 dabbled in grain;
 We have set forth the pas-
 sions and pain
 Of the suffering son of the
 plow;
 We have writ of the man
 of the main:
 Pray what shall we write about
 now?

We have gathered the choicest
 of crumbs
 From the trusts and their
 tyrannous train;
 We have dwelt on the roll of
 the drums,
 And the fields of the pa-
 triot slain;
 The past,—we have mar-
 shaled again
 Every age since the Ark, I
 avow.
 We have raised—shall I
 mention it?—Cain:
 Pray what shall we write about
 now?

We have fed upon Turkey—
 and Thrums;
 We have taken excursions
 in Spain;
 We have rifled the land of
 Begums*

Of all of its gems we could gain;
 In fact, there is not a domain
 That is touched by the rail or the prow
 From whose legend and lore we've not
 ta'en:
 Pray what shall we write about now?

L'ENVOI

Oh, some one of eloquent brain,
 Some one of benevolent brow,
 This awful enigma explain;
 Pray what shall we write about now?

Clinton Scollard.

Told On

(SEQUEL TO "THE REJECTED SCOTSMAN" IN THE
 SEPTEMBER "CENTURY")

THE hizzy might hae kept it tae her-
 sel'.
 Sae prood she was, she couldna hellup but
 tell;
 An' now frae her big braggin' comes tae
 pass
 'T is knawn tae effery ither village lass,
 Wha, when they see me comin', squeak
 an' say,
 "I want nae mon wham ithers wadna hae!"

Weel, gang your ways, ye little gigglin'
sillies,
An' wed, God rest ye, wi' your ain town
billies
(Pale little lads, wham I could mak' tae
mind me
An' whip them a' wi' wan han' tied behind
me),
An' brag tae them abou' the Hielandmon
Wham, for their ain slim sakes, ye frowned
upon!

Tauld it, yiss! an' may a' ill befa' me
If "H'isted Scawtmon" isna what they
ca' me!

I'll hae it on them: in my ain countrie
Ilk lass wad die tae gang tae kirk wi' me;
An' there I'll wed some chieftain's sprightly
daughter—

If this deil's-gossip comes na o'er the
water!

John Charles McNeill.

Society Note

A MOST charming occasion was the reception held last night at the home of General and Mrs. Hoot-Owl in the old family oak on the main road. The affair was in the nature of a surprise, but the General and his charming wife were equal to the occasion and extended a hearty welcome to those fortunate enough to have perches on the ancestral roof-tree. The General was first serenaded by a carefully chosen quartette consisting of Miss Lark, soprano; Miss Browne-Thrush, contralto; "Fat" Partridge, tenor; and Jim Crow, basso. Their rendering of "Owl Folks at Home" was exceedingly effective, and the General soon appeared in the doorway with his wife on his wing. Older inhabitants of Birdsboro will remember Mrs. Owl when she was Miss Minerva Screecher, one of the most attractive young birds in the country. She has lost none of her charm, and welcomed one and all, saying, with her characteristic hesitancy, "To who—to who—to who—I am I indebted for this delightful surprise?" The entire company pointed claws at Mr. Bob White of Meadowbrook, who had arranged the program. The main feature of the evening was a vaudeville

entertainment given in the darkest part of the oak, so that General and Mrs. Owl could see clearly. Herr Heron of Holland sang "The Fisher Maiden," but was not heard to his best advantage owing to a frog in his throat, which he caught while crossing the marshes yesterday evening. The Pigeon brothers, tumblers, won flutter after flutter of applause with their daring somersaults, and the Partridge drum-corps beat out a lively accompaniment to the reels of four Scotch sandpipers. Then Robin Redbreast sang a delightful comic song beginning "I was off the blue Canary Isles." The idea of a "blue canary" set the General hooting with mirth, and he nearly brought down the tree by observing, "He must have been a Jay." Ostrich, the African wonder, next gave an exhibition of glass-eating, and the more formal part of the evening was brought to a close by Miss Nightingale's interpretation of "Had I the wings of a dove," and some clever imitations of human beings by our most talented comedienne, Polly Parrot.

The flock then adjourned to the dining-limb, where a bounteous supper of delicious fried worms, cream of caterpillars, Boston baked bees, bugs-en-brochette, and grasshoppers-au-gratin was served by an able corps of Carrier-pigeons. Then followed general larking while the younger members played at ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The climax of the evening was a grand cake-walk, the music for which was furnished by the famous Batrachian Band, led by M. Grenouille, the orchestra being artistically concealed behind a bank of potted bulrushes. The greensward, lighted



OUT OF HIS LINE

THE MAJOR: What is the child crying for, nurse?
THE NURSE: I don't know, sir; I've tried everything to stop him. P-please, sir, would you mind saying "Boo!" to him a few times?

by a two-hundred glow-worm power chandelier and twenty firefly side-lights, presented a scene of fairy-like beauty.

The first prize, a large seed-cake, was won by Mrs. Peacock and her partner, Mr. Pouter Pigeon, whose strut was truly wonderful.

Among those present not already mentioned were: General Stork, president of the International Delivery Company; Mrs. Plymouth Rock, regent of Colonial Hens; Signor Cockatoo, consul to Birdsboro from Patagonia, who wore full uniform; Admiral Gull and his nieces, the Misses Penguin, and many others. Greatly regretted was the absence of the Mallard-Ducks, who, as usual, have gone South for the winter.

George S. Chappell.

The Proposal

He planned he would start with the weather;
Compare it to life;
And laud storm and shine shared together
By husband and wife;
And having in masterly fashion
Approached by degrees,
Would breathe like a poet his passion,
Perchance on his knees.

He started, therefore, with the weather,
But wabbled to books;
They chatted of burning on leather,
And troublesome cooks.
Again to the weather he shifted—
"Such terrible dust!"
To world's expositions they drifted,
And autos discussed.

The weather a third time. "So dusty!"
She fully concurred;
They wandered to "brassie shots" lusty,
And "holes" quite absurd;
To riding, equestrian habits;
To dramas well staged;
To picnics, hats, roses, Welsh rabbits—
And couples engaged!

So now for the weather. Chance beckoned.
He thought it might rain—
And changed to Czar Nicholas Second.
(His plans were in vain.)
He rose for good night (the tongue-twister!
He'd made such a mess!),
When, suddenly, lo! he had kissed her
And she had said "Yes!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

Texts

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." James i. 8.

Now quit you' readin' fer a spell;
You runs you' words togedder
Des like a passel o' wild sheep
A-tram'lin' thoo a medder.

Find 'bout dat double-minded man
(His mind so strong 't was double),
Honest an' able in his ways,
A he'p in time o' trouble.

"Hit ain' dat way"? "Hit don't mean dat"?

I got de facts an' figgers.
I had dat teck from Marse Perdue,
What owned a hundred niggers.

Dey meanin' in dat teck, my chil',
What you hain't never finded;
You pray de Lawd from dis day on
To make you double-minded.

Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Mixed Beasts

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE MAN WHO FIRST
INVENTED THEM)

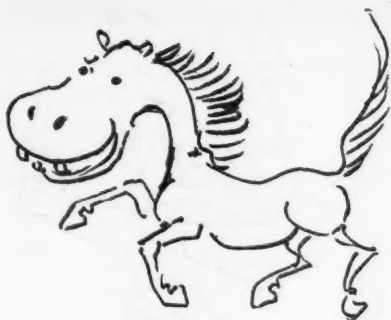
BY KENYON COX

With sketches by the author



THE WELSH RABBITTERN

THIS is a very fearsome bird
Who sits upon men's chests at night;
With horrid stare his eyeballs glare.
He flies away at morning's light.



THE KANGAROOSTER

HIS tail is remarkably long
And his legs are remarkably strong;
But the strength and the length of his legs
and his tail
Are as naught to the strength of his song.
He picks up his food with his bill;
He bounds over valley and hill;
But the height of his bounds can't compare
with the sounds
He lets out when he crows with a will.



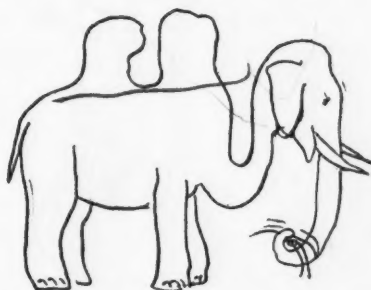
THE HORNBILLYGOAT

THOUGH he 's handsome and bold
And protected from cold
This creature is far from jolly.
It 's the curl of his toes
And the hump on his nose
That cause his melancholy.



THE TOMATOCANTELOPE

THIS tinny and timorous beast
Roams the forest of kitchen shelf
And is so afraid of the scullery-maid
That he keeps inside of himself.



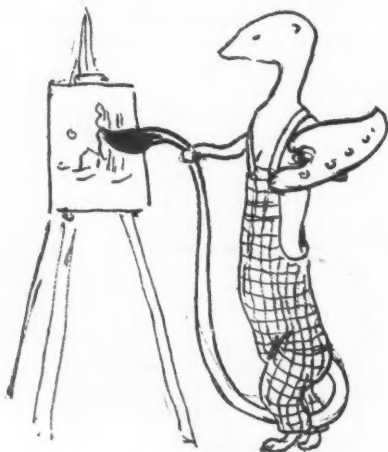
THE CAMELEPHANT

THIS is the ship of the jungle
Whose form is much of a bungle.
He never is happy except when in bed,
For it takes all his strength to hold up his head.



THE PEANUTHATCH

THIS funny bird lives upside down
And makes his nest in a paper bag.
He never, never wags his tail,
Because he has n't one to wag.



THE PAINTERMINE

ITS innocence deserves no gibe—
Pity the creature, do not mock it;
'T is type of all the artist tribe—
Its trousers have n't any pocket!



THE WILD BOARDER

HIS figure 's not noted for grace;
You may not much care for his face;
But a twenty-yard dash
When he hears the word "hash"
He can take at a wonderful pace.



THE WALRUSTIC

HE is not made witty by life in the city;
He 's solid and stolid and slow:
Yet put him on ice, and you 'll find in a trice
That the fellow has plenty of go.

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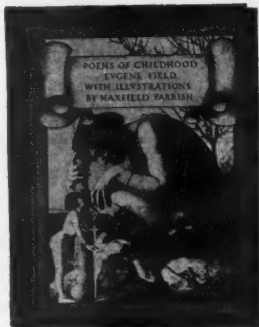
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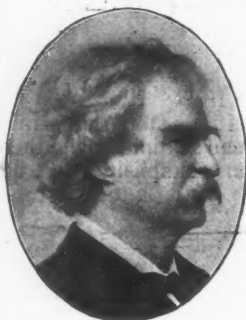
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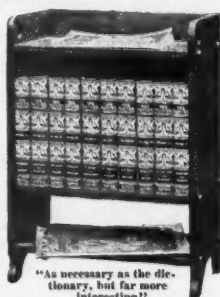
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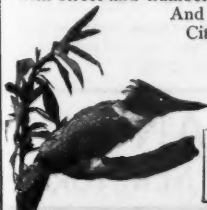
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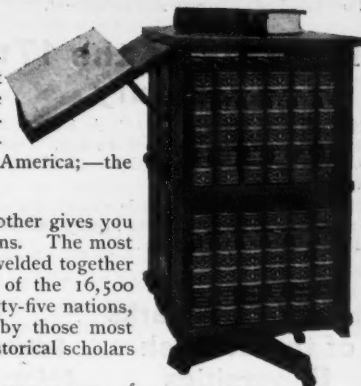
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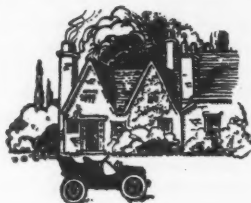
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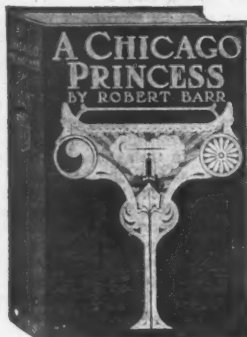


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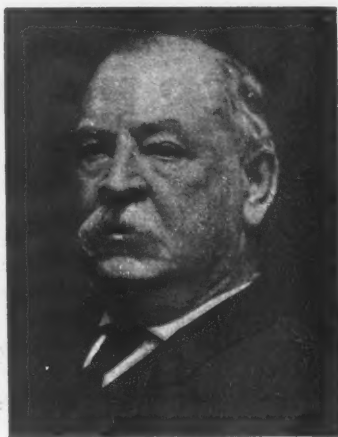
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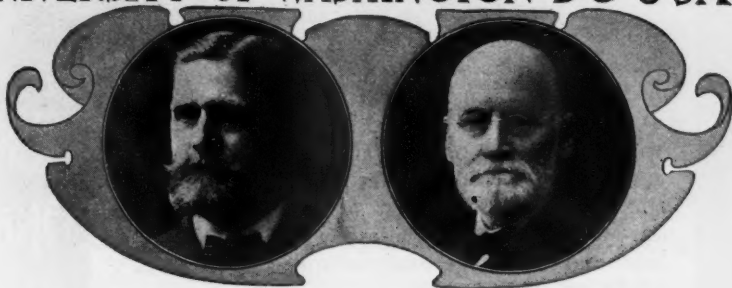
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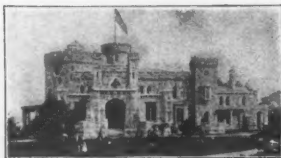
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**Paid One
Premium
November,
1903.**

**Widow Received
\$500,000 July, 1904.**

CHICAGO, ILL., July 19, 1904.
MR. WM. B. CARLILE, Mgr.,
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF N.Y.,
Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:

I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your company's check, dated July 15, 1904, for the sum of \$500,000, in settlement of the claim under my late husband's policy, No. 1,415,815, in the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

In the best of health when this policy was issued him (November, 1903), Mr. Netcher had every expectation of living for many years. This policy was taken out to safeguard the large transactions and enterprises which he had lately entered upon, and his sudden demise in the midst of these plans presents an excellent example of the wisdom contained in the words of your President, Mr. Richard A. McCurdy, concerning the value of life insurance for the protection of large estates.

Mr. Netcher was operated upon for appendicitis June 16, and died June 20. The final proofs of death were not placed in your hands until July 4.

While Mr. Netcher leaves as parts of his estate the well-known "Boston Store" of Chicago, and valuable parcels of real estate, this item of a half million dollars of life insurance, so quickly convertible into cash, is undoubtedly among his wisest investments.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) MOLLIE NETCHER.

Take out your next policy in THE MUTUAL LIFE,
which has paid to policy-holders nearly two
hundred millions more than any other
Company in the world, and now holds for
the protection of its policy-holders
over \$401,000,000.

A Successful Chicagoan's Big Policy

Mr. Netcher says: "I selected the policy of THE MUTUAL LIFE after I had obtained the best available expert advice."



Half-million dollar policies are scarce. Of the four one-million-dollar policies ever written, three were in The Mutual Life, including one on the life of Geo. W. Vanderbilt. A well-known New York banker and financier, has just taken out in The Mutual Life the largest single policy ever issued, for \$1,500,000.00. The Mutual Life insures all but \$250,000 of these large policies.

New-York Daily Tribune

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17, 1904.

TAKES LIFE POLICY FOR \$500,000.

Mutual Life Insurance Company Insures Chicago Merchant for a Half Million.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]
Chicago, Jan. 16.—An important milestone in the life of a Buffalo boy who came West to make his fortune twenty-five years ago, was marked this week when Charles Netcher, proprietor of the Boston Store, took out a life insurance policy for \$500,000 in the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New-York. The policy, which is payable to Mr. Netcher's wife, is said to be by far the largest ever issued on the life of a Chicago man. Mr. Netcher says: "I selected the policy of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New-York, after I had obtained the best available expert advice upon life insurance."

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

Richard A. McCurdy, Pres.

Policies written from \$1,000, to \$1,000,000 at the same rate per thousand.

If you are in good health fill out and mail attached coupon, and we will send exact figures showing the rates paid by the largest buyers of investment policies.

CENTURY
No. 5

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Gentlemen—I should like to receive (free) information regarding the cost of investment policies for

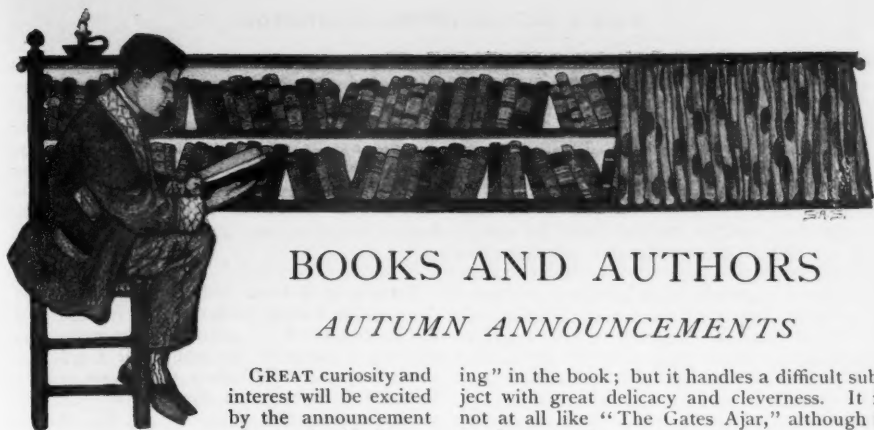
amount of \$ _____ My occupation

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS

GREAT curiosity and interest will be excited by the announcement of a novel—his first—

by the accomplished Parisian painter and illustrator, André Castaigne, widely known in America through his having taught so long in this country, and through his brilliant illustrations in American periodicals, especially in *The Century Magazine*. Mr. Castaigne's story is highly romantic and, as might be expected, full of picturesqueness, dealing as it does not only with the Parisian private and class atelier, the boulevard, the student restaurant, the circus, and the often-grotesque frequenters of the Quartier Latin, but also with the adventures of "kings in exile" (in this case a duke), and with a certain fascinating and heroic myth of one of the little countries bordering on the Adriatic. Mr. Castaigne's numerous illustrations are an important part of a striking and unhackneyed narrative. He calls the novel "Fata Morgana."

EX-PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND'S first book is to appear in a few weeks. It will command important attention both on account of its author and by reason of the great questions which it ably discusses. During Mr. Cleveland's Presidency there arose some pressing questions, and the manner in which they were successfully answered is a lesson which all Americans must prize. The title of the book is "Presidential Problems."

"THE Gray World," by Evelyn Underhill, to be issued in October, will be found a most unusual story, so well written that, aside from the interest of the remarkable narrative, one reads it with delight because of the charm of its telling. A London slum-child dies in a hospital and finds himself, with thousands of other souls, in a gray world. Heart-sick for earth and its interests, the desire for earthly existence sends the soul of the waif back into the body of a middle-class family's son. He is a strange boy, who never forgets his earlier life and the hours in the "gray world." There is not a hint of "preach-

ing" in the book; but it handles a difficult subject with great delicacy and cleverness. It is not at all like "The Gates Ajar," although it touches upon the same theme.

THE stories of "The Madigans," by Miriam Michelson, which have been appearing in *The Century*, are to be collected in book form with other stories of the same merry family not printed in the magazine, and the book will be issued in the autumn. What the lively young women of the Madigan family do not think of in the way of mischief, innocent and intentional, is not worth thinking of; and the manifold adventures of these interesting children are told with all the sparkle and wit that have made the author's earlier book "In the Bishop's Carriage," so popular a success.

MISS ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK'S work has become familiar to *Century* readers through the appearance of "The Rescue" in the pages of this magazine. Her first story since the appearance of "The Rescue"—"Paths of Judgement"—will appear this autumn. Like Miss Sedgwick's other work, while chiefly notable for its subtle character-analysis, it is also a dramatic story. Miss Sedgwick's novels are very popular with a large class of discriminating novel readers who enjoy clever writing.

THE announcement of a new story by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is sure to be of interest. She calls her new book "The River's Children." It is an idyl of the Mississippi River, and it is believed that it will prove to be one of the best if not the very best story that Mrs. Stuart has yet given to the world.

Her "Sonny" is one of the most popular books on The Century Co.'s list, and a new illustrated edition of it is to be published this autumn. It will contain chapter initials and fourteen illustrations by Fanny Y. Cory, with an attractive cover design. Thirteen large editions of "Sonny" have been printed, and the new edition will appeal to many as a gift book for those who have

learned to love the delightful old man whose monologue makes up the story of "Sonny."

THE little "Thumb-nail" books are always among the most popular issues on the dealers' counters at Christmas time, and the steady sale which they have throughout the year shows that they are used, too, for birthdays and for many other occasions. The new volumes which are to be issued this season are "As You Like It," and "Romeo and Juliet,"—both following the Cambridge text, and with interesting frontispiece portraits of Shakspeare—and "An Old English Christmas" by Washington Irving. The books are bound in full leather, with attractive cover designs by Mrs. Blanche McManus Mansfield, who has made most of the covers for this popular series.

A NEW novel by Gouverneur Morris is on The Century Co.'s list for early fall publication. It will be called "Ellen and Mr. Man," and a part of the story has appeared in *The Century Magazine*—but only a small part. The heroine has two lovers: one is her cousin, a small boy of seven or eight; and the other is a fine young Frenchman. And somehow though Ellen herself is adorable and the "Chocolate King" is admirable, it's the wee lad who holds the center of the stage and the largest place in the reader's affections.

A SHORT time ago an American mother decided that it would be quite as easy and not more expensive to take her three small boys for a summer sojourn in Brittany than to make the usual pilgrimage to the Maine coast, and that there would be the added interest and benefit of a more complete change of scene and air. The result of this expedition is a delightful little book—"A Transplanted Nursery," by Martha Kean. The record of this summer abroad, the many amusing adventures by the way, the trials and joys of housekeeping in a quaint and almost medieval town, together with the narrative of many eventful excursions, make up a story of a most unusual and rather audacious experiment. The book will be very fully illustrated from photographs.

"THACKERAY'S Letters to an American Family" is the title of a collection of letters now about to be issued in book form, after appearing serially in *The Century Magazine*. If ever a man was delightful in his friendships and happy in his expression of good-will and intimacy, that man was Thackeray. And the reader of this book is tempted to feel that of all Thackeray's letters these are easily the most charming. They were written to different members of the Baxter family of New York, and cover both the first and second visits of the novelist to America, record-

ing one of the most interesting friendships of his life. A loose, irresponsible whimsicality saturates these letters; and that they are all unmistakably for the moment is part of their charm. Facsimiles of manuscripts and drawings by the author, and an introduction by Miss Lucy Baxter, add to the interest and value of a volume which every Thackeray lover will prize. The book is issued in most attractive form.

THERE is a keen and growing interest in America in formal gardening, an interest that will be stimulated and gratified by the sumptuous volume, "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," written by Edith Wharton and illustrated by Maxfield Parrish, which The Century Co. will publish soon. Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Parrish had a long and sympathetic familiarity with Italian outdoor life before they entered upon the task of preparing this book. They spent several months in Italy, working together, studying not only the well-known gardens but procuring admittance to many which the public never sees. The result is a unique and rarely beautiful book, the text of unusual suggestive as well as descriptive value, for the Italians are ranked the garden magicians of the world. The illustrations are worthy of their subjects—many of them exact reproductions in colors of Mr. Parrish's original paintings in oil; others are reproductions of his work in black and white, and to make the book more complete a number of exquisitely taken photographs have been added of scenes which Mr. Parrish did not picture.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL'S "The Youth of Washington, Told in the Form of an Autobiography" will soon be issued in book form. During its serial publication in *The Century* the work has attracted very wide attention. It has been well called a "daring undertaking," and the consensus of opinion of the critics seems to be that it is extremely successful. The *Birmingham Ledger* considers it "the most unique piece of literary work of the century"; the *Church Review*, of Hartford, characterizes it as "one of the most remarkable literary efforts of recent years."

Parts of the book are in Washington's own language, but the ablest critics have been misled in the attempt to say which is Dr. Mitchell's and which George Washington's. Whatever of a puzzle this volume may remain, this is sure—that here is for all men a delightful story, told with such literary self-restraint as must have been rather a trial to him who wrote "François," and who loves the freedom of the romance.

PROBABLY no living writer can claim more friends than Mary Mapes Dodge, editor of *St. Nicholas* since its first issue. Young and old

find pleasure and help in her writings and in the magazine which she has edited for so many years. "Poems and Verses" is the title of a new volume which will be issued by The Century Co. during the coming autumn, to contain Mrs. Dodge's latest verse with many old favorites—the collection being representative of her choicest and ripest work.

"ART Crafts for Beginners" is the title of a book which The Century Co. will soon issue. Its author is Frank G. Sanford, director of the Arts and Crafts Department of Chautauqua. The book describes Design, Woodworking, Pyrography, Sheet-metal Working, Leather Work, Book-binding, Clay Modeling, Basketry, Bead Work, and Weaving. As a suggestive little manual for the teacher, and as a practical guide for the amateur, it should prove invaluable. It is the most up-to-date publication of the kind and has the indorsement of many leaders in the Arts and Crafts movement.

THE Century Co.'s books for boys and girls include many of the most popular and standard "juveniles" in the country. At least sixty of its publications are on the list of books which may be ordered by the teachers of the New York City Public Schools, to be paid for by the Board of Education, and there are many similar lists, where The Century Co.'s books for boys and girls occupy a leading place.

AMONG the new books of this class, soon to appear, are the following:

"The Staying Guest." The story, written by Carolyn Wells and illustrated by Granville Smith, of a quaint and startling but loving and lovable little girl called "Ladybird." She is one of the cleverest child characters in fiction, and the story of her coming, unbidden and unwelcome, into the home of her supposed aunts, and her protracted stay until she becomes their heart's joy, is one which readers of every age will enjoy.

That Palmer Cox has written and pictured a new lot of Brownies will be good news for a vast army of youngsters. This time he tells the story of "The Brownies in the Philippines," and the fact that several new characters are introduced, and that all of the old Brownie friends are included, —while there is incidentally something to be learned about the Philippines,—will make this one of the most popular of all the Brownie books, of which so many thousands have been sold.

"Kibun-Daizin; or, From Shark-Boy to Merchant Prince," is a Japanese story written by a popular Japanese author. It tells the story of a lad whose pluck, wisdom, and enterprising spirit made him grow up to be one of the most prosperous and respected men of his time.

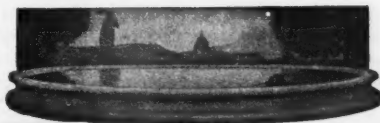
The late B. L. Farjeon, well known as an author of books for grown-ups—"Bread and Cheese and Kisses," etc.—wrote a book for young people, "Lucy and their Majesties: A Comedy in Wax," which has been appearing serially in *St. Nicholas* during the past year. It is one of the jolliest books written in many a day—most of the characters being wax celebrities at Madame Tussaud's. George Varian and Fanny Y. Cory furnish the illustrations.

"Elinor Arden, Royalist," is the title of Mary Constance Du Bois's story of seventeenth-century young life, full of romance, adventure, and devotion. The tale is founded upon an actual incident in the life of the Princess Henrietta Anne. The illustrations are by Benda.

"Baby Elton, Quarter-back," is the title of a book for boys by Leslie W. Quirk—the story of an athletic young chap, such as boys like to read about. The book will be handsomely illustrated by Relyea and Marchand.

THERE are several lives of Captain John Smith in existence, but it is thought that there is no biography which is so thoroughly true to facts, and at the same time so interesting to young people, as "Captain John Smith," by Tudor Jenks, about to be issued by The Century Co. Like all the biographers, Mr. Jenks has taken Smith's own writings as the basis of his story, but he has added nothing and taken away nothing without explaining why, and he has prepared an account of a remarkable life which is clear and plain in its language and accurate in all of its statements. It should become the standard history of Captain John Smith for young Americans.

GARDENING is fascinating to almost all children. In the environs of Cleveland alone no less than sixty-five thousand school-children are actively interested in it and have little gardens of their own. The Century Co. is about to publish a book called "Mary's Garden," written by Frances Duncan, which is really a practical treatise on making a flower-garden, told in the form of a story and in just the way to interest and help young people. The author is an expert; she takes nothing for granted as to what children know, and she gives all the little details of gardening which most writers ignore.





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a beautiful hand

Matchless as healer and cleanser. Unique medical qualities soften and relax the cuticle, prevent brittleness, "hang nails" and a harsh, dry skin.

Good manicures urge its use. 25 cents a cake.

Woodbury's Facial Cream for sun-burned skin.

Write for beauty booklet (FREE) or send 10 cts. in stamps for handsome brochure, 32 pages, 9 x 12 inches, containing large photographic portraits of leading actresses and actors.



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., Sole Owners, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Artistic Triumphs of the Pianola in Germany

WITHIN THE past few months, the Pianola has been accorded a recognition in one of the greatest musical centers of the world, which is perhaps more significant than any of the many tributes which have preceded it.

The Germans, as a people, are noted for their conservatism, especially in all matters affecting innovations in music and the fine arts. The following letter to the President of The Aeolian Company gives an account of the experiences of a gentleman from the London office of The Aeolian Company, who made a brief visit to Germany last summer.

The matters treated of are of such general interest and of such vital importance to the entire musical world, it has been decided to make the communication public in its original form.

The Orchestrelle Company

Mr. H. B. Tremaine
President Aeolian Company
New York

English Branch of The Aeolian Company

London, August 3, 1904.

DEAR SIR: In some respects my recent trip abroad was the most interesting and most successful of any which I have taken. I was enabled to demonstrate the capabilities of the Metrostyle Pianola to some of the greatest living musicians, and it is an interesting fact that in each and every case the artist at first refused to hear the instrument, giving as his reason his objections to mechanical instruments, however perfect, and the fact of having heard instruments of a similar character before and having his opinion verified after the demonstration. I never before realized the innate prejudice a musician has against instruments of this kind, and it more forcibly than ever made me realize the importance of constantly continuing to improve our instruments, so that the customer may not only be enabled to play intelligently, but be prevented from playing in such a way as to create a wrong impression in the mind of the auditor.

The first great artist to whom I played in Berlin was Joachim, who is not only considered the greatest violinist of this age, but whose opinion upon all things musical is taken as a criterion by musicians the world over. Being a violinist, he was naturally more sensitive than the pianoforte virtuosi, and while I looked forward to showing him the instrument, I realized that his judgment and criticisms, if he had any to make, would be of great value to us, but an unfavorable impression expressed to brother musicians might make our work all the harder. I played to Joachim several compositions of different kinds, and his opinion is best expressed by the testimonial which he gave us and which seems to me to be of the greatest possible importance, coming as it does from this renowned

GENTLEMEN: I consider your Pianola with the Metrostyle an invention of the greatest importance to musical art. My first impression upon hearing an instrument of this kind was that it would be harmful and misleading; but the Metrostyle Pianola has completely changed my opinion, for not only does it play the notes correctly, but, with the Metrostyle, interpretation is given which is equal to that of an artist. Your success is assured.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH JOACHIM.



JOSEPH JOACHIM

TO FRAU WAGNER, Bayreuth, Germany.

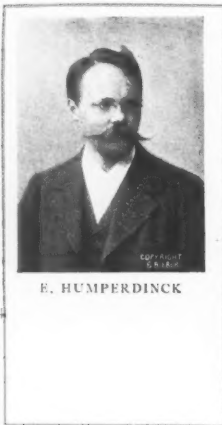
BERLIN, June 16, 1904.
MY VERY DEAR MADAM: Mr. Muetter, the representative of The Aeolian Company in New York, has asked me to give him a word of introduction to you; this I do very gladly indeed, as the instrument which he wishes to display to you fulfils very wide requirements. Not only can the most difficult piano compositions from Bach to Liszt be reproduced with the greatest ease, but all possible shades of rendition are also possible. More important than all this, however, appears to me the so-called Metrostyle device, which puts us in a position to make permanent records of the finest tempo-nuances and so to leave to following generations an authentic tradition in black and white.

Just at this time you will find yourself in the midst of most exciting work. We also hope in some weeks to appear on the scene, and Wolfram takes endless pleasure from the fact that he will be able to be present at the last rehearsals. He is now already studying, besides syntax and algebra, most industriously the "Ring" in order to prepare himself.

With heartiest greetings to all Wahofried, in which all my family join, I remain, in the pleasant hope of seeing you soon,

Always very sincerely yours,
(Signed)

E. HUMPERDINCK.



E. HUMPERDINCK

BERLIN, June 3, 1904.

THE AEOLIAN CO.

GENTLEMEN: The Metrostyle Pianola which I have just heard has filled me with admiration and wonder. Although I have heard instruments play the piano before, I had no idea that it was possible to play with the taste and expression of an artist, and the Metrostyle, it seems to me, is almost as valuable as the instrument itself. Your success with the Metrostyle Pianola should be very great.

I am, yours truly,

E. HUMPERDINCK.

and esteemed musician. Joachim seemed to think, however, that the Pianola required a highly trained musician and that a novice might convey the wrong impression of the work. Therefore he insisted, as you will see by his letter forwarded herewith, that the Metrostyle was not only valuable and interesting, but *indispensable*.

The next musician who was persuaded to call at our warerooms in Berlin was Humperdinck. Like all of the others, he at first flatly refused to listen to the Pianola. He had never heard the instrument, but classed it with the others which were supposed to produce the same result; but after repeated calls we finally persuaded Humperdinck to accompany us to our office in Berlin, where I played to him both on the Orchestrelle and on the Pianola. It is, of course, impossible for me to describe the enthusiasm displayed by these different artists and composers, but in the case of Humperdinck it seemed as if he were struck with silent wonder, as he seemed so entirely at a loss to express himself. His opinion of the instrument, however, is best shown in the letter which he afterward sent us. Humperdinck is not only one of the most prominent composers of operatic music of to-day (having written "Hansel and Gretel," one of the most successful operas produced in a decade), but was one of the most intimate friends of Wagner and was one of the first directors of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. Humperdinck inquired whether Madam Wagner had heard the Pianola or the Orchestrelle, stating that he thought she would be very greatly interested in them. We informed him that we believed Madam Wagner had not yet heard the instruments and Humperdinck thereupon gave Mr. Muetter a letter introducing him to Madam Wagner. This letter is in itself, it seems to me, a testimonial of the greatest importance to us, and I enclose herewith a copy of the letter which has been translated from German into English.

Perhaps the most important musician to whom I played in Berlin was Professor Barth. This gentleman is considered one of the greatest piano-teachers living and was the intimate friend of some of the greatest composers, such as Brahms, etc., and occupies one of the most important positions, as a teacher, in Europe. Being a teacher of such prominence and such experience, he naturally would listen to the performance of the Pianola differently than any other musician to whom I have ever played, and after the usual absolute refusals to listen to the instrument, he was finally persuaded to give us, as he said, "just five minutes."

It may be interesting at this point to tell you something of the music which I played. Among other compositions was a long roll by Rosenthal, known as "Theme and Variations." This composition contains not only some of the most difficult passages ever written for the piano, but is so varied as to require almost every shade of variation known in pianoforte-playing. I had already played to Mr. Barth several other compositions, and after his five minutes had been lengthened to over an hour, I played the above composition. Having heard instruments which played the piano automatically before, he was under the impression that he knew the different things which could not be accomplished in playing the piano this way. Mr. Muetter, therefore, while I was playing, called the professor's attention to certain things which I was actually doing

and which Professor Barth claimed were really impossible. Each time that Mr. Muetter attempted to speak, the Professor would raise his hand and request him to be silent, showing how intently he was listening to every phrase, bar, and note which I was playing. You will perhaps be interested to know that in not one single instance did Professor Barth criticize any feature; but after I had finished the composition by Rosenthal, Professor Barth said in German: "Now that it is possible to play a composition like that so perfectly, by whatever means, the most prominent teachers and advanced students of the Hochschule should hear this instrument and take its performances as a type of perfection."

He then inquired whether or not we would be willing to give a recital to the teachers and students of the Hochschule—and I might mention that the Hochschule in Berlin is the first conservatory of Germany and one of the most important in the world. Dr. Joachim is the Director, and other great musicians, such as Max Bruch, the great composer, and Professor Barth, are instructors. A recital was thereupon arranged and was given in the hall of the Hochschule before all the professors and two hundred of the most advanced students. Each number on the programme was most enthusiastically applauded, and the success of the recital means to us, in Germany at least, more than anything which has heretofore been done. Without solicitation upon our part they have presented us with an official letter signed by the Directors, and I am enclosing a copy of this letter translated into English.

One incident which happened at the recital will perhaps be of interest and show the seriousness of the occasion and prove that the performances were listened to as if an artist had been playing, and that *during the performances of the music, the means of producing it were forgotten.*

Each number, before it was played, was announced by Dr. Joachim, and the last number on the programme was the above-described composition by Rosenthal, which was played on this occasion at the request of both Dr. Joachim and Professor Barth. Rosenthal, who happened to be in Berlin, had been invited to attend the recital and sat on the platform during the performance of this number beside the player and indicated from time to time, almost involuntarily, the tempo in which the variations should be played. After several variations had been performed, Rosenthal was obliged to make his acknowledgments to the applause, and after the last variation, which is of the greatest brilliancy, the applause was tremendous, and both the performer and Rosenthal were obliged to repeatedly bow. The performance of this piece was an event in more than one way, as I believe it has never been played in public before, having just been published, and certainly never in Berlin. None of the musicians or artists to whom I played it had ever even heard of it.

There is perhaps no musician in Europe whose opinion I value more than that of Carl Reinecke. He is supposed to be the greatest exponent of Mozart of his day. Many pianists of the highest rank, and students who have had instruction from the best teachers, have in most cases gone to Reinecke for the purpose of getting his interpretation and ideas in connection with the compositions of Mozart.

KONIGLICHE AKADEMISCH
HOCHSCHULE FÜR MUSIK IN
BERLIN.

CHARLOTTENBURG,
den 14. Juni, 1904.
Fasanen Str., 1.

In the presence of the undersigned and a great number of teachers and scholars of the Royal Academy, Mr. Muetter yesterday conducted in one of the large rooms of the institution a demonstration of the Metrostyle Pianola. Among the works given, two compositions, namely, the variations of Pachulski, and the variations of Rosenthal, both compositions for the virtuoso of the most extreme difficulty and brilliant effect, were produced. It is astonishing how much freedom of movement can be shown, both as regards dynamic and rhythmic effects, by a skillful handling. So far as the limits allow, if indeed any exist, the abilities of this device, as compared with the living personal rendition of an artist, have reached the highest result obtainable.

JOSEPH JOACHIM.
ERNST RUDORFF,

Professor and President of the
Department for Piano and
Organ in the Royal Academy
for Music in Berlin.



CARL REINECKE

LEIPZIG, den 10. Juni, 1904.
GENTLEMEN: The Pianola has pleased and astonished me, the more because of its great improvement over the others of its class. Upon no other instrument I have heard is the touch so perfectly controlled, and the Metrostyle seems to me to be almost as great an achievement as the instrument itself, for without an intelligent interpretation a composition, however well executed, is of little value.
Please accept my best wishes.

Yours truly,
CARL REINECKE.

Perhaps no composer has ever lived whose music requires such careful interpretation as Mozart, the phrasing of each bar being of the greatest possible importance. Therefore I anticipated great difficulty in persuading Reinecke to hear the Pianola. I should have felt that we had achieved something of great importance if Reinecke had merely listened to the instrument, realizing the natural aversion he must have to any music from the pianoforte not produced by human fingers. Perhaps no person living is better qualified to judge correct pianoforte-playing and -phrasing than is Carl Reinecke. Therefore the endorsement which he gave us seems to me to be all that any musician or musical person would require as proof that the Pianola is capable of producing from the piano, music, however difficult, as well as it is possible for such music to be played.

I think I need not say anything further about the other musicians in Berlin, as their letters can best describe their opinions; but, before I left, several of the most prominent had commenced to indicate their interpretations with the Metrostyle, either of their own compositions or those for the performance of which they were famous, among others, Professors Barth, Busoni, the great pianist, and Humperdinck.

We have just received an endorsement for the Metrostyle Pianola from the great Saint-Saëns, and you have undoubtedly received my cable message concerning it. When one considers his strong opinions against instruments of this kind, obtaining his endorsement is a positive achievement.

Before closing I wish to speak of what I consider not only the most important endorsement we have received, but the greatest tribute ever paid by a musician to a musical instrument—the letter from Dr. Edvard Grieg. I need not speak of this great composer or his works, as they are so well known, but I send you his letter with much pleasure, and believe you will agree with me that the Metrostyle interpretations which he has given us will be of inestimable value for years to come to all who possess them, as they will constitute the only existing record of the great master's ideas as to the performance of his own compositions.

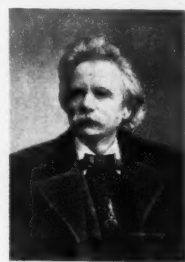
Yours very truly,

Francis Young.

BERGEN, NORWAY, July 28, 1904.

I have heard the Metrostyle Pianola and consider it most admirable and interesting. Before hearing the Metrostyle I had thought that all such instruments were only machines, but it is indeed surprising what can be done with the Metrostyle in reproducing musical works in the way of giving the intentions of the composer. It is excellent.

EDVARD GRIEG.



EDVARD GRIEG

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The consensus of opinion in this direction being so strong, both among musicians and the general public, it has been decided by the manufacturers that the Metrostyle will hereafter be incorporated in all Pianolas—both in the \$250 as well as in the \$300 models.

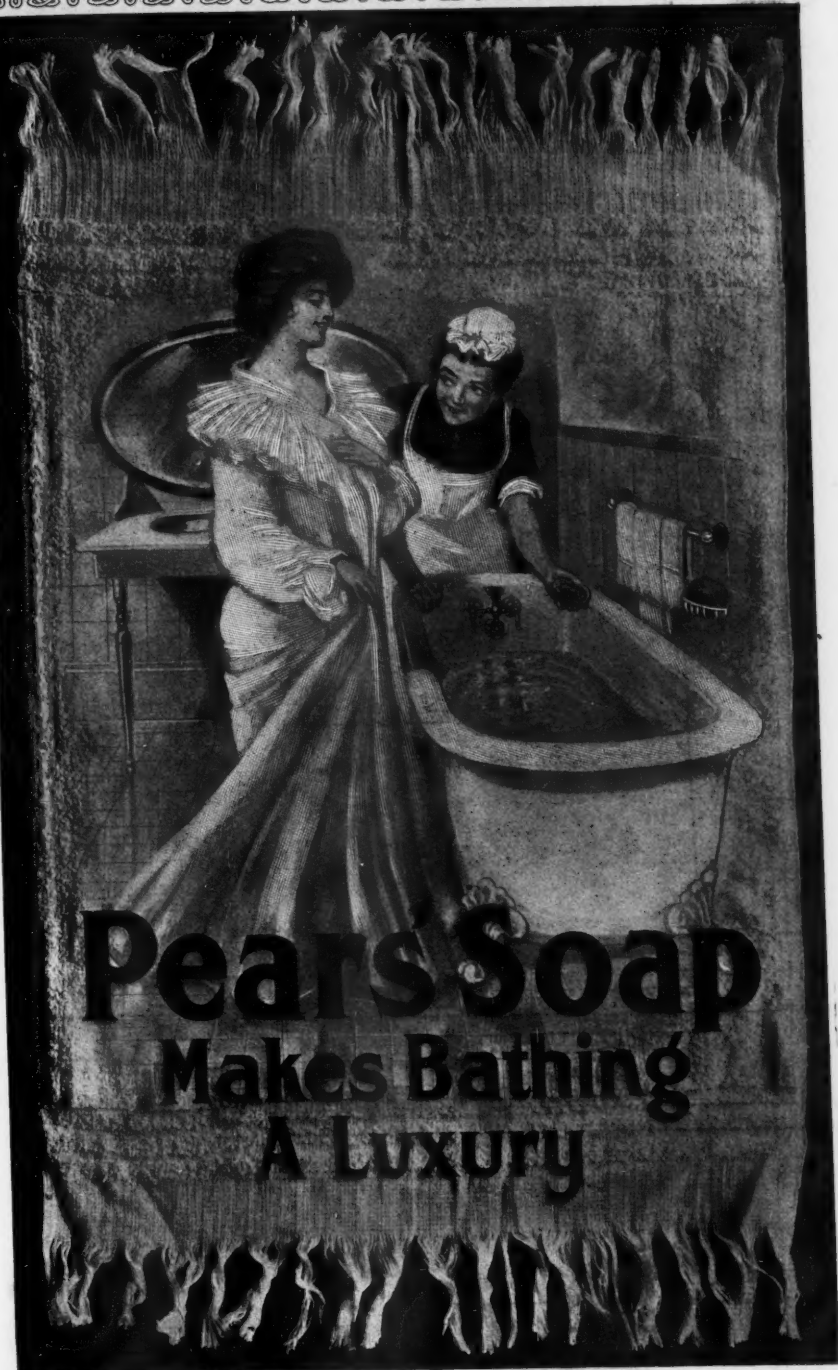
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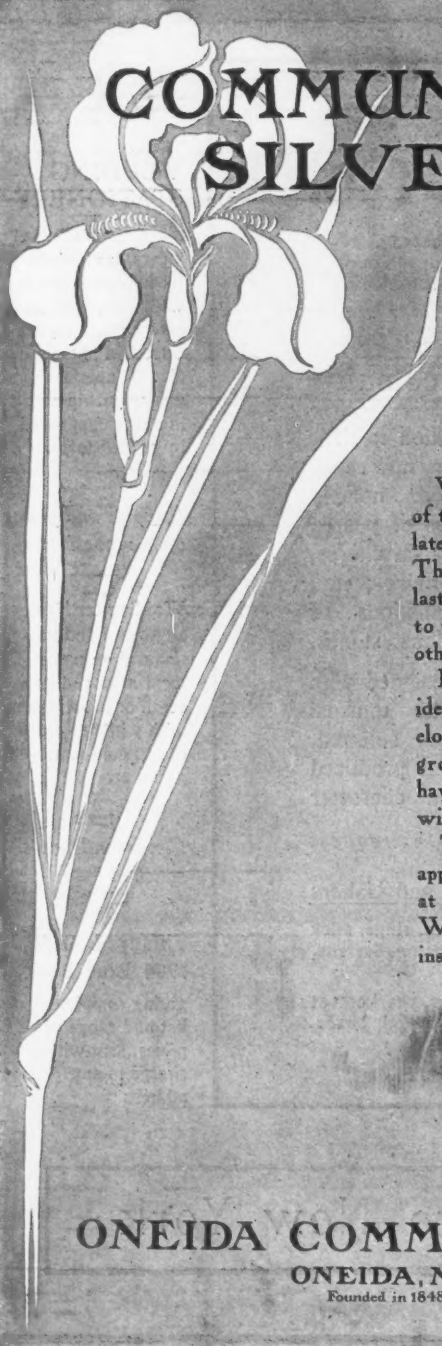
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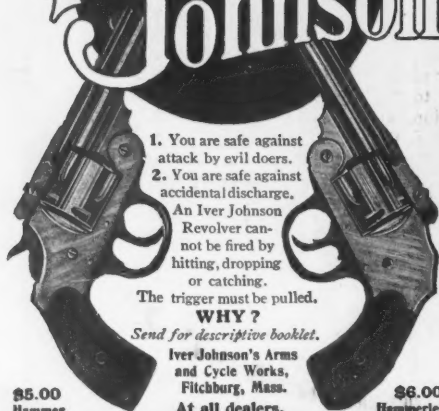
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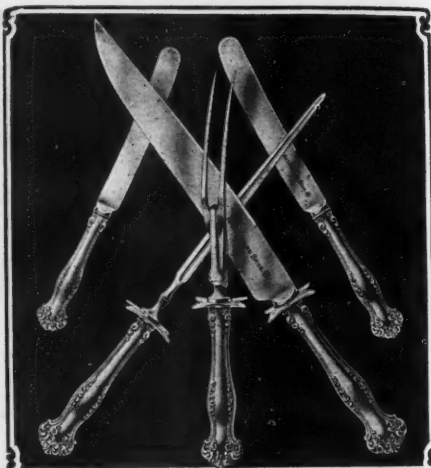
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MATTRESSES

69



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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 70



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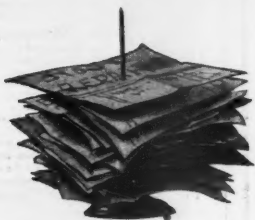


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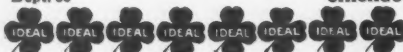
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Dept. 38

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"The best wood preservative known."
Kills germs and repels insects.
Diminishes inflammability.

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ESTABLISHED 1810

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- 5—Light Tonneau Car equipped with tilting steering post, divided front seat, honey-comb radiator, etc.

On the recent Automobile Tour—from New York to St. Louis—the Oldsmobile Tonneau Car easily held its own with cars costing from three to fifteen times as much. It maintained an average speed of twenty miles an hour over the entire trip.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, \$650.00; Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, \$750.00; Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car, \$950.00. All prices F. O. B. Factory. Catalogue free. Address Dept. D

Olds Motor Works

Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



No. 1

In this, our first "Auto-talk" to the readers of the Century Magazine, we do not intend to discuss speed, control or any of the technicalities of automobilism.

What we do want to talk about this time is *value*.

A sensible man doesn't want to pay any more for a thing than it is worth—he wants a thing to be worth all he pays for it.

He doesn't want to pay a big price just because the maker thinks he can get that price, and he doesn't want to be told that a machine is a *good machine*, when it is really only good for the money.

Naturally he asks "Why cannot the automobile business be put upon a solid footing of *cost and worth*?"

It was to answer this question that we started a great automobile plant eight years ago.

And to-day we offer to the public the **Autocar**—an automobile that is built and sold on a commercial basis—and the only one.

The Autocar is beyond the experimental, feeling-the-way stage. *It costs what it is worth—it is worth what it costs.*

Every part from motor to minutest detail of mechanism is built upon lines that have been demonstrated by test and practice to be correct.

The Autocar has all the features of comfort, convenience and safety found in the highest priced cars. Every part is instantly accessible. It is built throughout in the best manner of the best materials and finished in the finest possible style.

The Autocar has a speed of from 3 to 35 miles an hour. Extreme ease of control is attained through an unusually simple arrangement of levers.

The price of the Autocar touring car, shown above, is \$1,700—the Autocar runabout \$900.

In our next month's talk we will give you more details of the Autocar's construction and performance. In the meantime we ask you to send for our booklet in which is found addresses of our agents throughout the country. There is one near you.

One thing is certain, you cannot afford to buy an automobile without investigating the Autocar.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, ARDMORE, PA.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

FRANKLIN



Air-cooling in the Desert

Will anybody ever again ask that out-of-date question, "Does air-cooling cool?"

Last August in its famous "Ocean to Ocean" run, the *Franklin* cut the record nearly in halves across the blazing sands of the great American desert, eating up the miles steadily through the broiling sizzling days, without stop, break, or hitch. In the St Louis Tour the *Franklin* did 178 miles in 8 hours without stopping the motor; and all through the summer races showed heels to cars of twice its weight and thrice its power.

At every point—speed, touring, and endurance, the *Franklin* has settled the air-cooling question forever. Send for catalogue which tells all the facts.

H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., 301 Geddes Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

AUTOMOBILES



Model "H"

Rambler

Touring Cars

Model "H"

\$850

At the Factory

Do you want an automobile you can drive year in and year out without constant worry? Do you want a machine that has few parts, and all of them instantly accessible? Do you want

to understand intelligently, in an hour's time, the operation of every part? Then, you want to buy any one of our six models.

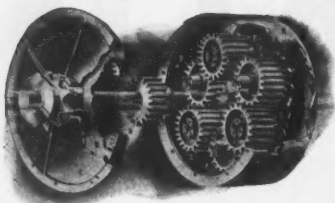
Model "H," here shown, will carry four people anywhere any car can go. It has full elliptic springs, two powerful brakes, 28 inch wheels, 3 inch tires, 81 inch wheel base, large cylinder, 7 actual h. p. engine, two lamps and horn, detachable tonneau, and sells for only \$850.00 at the factory.

Six different models, \$750.00 to \$1,350.00 at the factory.
Write for new Art Catalogue and "A Little History."

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Chicago Branch, 302-304 Wabash Ave. Boston Branch, 145 Columbus Ave.

Philadelphia Branch, 242 N. Broad St.



This transmission is one of the reasons why a stock Cadillac with an 8 1/4 horsepower motor made 144 miles over rough and hilly roads in 5:38—the power is all used in driving the car.

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FOR THE TRAVELLER

Locomobile Gasolene Cars

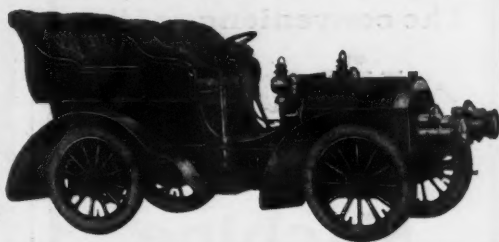
Equal in all respects to the best foreign cars, but better adapted to American roads. FRONT VERTICAL MOTORS only.

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Something New. **MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM** Something Exquisite.

The Best Cup of Coffee You Ever Drank

can be made only with the Marion Harland Coffee-pot. If you'll serve your guests next time with Coffee made with this famous Coffee-pot they'll tell you you're a perfect hostess.

The Marion Harland Coffee-pot

makes the most delicious coffee you ever tasted.

It is so constructed that, condensing the vapor, none of the aroma is allowed to escape, and as the coffee is not boiled, there is no after-taste of the bean.

Saves 40% of Ground Coffee

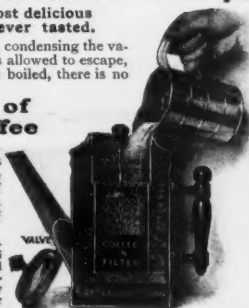
Nearly half of your coffee-bill is saved. It is so simple a child can use it, and two minutes of time gives you a perfectly delightful cup of coffee.

THE MARION HARLAND COFFEE-POTS are all full nickel-plated and ebony-trimmed. Handsomely and substantially made throughout. If your dealer can not supply you the manufacturers will send any size you may select, delivered free by express, to any address east of the Mississippi (and fifty cents additional elsewhere) at the following prices:

4-cup size (1 quart), \$1.25 12-cup size (3 quarts), \$1.80
8-cup size (2 quarts), 1.55 16-cup size (4 quarts), 2.00

Marion Harland writes: "In my opinion it has no equal."

SILVER & CO., 310 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Write for fully descriptive circular.



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Chainless
15 H. P.
\$1500

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Detroit Mich.

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FOR THE TRAVELER 82

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would make it worth while even if it didn't make better pictures than the dark-room way—but it does.

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Ask your dealer or write us for a copy of the new Velox Manual.

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For Men and Women

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ALMOST
EVERY
WHERE**



There was a young lady who lived in a shoe
 Who knew just exactly what she ought to do.
 Whenever she needed new shoes she would say,
 "Of course there is only one truly right way:
 I go to the store where Sorosis is found
 And then I am suited, right down to the ground."

NOTE

[We have published many pretty pictures and much good verse and prose about the Sorosis shoes, but we have never been able to make so good an advertisement as the Sorosis shoe itself. It is the *shoe* that brings us the most customers.]

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 LYNN, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS

UNION MADE **\$3.50 SHOE** FOR MEN

BROCKTON LEADS THE MEN'S SHOE FASHIONS OF THE WORLD.

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES AND SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world, is, because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. They are just as good as those that cost \$5.00 to \$7.00, the only difference is the price. If I could take you into my factory at Brockton, Mass., the largest in the world under one roof making men's fine shoes, and show you the infinite care with which every pair of W. L. Douglas shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the best shoes produced anywhere, and why the sales for the year ending July 1st, 1904, were

\$6,263,040.00.

If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes, and the high grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they

hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day. W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are sold through his own retail stores in the principal cities, and shoe dealers everywhere. No matter where you live, W. L. Douglas shoes are within your reach.

"As Good As \$7.00 Shoes And Wear Longer."

"I used to wear six and seven dollar shoes, and wear them all out in a season. For the past five years I have worn Douglas \$3.50 shoes, and for style and fit they are just as good, and will wear two seasons."

Col. C. C. CORBETT, Boston.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Coltskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Colt is conceded everywhere to be the finest Patent Leather yet produced.

W. L. Douglas \$2.00 and \$1.75 shoes for Boys. Best in the world. Boys all wear them.

G. C. & E. Eli Calf always gives satisfaction.


W. L. Douglas has the largest shoe mail order business in the world. No trouble to get a fit by mail. State size and width; narrow, medium or wide toe; with or without cap on toe; kind of leather desired; lace, button, congress, or blucher. 25c. extra prepays delivery. If you desire further information, write for illustrated Catalog of Fall Styles.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 163 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

FOR THE TRAVELER 85



BY THIS SIGNATURE YOU SHALL KNOW THE O'SULLIVAN RUBBER HEEL;
YOU'LL FIND IT ON EACH BOX. IT IS A GUARANTEE THAT YOU ARE GETTING
HEELS OF BRAND NEW RUBBER AS IT COMES FROM THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.

 At the present time crude rubber costs \$1.15 per pound, but it is the only rubber giving resiliency, comfort, dependability, and wear. These are the features that have caused our rubber heel to be recognized by physicians, adopted by hospitals and used by hustlers. They are a relief to the world; are a panacea to women and the greatest boon ever offered to the public. Remove jar in walking, give a silent easy tread, outwear the shoes, but like all other good things, have substitutes. Substituting means cheapening. All other makes claim to be as good as O'SULLIVAN'S, but where they demand the same price for substitutes, is it not a reason you should demand O'SULLIVAN'S,—the only kind made of new rubber?

35 CENTS AT ALL DEALERS AND A TRIFLE FOR ATTACH-
ING. IF DEALERS CANNOT SUPPLY, SEND 35 CENTS TO

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Oct. 1904.

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are ideal comfort suspenders—they give perfect freedom to the "see-saw" action of the body.

For warm weather wear ask for

Lightweight PRESIDENT

Same in principle and quality.

Absolute satisfaction or money back from the manufacturers.

No leather to soil the shirt. Metal trimmings cannot rust. 50c and \$1.00 at stores or by mail.

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The Munsing Underwear

"The best made, best fitting, most comfortable, durable and satisfactory underwear at popular prices that modern machinery and skilled labor can produce."

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First

Right underwear should keep in the body heat—that is the rational way of keeping warm. Piling on weight to exclude the cold is irrational—and uncomfortable. That is why right underwear must be of wool—it retains heat best.

Second

Right underwear should absorb perspiration. Chills taken after exercise, or due to sudden changes of temperature, are a prolific source of disease. Garments absorb perspiration best when they are of loose weave—and fleece lined.

Third

Right underwear should permit free passage of fresh air to the pores. They cannot breathe through tight woven cotton or watered wool. Right underwear should have pores that will keep open as long as the garment lasts.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR

is the only underwear that fulfills all these conditions. The secret is in its wonderful loop-fleece construction, which is fully explained in our booklet, *Dressing for Health*. Sent free on request. Dealers sell Wright's Health Underwear at the same price as ordinary kinds.

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Velvet Grip

EVERY
PAIR
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CUSHION
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HOSE SUPPORTER

FRONT PAD BELT

Giving the Popular
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CORRECT, HYGIENIC,
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Or Sample Mailed
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Flat
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The
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Distinguishes

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For Men, Ladies and Children

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If not by yours, write to

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MACBETH on a lamp-chimney stays there.

My Index tells what chimney fits your lamp. If you use that chimney, you get perhaps twice as much light, and save a dollar or two a year of chimney-money.

I send it free; am glad to.

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The **Auto-Sparker**

does away entirely with all starting and running batteries, their annoyance and expense. No belt—no switch—no batteries. Can be attached to any engine now using batteries. Fully guaranteed; write for descriptive catalog.

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For Men and Women

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showing many new styles.



**\$5.00
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No. 907—Men's Box Calf

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WINTER is coming, and with it the ever-increasing dread of pneumonia. To wear woolen underwear is but an urgent invitation for colds and pneumonia to enter.

Underwear is often called "body linens." Linen absorbs—towels are made of it—it dries rapidly—is known for its cleanliness, but ordinarily it is cold and clammy.

In the Dr. Deimel Underwear the coldness has been taken out of linen. By a special process of manufacture a soft, warm and porous fabric has been evolved, called Linen-Mesh (a word registered by Dr. Deimel in 1894, but now used by others indiscriminately). Since its introduction ten years ago, the Dr. Deimel Linen-Mesh Underwear has received the most friendly and grateful appreciation throughout the world.

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they write us about our goods our business would boom! CENTURY readers have known us since '77 but we are still young, and Maher & Grosh goods are made on honor. Every blade

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Knife, 48c. (regular price is 75c.); Cold Steel

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New Fall Suits

Made to \$10 up
Order

**We Guarantee to Fit You
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Everyone likes our garments, our system and our methods. Old customers bring us new ones, and new ones send us others.

We Send Free

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WHATEVER**

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"My suit came within a remarkably short time after sending my order, and is perfectly satisfactory in fit, style and workmanship. I am so well pleased that I have determined to have you make all my garments hereafter."

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Tailor-Made Suits \$10 to \$25
New "Lohengrin" Suits . . . \$15 to \$25
Skirts in New Designs . . . \$4 to \$12
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Rain Coats, Church and Visiting Dresses, etc.

Our prices are unusually low because we purchase our materials in immense quantities and buy for cash, and we sell at wholesale prices direct to our customers, thereby saving them the retailer's profit.

ALL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

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NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.

Mail Orders
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NO MORE GETTING UP
AT NIGHT!

BOTTLEHOT
TRADE MARK

KEEPS THE BOTTLES HOT FOR BABY

A simple idea but very useful. Heat the baby's food before retiring, pack the bottles in the pocket and "BOTTLEHOT" will keep them hot till morning. Ensures a full night's rest. At feeding time, simply pull a bottle out of the pocket, give it to the baby and then go to sleep again.

Prevents falling over chairs, knocking things off the mantel while groping in the dark for a match, to scratch the woodwork up, or leave a dirty streak upon the wall. Does away with ill-smelling alcohol and oil lamps, gas stoves and all other aids to fire and bad air. Keeps peace in the family. You no longer get up headachy and irritable with all your nerves on edge from loss of sleep. A little idea but great in its comfort-giving capacity. Worth a King's ransom to tired fathers and mothers.

Invaluable while Traveling

You can now take the baby anywhere. BOTTLEHOT can be hung up in sleeper, state-room, or carried in a handbag in the trolley. Always has a hot bottle ready for the baby.



SPECIAL NOTICE. Even after baby has outgrown the bottle period, BOTTLEHOT is still a very useful article. Put your tired, aching or perspiring feet in the pocket and experience immediate relief. Just the place for bruised hands, rheumatic hands, cuts or burns. Keeps poultices, liquid medicines, etc., hot all night. Applied to any part of the body, has a duplex heating side which almost doubles the duration of the heat.

Endorsed by Physicians. Dr. Robt. Denniston, Dobbs Ferry Hospital, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., says: "I am glad to recommend it among my patients."

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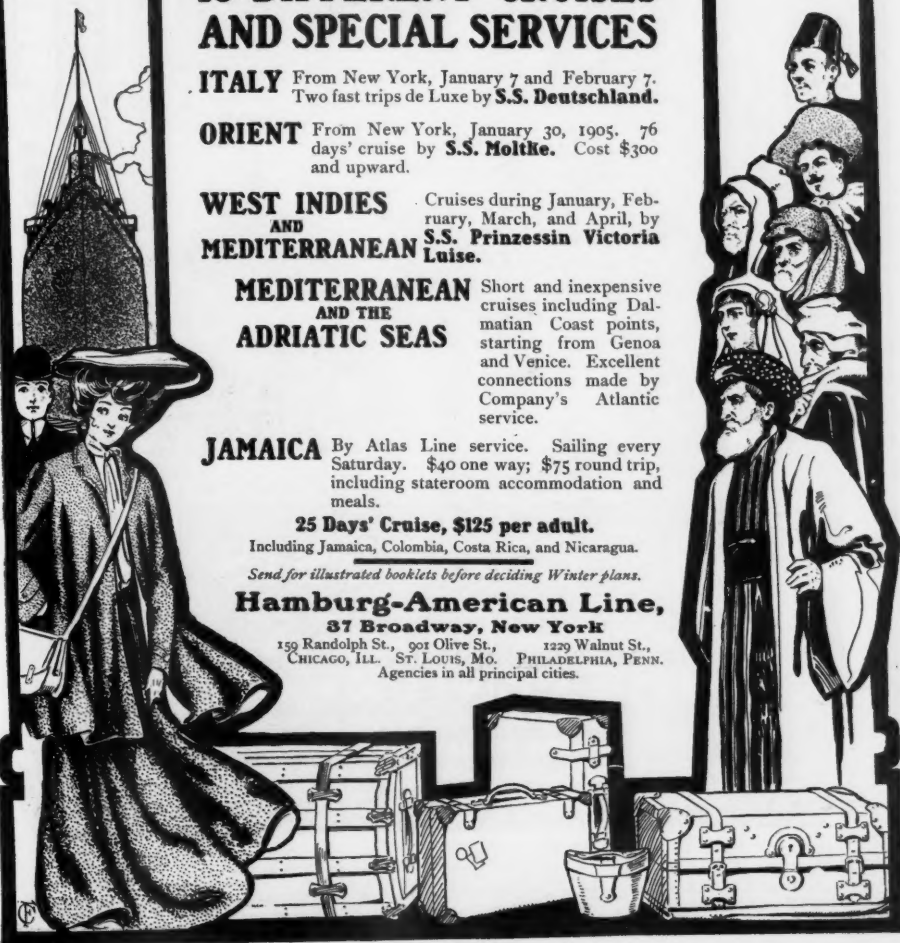
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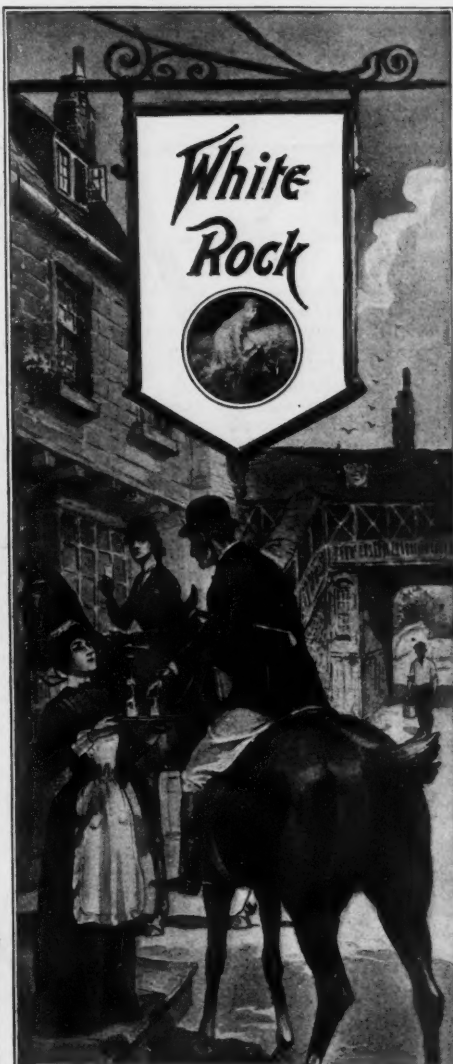
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GRAM

dential. He said that Mr. Root was expected back in the city to-day and that he hoped to see him. If Mr. Root, he said, informed him that he had no objection to the publication of the letter, it would be given out.

Instead of convincing Gov. Odell and the other Republican leaders that Mr. Root could not be persuaded under any circumstances to accept the nomination for Governor, the effect of the letter was to create the impression that a quiet demand from his party would win Mr. Root responsive to the call of duty. It is understood that at their interview to-day Gov. Odell will learn definitely from Mr. Root whether he would decline a unanimous nomination if it were tendered him. If Mr. Root merely stands upon the declaration of his letter that he does not want the nomination, those leaders who believe that Mr. Root is the strongest candidate whom the Republicans could name will proceed to put fresh enthusiasm into his boom, and the prospect seems to be that it would sweep all before it.

When Gov. Odell was asked what the conference had accomplished he said: "We discussed propositions and reached conclusions." As to the nature of either the propositions or the conclusions the Governor was reticent, but he admitted that they had to do with the management of the campaign in the State.

While it was the consensus of opinion after Mr. Root's letter had been read, that he could be induced to take the nomination under certain conditions, nevertheless the probability of his positive and final declination was discussed, and the merits of other candidates whose claims would have to be considered in the event of Mr. Root's withdrawal were taken up. Among the available candidates whose merits were discussed were Lieut. Gov. Higgins, ex-Lieut. Gov. Woodruff, Collector Stranahan, Speaker Nixon, Senator George M. Malby, and ex-Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn. Mention was also made of Gen. Anson G. McCook.

ST. LUKE'S HEAD EXPLAINS

Says Drs. Taylor and Kellogg Did Not Break Glass

Superintendent George F. Clover of St. Luke's Hospital made a statement yesterday with reference to the arrest of Drs. Julius Taylor and Henry Kellogg, members of the house staff of that institution. He said:

"Drs. Taylor and Kellogg were coming toward the hospital via One Hundred and Tenth Street from Riverside Drive, when, at One Hundred and Tenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, they stopped to purchase peanuts. In crossing to the peanut stand they passed through the midst of eight or ten young fellows who were singing.

"Shortly after they heard glass breaking, and

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Omaha Sheriff and 150 Deputies Take Full Charge of Stockyards

OMAHA, July 12.—Sheriff Power to-day swore in 150 deputies and went to South Omaha, where he took in charge of the stockyards strike situation.

Sheriff Power arrested as vagrants thirty-two men brought here from Colorado to act as special officers. The authorities say the men will be forced to return to Colorado.

The packers have prepared affidavits declaring the inability of the local authorities to protect life and property and ask that the militia be called out. To-day, at the instance of the packers, warrants for the arrest of 105 strikers were sworn out, charging violence.

Another lot of warrants, issued at the instance of the strikers, bear the names of Robert C. Rowe of Armour's, Michael R. Murphy of Cudahy's, L. B. Patterson of Swift's, and Charles K. Urquhart of the Omaha Packing Company, who are charged with having imported men into the State to do police duty.

Constantyn J. Smyth, the strikers' attorney, said:

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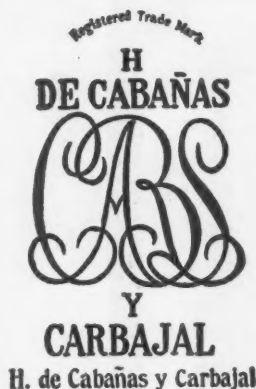
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WEARING APPAREL

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